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EDITED BY
GEORGE NEWNES

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"'YOU VILLAIN!' I CRIED, 'LET HIM GO!'"

(See page 372.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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No. 100.

The One Hundredth Number of "The Strand Magazine."

A CHAT ABOUT ITS HISTORY BY SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

WHEN I was told that the Hundredth Number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE was due in April this year, I could hardly realize its truth. How time flies! It seems only the other day that the first number of a Magazine on the lines that I had always wanted, with an illustration on every page, was published, and with such far-reaching results.

THE STRAND to some extent revolutionized Magazines in this country, and it is a fitting thing that on this Birthday something should be written as to its history.

This will not be done in any boastful spirit, but with a feeling of friendship, loyalty, and affection towards the "good old STRAND" which I am sure is shared by many thousands of people.

First of all let me talk about the name. At one time we thought of calling it "The Burleigh Street Magazine," because our offices were then situated in that thoroughfare. But that was rather long, and as we were so very near the Strand we thought that to call it after the historic thoroughfare would be justifiable. But the name of a periodical does not really matter so much as people imagine. If you can put such material into the pages as will attract the public, they become so accustomed to the name, that after a while it really signifies very little whether the title be a good or a bad one. But still I am very glad the Magazine was christened THE STRAND; and now this celebrated street perhaps the most widely known of any in the world is permanently associated with this pioneer Magazine.

What has happened since everybody knows. Most Magazines are now modelled upon the plan of THE STRAND. By the way, I commenced by saying I would not be boastful, but this sounds rather like it. Is it not, however, a fact? It is not a source of annoyance, but of gratification to

me, and those associated with me, that our model should have been made the type of others.

At the time when *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* first appeared, I have no hesitation in saying that British Magazines were at a low ebb. American Magazines were coming here, and, because they were smarter and livelier, more interesting, bright and cheerful, they were supplanting those of native birth. *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* checked that, and established a new record of sales in this country.

It is easy to get a good idea in journalism, but the carrying out of it is most important. I have been very fortunate in having as the Literary Editor Mr. Greenhough Smith, and as the Art Editor Mr. W. H. J. Boot, and I do not want to allow this hundredth monthly birthday to go past without acknowledging the ability, the faithfulness, and the loyalty that they have displayed towards the Magazine. I have had in a busy experience to deal with a great many people, and to ask a great many for co-operation, and I have never been associated with any who gave me less trouble and more assistance than Mr. Greenhough Smith and Mr. Boot. In any gossip or chat about *THE STRAND* I could not omit that reference.

I also wish to say how much we have appreciated the work done by authors and artists, of whom we have a large circle of valued friends.

The providing of the world's thought and reading, whether it is of a light or serious type, is one of the most important professions; and it is a source of satisfaction with regard to *THE STRAND* that, whilst the tone has always been high, the interest has been continually retained. Its sale in America has also become very large. The American Edition is specially edited for that market by Mr. James Walter Smith. The International News Co., who are the W. H. Smith and Sons of America, always liked *THE STRAND*, and have taken much interest in its welfare, and to this fact it is doubtless largely due that the American success has been achieved.

THE STRAND during all these years has maintained and continues to maintain its position.

It even did so whilst I was myself writing some articles for it, and if a Magazine can stand a test like that it can stand anything; and to show my confidence in its hold upon the public, I am going to put it to the further test of writing some fiction for it, but out of kindness to the staff and mercy for the subscribers I am putting off the evil day as long as possible.

And now, gentle reader, forgive the egotism of these lines. I have been asked by the staff to write something on the Hundredth Monthly Birthday, and here is this little bit of gossip, which will conclude with a wish, that will probably be responded to by all its subscribers, that *THE STRAND* will be at its Thousandth Monthly Birthday as vigorous and flourishing as it is at its Hundredth.



R. LUMSDEN, the senior partner of Lumsden and Westmacott, the well-known scholastic and clerical agents, was a small, dapper man, with a sharp, abrupt manner, a critical eye, and an incisive way of speaking.

"Your name, sir?" said he, sitting pen in hand with his long, red-lined folio in front of him.

"Harold Weld."

"Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Cambridge."

"Honours?"

"No, sir."

"Athlete?"

"Nothing remarkable, I am afraid."

"Not a Blue?"

"Oh, no."

Mr. Lumsden shook his head despondently and shrugged his shoulders in a way which sent my hopes down to zero. "There is a very keen competition for master-ships, Mr. Weld," said he. "The vacancies are few and the applicants innumerable. A first-class athlete, our, or cricketer, or a man who has passed very high in his examinations, can usually find a vacancy—I might say always in the case of the cricketer. But the average man—if you will excuse the description, Mr. Weld—has a very great difficulty, almost an insurmountable difficulty. We have already more than a hundred such names upon our lists, and if you think it worth while our adding yours, I daresay that in the course of some years we may possibly be able to find you some opening which—"

He paused on account of a knock at the door. It was a clerk with a note. Mr. Lumsden broke the seal and read it.

"Why, Mr. Weld," said he, "this is really rather an interesting coincidence. I understand you to say that Latin and English are

your subjects, and that you would prefer for a time to accept a place in an elementary establishment, where you would have time for private study?"

"Quite so."

"This note contains a request from an old client of ours, Dr. Phelps McCarthy, of Willow Lea House Academy, West Hampstead, that I should at once send him a young



"WELL NAME, SIR," SAID HE."

man who should be qualified to teach Latin and English to a small class of boys under fourteen years of age. His vacancy appears to be the very one which you are looking for. The terms are not magnificent—sixty pounds, board, lodging, and washing—but the work is not onerous, and you would have the evenings to yourself."

"That would do," I cried, with all the eagerness of the man who sees work at last after weary months of seeking.

"I don't know that it is quite fair to these gentlemen whose names have been so long upon our list," said Mr. Lumsden, glancing down at his open ledger. "But the coinci-

dence is so striking that I feel we must really give you the refusal of it."

"Then I accept it, sir, and I am much obliged to you."

"There is one small provision in Dr. McCarthy's letter. He stipulates that the applicant must be a man with an imperturbably good temper."

"I am the very man," said I, with conviction.

"Well," said Mr. Lumsden, with some hesitation, "I hope that your temper is really as good as you say, for I rather fancy that you may need it."

"I presume that every elementary school-master does."

"Yes, sir, but it is only fair to you to warn you that there may be some especially trying circumstances in this particular situation. Dr. Phelps McCarthy does not make such a condition without some very good and pressing reason."

There was a certain solemnity in his speech which struck a chill in the delight with which I had welcomed this providential vacancy.

"May I ask the nature of these circumstances?" I asked.

"We endeavour to hold the balance equally between our clients, and to be perfectly frank with all of them. If I knew of objections to you I should certainly communicate them to Dr. McCarthy, and so I have no hesitation in doing as much for you. I find," he continued, glancing over the pages of his ledger, "that within the last twelve months we have supplied no fewer than seven Latin masters to Willow Lea House Academy, four of them having left so abruptly as to forfeit their month's salary, and none of them having stayed more than eight weeks."

"And the other masters? Have they stayed?"

"There is only one other residential master, and he appears to be unchanged. You can understand, Mr. Weld," continued the agent, closing both the ledger and the interview, "that such rapid changes are not desirable from a master's point of view, whatever may be said

for them by an agent working on commission. I have no idea why these gentlemen have resigned their situations so early. I can only give you the facts, and advise you to see Dr. McCarthy at once and to form your own conclusions."

Great is the power of the man who has nothing to lose, and it was therefore with perfect serenity, but with a good deal of curiosity, that I rang early that afternoon the heavy wrought-iron bell of the Willow Lea House Academy. The building was a massive pile, square and ugly, standing in its own extensive grounds, with a broad carriage-sweep curving up to it from the road. It stood high, and commanded a view on the one side of the grey roofs and bristling spires of Northern London, and on the other of the well-wooded and beautiful country which fringes the great city. The door was opened by a boy in buttons, and I was shown into a well-appointed study, where the principal of the academy presently joined me.

The warnings and insinuations of the agent had prepared me to meet a choleric and over-bearing person—one whose manner was



"THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ACADEMY."

an insupportable provocation to those who worked under him. Anything further from the reality cannot be imagined. He was a frail, gentle creature, clean-shaven and round-shouldered, with a bearing which was so courteous that it became almost deprecating. His bushy hair was thickly shot with grey, and his age I should imagine to verge upon sixty. His voice was low and suave, and he walked with a certain mincing delicacy of manner. His whole appearance was that of a kindly scholar, who was more at home among his books than in the practical affairs of the world.

"I am sure that we shall be very happy to have your assistance, Mr. Weld," said he, after a few professional questions. "Mr. Percival Manners left me yesterday, and I should be glad if you could take over his duties to-morrow."

"May I ask if that is Mr. Percival Manners of Selwyn's?" I asked.

"Precisely. Did you know him?"

"Yes, he is a friend of mine."

"An excellent teacher but a little hasty in his disposition. It was his only fault. Now, in your case, Mr. Weld, is your own temper under good control? Supposing for argument's sake that I were to so far forget myself as to be rude to you or to speak roughly or to jar your feelings in any way, could you rely upon yourself to control your emotions?"

I smiled at the idea of this courteous, little, mincing creature ruffling my nerves.

"I think that I could answer for it, sir," said I.

"Quarrels are very painful to me," said he. "I wish everyone to live in harmony under my roof. I will not deny that Mr. Percival Manners had provocation, but I wish to find a man who can raise himself above provocation, and sacrifice his own feelings for the sake of peace and concord."

"I will do my best, sir."

"You cannot say more, Mr. Weld. In

that case I shall expect you to-night, if you can get your things ready so soon."

I not only succeeded in getting my things ready, but I found time to call at the Benedict Club in Piccadilly, where I knew that I should find Manners if he were still in town. There he was sure enough in the smoking-room, and I questioned him, over a cigarette, as to his reasons for throwing up his recent situation.

"You don't tell me that you are going to Dr. Phelps McCarthy's Academy?" he cried, staring at me in surprise. "My dear chap, it's no use. You can't possibly remain there."

"But I saw him, and he seemed the most



"MY DEAR CHAP, IT'S NO USE."

courteously, inoffensive fellow. I never met a man with more gentle manners."

"He! oh, he's all right. There's no vice in him. Have you seen Theophilus St. James?"

"I have never heard the name. Who is he?"

"Your colleague. The other master."

"No, I have not seen him."

"He's the terror. If you can stand him, you have either the spirit of a perfect Christian or else you have no spirit at all. A more perfect bounder never bounded."

"But why does McCarthy stand it?"

My friend looked at me significantly through his cigarette smoke, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You will form your own conclusions about that. Mine were formed very soon, and I never found occasion to alter them."

"It would help me very much if you would tell me them."

"When you see a man in his own house allowing his business to be ruined, his comfort destroyed, and his authority defied by another man in a subordinate position, and calmly submitting to it without so much as a word of protest, what conclusion do you come to?"

"That the one has a hold over the other."

Percival Manners nodded his head.

"There you are! You've hit it first barrel. It seems to me that there's no other explanation which will cover the facts. At some period in his life the little Doctor has gone astray. *Humanum est errare*. I have even

done it myself. But this was something serious, and the other man got a hold of it and has never let go. That's the truth. Black-mail is at the bottom of it. But he had no hold over me, and there was no reason why I should stand his insolence, so I came away—and I very much expect to see you do the same."

For some time he talked over the matter, but he always came to the same conclusion—that I should not retain my new situation very long.

It was with no very pleasant feelings after this preparation that I found myself face to face with the very man of whom I had received so evil an account. Dr. McCarthy introduced us to each other in his study upon the evening of that same day immediately after my arrival at the school.

"This is your new colleague, Mr. St. James," said he, in his genial, courteous fashion. "I trust that you will mutually agree, and that I shall find nothing but

good feeling and sympathy beneath this roof."

I shared the good Doctor's hope, but my expectations of it were not increased by the appearance of my *confrère*. He was a young, bull-necked fellow about thirty years of age, dark-eyed and black-haired, with an exceedingly vigorous physique. I have never seen a more strongly built man, though he tended to run to fat in a way which showed that he was in the worst of training. His face was coarse, swollen, and brutal, with a pair of small black eyes deeply sunken in his head. His heavy jaw, his projecting ears, and his thick bandy legs all went to make up a personality which was as formidable as it was repellent.

"I hear you've never been out before," said he, in a rude, brusque fashion. "Well, it's a poor life: hard work and starvation pay, as you'll find out for yourself."

"But it has some compensations," said



"I HEAR YOU'VE NEVER BEEN OUT BEFORE," SAID HE.

the principal. "Surely you will allow that, Mr. St. James?"

"Has it? I never could find them. What do you call compensations?"

"Even to be in the continual presence of youth is a privilege. It has the effect of

keeping youth in one's own soul, for one reflects something of their high spirits and their keen enjoyment of life."

"Little beasts!" cried my colleague.

"Come, come, Mr. St. James, you are too hard upon them."

"I hate the sight of them! If I could put them and their blessed copybooks and lexicons and slates into one bonfire I'd do it to-night."

"This is Mr. St. James's way of talking," said the principal, smiling nervously as he glanced at me. "You must not take him too seriously. Now, Mr. Weld, you know where your room is, and no doubt you have your own little arrangements to make. The sooner you make them the sooner you will feel yourself at home."

It seemed to me that he was only too anxious to remove me at once from the influence of this extraordinary colleague, and I was glad to go, for the conversation had become embarrassing.

And so began an epoch which always seems to me as I look back to it to be the most singular in all my experience. The school was in many ways an excellent one. Dr. Phelps McCarthy was an ideal principal. His methods were modern and rational. The management was all that could be desired. And yet in the middle of this well-ordered machine there intruded the incongruous and impossible Mr. St. James, throwing everything into confusion. His duties were to teach English and mathematics, and how he acquitted himself of them I do not know, as our classes were held in separate rooms. I can answer for it, however, that the boys feared him and loathed him, and I know that they had good reason to do so, for frequently my own teaching was interrupted by his bellowings of anger, and even by the sound of his blows. Dr. McCarthy spent most of his time in his class, but it was I suspect, to watch over the master rather than the boys, and to try to moderate his ferocious temper when it threatened to become dangerous.

It was in his bearing to the head master, however, that my colleague's conduct was most outrageous. The first conversation which I have recorded proved to be typical of their intercourse. He domineered over him openly and brutally. I have heard him contradict him roughly before the whole school. At no time would he show him any mark of respect, and my temper often rose within me when I saw the quiet acquiescence of the old Doctor, and his patient tolerance

of this monstrous treatment. And yet the sight of it surrounded the principal also with a certain vague horror in my mind, for supposing my friend's theory to be correct—and I could devise no better one—how black must have been the story which could be held over his head by this man and, by fear of its publicity, force him to undergo such humiliations. This quiet, gentle Doctor might be a profound hypocrite, a criminal, a forger possibly, or a poisoner. Only such a secret as this could account for the complete power which the young man held over him. Why else should he admit so hateful a presence into his house and so harmful an influence into his school? Why should he submit to degradations which could not be witnessed, far less endured, without indignation?

And yet, if it were so, I was forced to confess that my principal carried it off with extraordinary duplicity. Never by word or sign did he show that the young man's presence was distasteful to him. I have seen him look pained, it is true, after some peculiarly outrageous exhibition, but he gave me the impression that it was always on account of the scholars or of me, never on account of himself. He spoke to and of St. James in an indulgent fashion, smiling gently at what made my blood boil within me. In his way of looking at him and addressing him, one could see no trace of resentment, but rather a sort of timid and deprecating good will. His company he certainly courted, and they spent many hours together in the study and the garden.

As to my own relations with Theophilus St. James, I made up my mind from the beginning that I should keep my temper with him, and to that resolution I steadfastly adhered. If Dr. McCarthy chose to permit this disrespect, and to condone those outrages, it was his affair and not mine. It was evident that his one wish was that there should be peace between us, and I felt that I could help him best by respecting this desire. My easiest way to do so was to avoid my colleague, and this I did to the best of my ability. When we were thrown together I was quiet, polite, and reserved. He, on his part, showed me no ill-will, but met me rather with a coarse joviality, and a rough familiarity which he meant to be ingratiating. He was insistent in his attempts to get me into his room at night, for the purpose of playing *enchère* and of drinking.

"Old McCarthy doesn't mind," said he. "Don't you be afraid of him. We'll do what

we like, and I'll answer for it that he won't object." Once only I went, and when I left, after a dull and gross evening, my host was stretched dead drunk upon the sofa. After that I gave the excuse of a course of study, and spent my spare hours alone in my own room.

One point upon which I was anxious to gain information was as to how long these proceedings had been going on. When did St. James assert his hold over Dr. McCarthy? From neither of them could I learn how long my colleague had been in his present situation. One or two leading questions upon my part were eluded or ignored in a manner so marked that it was easy to see that they were both of them as eager to conceal the point as I was to know it. But at last one evening I had the chance of a chat with Mrs. Carter, the matron—for the Doctor was a widower—and from her I got the information which I wanted. It needed no questioning to get at her knowledge, for she was so full of indignation that she shook with passion as she spoke of it, and raised her hands into the air in the earnestness of her denunciation, as she described the grievances which she had against my colleague.

"It was three years ago, Mr. Weld, that he first darkened this doorstep," she cried. "Three bitter years they have been to me. The school had fifty boys then. Now it has twenty-two. That's what he has done for us in three years. In another three there won't be one. And the Doctor, that angel of patience, you see how he treats him, though he is not fit to lace his boots for him. If it wasn't for the Doctor, you may be sure that I wouldn't stay an hour under the same

roof with such a man, and so I told him to his own face, Mr. Weld. If the Doctor would only pack him about his business—but I know that I am saying more than I should!" She stopped herself with an effort, and spoke no more upon the subject. She had remembered that I was almost a stranger in the school, and she feared that she had been indiscreet.

There were one or two very singular points about my colleague. The chief one was that he rarely took any exercise. There was a

playing-field within the college grounds, and that was his furthest point. If the boys went out, it was I or Dr. McCarthy who accompanied them. St. James gave as a reason for this that he had injured his knee some years before, and that walking was painful to him. For my own part I put it down to pure laziness upon his part, for he was of an obese, heavy temperament. Twice however I saw him from my window stealing out of the grounds late at night, and the second time I watched him return in the grey of the morning and slink in

through an open window. These furtive excursions were never alluded to, but they exposed the hollowness of his story about his knee, and they increased the dislike and distrust which I had of the man. His nature seemed to be vicious to the core.

Another point, small but suggestive, was that he hardly once during the months that I was at Willow Lea House received any letters, and on those few occasions they were obviously tradesmen's bills. I am an early riser, and used every morning to pick my own correspondence out of the bundle upon the hall table. I could judge therefore how few were ever there for Mr. Theophilus



"THREE BITTER YEARS THEY HAVE BEEN TO ME."

St. James. There seemed to me to be something peculiarly ominous in this. What sort of a man could he be who during thirty years of life had never made a single friend, high or low, who cared to continue to keep in touch with him? And yet the sinister fact remained that the head master not only tolerated, but was even intimate with him. More than once on entering a room I have found them talking confidentially together, and they would walk arm in arm in deep conversation up and down the garden paths. So curious did I become to know what the tie was which bound them, that I found it gradually push out my other interests and become the main purpose of my life. In school and out of school, at meals and at play, I was perpetually engaged in watching Dr. Phelps, McCarthy and Mr. Theophilus St. James, and in endeavouring to solve the mystery which surrounded them.

But, unfortunately, my curiosity was a little too open. I had not the art to conceal the suspicions which I felt about the relations which existed between these two men and the nature of the hold which the one appeared to have over the other. It may have been my manner of watching them, it may have been some indiscreet question, but it is certain that I showed too clearly what I felt. One night I was conscious that the eyes of Theophilus St. James were fixed upon me in a surly and menacing stare. I had a foreboding of evil, and I was not surprised when Dr. McCarthy called me next morning into his study.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Weld," said he, "but I am afraid that I shall be compelled to dispense with your services."

"Perhaps you would give me some reason for dismissing me," I answered, for I was conscious of having done my duties to the best of my power, and knew well that only one reason could be given.

"I have no fault to find with you," said he, and the colour came to his cheeks.

"Yet you send me away at the suggestion of my colleague."

His eyes turned away from mine.

"We will not discuss the question, Mr. Weld. It is impossible for me to discuss it. In justice to you, I will give you the strongest recommendations for your next situation. I can say no more. I hope that you will continue your duties here until you have found a place elsewhere."

My whole soul rose against the injustice of it, and yet I had no appeal and no redress.

I could only bow and leave the room, with a bitter sense of ill-usage at my heart.

My first instinct was to pack my boxes and leave the house. But the head master had given me permission to remain until I had found another situation. I was sure that St. James desired me to go, and that was a strong reason why I should stay. If my presence annoyed him, I should give him as much of it as I could. I had begun to hate him and to long to have my revenge upon him. If he had a hold over our principal, might not I in turn obtain one over him? It was a sign of weakness that he should be so afraid of my curiosity. He would not resent it so much if he had not something to fear from it. I entered my name once more upon the books of the agents, but meanwhile I continued to fulfil my duties at Willow Lea House, and so it came about that I was present at the dénouement of this singular situation.

During that week—for it was only a week before the crisis came—I was in the habit of going down each evening, after the work of the day was done, to inquire about my new arrangements. One night, it was a cold and windy evening in March, I had just stepped out from the hall door when a strange sight met my eyes. A man was crouching before one



"A MAN WAS CROUCHING BEFORE ONE OF THE MINIONS."

of the windows of the house. His knees were bent and his eyes were fixed upon the small line of light between the curtain and the sash. The window threw a square of brightness in front of it, and in the middle of this the dark shadow of this ominous visitor showed clear and hard. It was but for an instant that I saw him, for he glanced up and was off in a moment through the shrubbery. I could hear the patter of his feet as he ran down the road, until it died away in the distance.

It was evidently my duty to turn back and to tell Dr. McCarthy what I had seen. I found him in his study. I had expected him to be disturbed at such an incident, but I was not prepared for the state of panic into which he fell. He leaned back in his chair, white and gasping, like one who has received a mortal blow.

"Which window, Mr. Weld?" he asked, wiping his forehead. "Which window was it?"

"The next to the dining-room Mr. St. James's window."

"Dear me! Dear me! This is, indeed, unfortunate! A man looking through Mr. St. James's window!" He wrung his hands like a man who is at his wits' end what to do.

"I shall be passing the police-station, sir. Would you wish me to mention the matter?"

"No, no," he cried, suddenly, mastering his extreme agitation; "I have no doubt that it was some poor tramp who intended to beg. I attach no importance to the incident none at all. Don't let me detain you, Mr. Weld, if you wish to go out."

I left him sitting in his study with reassuring words upon his lips, but with horror upon his face. My heart was heavy for my little employer as I started off once more for town. As I looked back from the gate at the square of light which marked the window of my colleague, I suddenly saw the black outline of Dr. McCarthy's figure passing against the lamp. He had hastened from his study then to tell St. James what he had heard. What was the meaning of it all, this atmosphere of mystery, this inexplicable terror, these confidences between two such dissimilar men? I thought and thought as I walked, but do what I would I could not hit upon any adequate conclusion. I little knew how near I was to the solution of the problem.

It was very late—nearly twelve o'clock—when I returned, and the lights were all out save one in the Doctor's study. The black, gloomy house loomed before me as I walked

up the drive, its sombre bulk broken only by the one glimmering point of brightness. I let myself in with my latch-key, and was about to enter my own room when my attention was arrested by a short, sharp cry like that of a man in pain. I stood and listened, my hand upon the handle of my door.

All was silent in the house save for a distant murmur of voices, which came, I knew, from the Doctor's room. I stole quietly down the corridor in that direction. The sound resolved itself now into two voices, the rough, bullying tones of St. James and the lower tone of the Doctor, the one apparently insisting and the other arguing and pleading. Four thin lines of light in the blackness showed me the door of the Doctor's room, and step by step I drew nearer to it in the darkness. St. James's voice within rose louder and louder, and his words now came plainly to my ear.

"I'll have every pound of it. If you won't give it to me I'll take it. Do you hear?"

Dr. McCarthy's reply was inaudible, but the angry voice broke in again.

"Leave you destitute! I leave you this little gold-mine of a school, and that's enough for one old man, is it not? How am I to set up in Australia without money? Answer me that!"

Again the Doctor said something in a soothing voice, but his answer only roused his companion to a higher pitch of fury.

"Done for me! What have you ever done for me except what you couldn't help doing? It was for your good name, not for my safety, that you cared. But enough talk! I must get on my way before morning. Will you open your safe or will you not?"

"Oh, James, how can you use me so?" cried a wailing voice, and then there came a sudden little scream of pain. At the sound of that helpless appeal from brutal violence I lost for once that temper upon which I had prided myself. Every bit of manhood in me cried out against any further neutrality. With my walking-cane in my hand I rushed into the study. As I did so I was conscious that the hall-door bell was violently ringing.

"You villain!" I cried, "let him go!"

The two men were standing in front of a small safe, which stood against one wall of the Doctor's room. St. James held the old man by the wrist, and he had twisted his arm round in order to force him to produce the key. My little head master, white but resolute, was struggling furiously in the grip of the burly athlete. The bully glared over his shoulder at me with a mixture

of fury and terror upon his brutal features. Then, realizing that I was alone, he dropped his victim and made for me with a horrible curse.

"You infernal spy!" he cried. "I'll do for you anyhow before I leave."

I am not a very strong man, and I realized that I was helpless if once at close quarters. Twice I cut at him with my stick, but he

looked about me he gave a great cry of relief. "Thank God!" he cried. "Thank God!"

"Where is he?" I asked, looking round the room. As I did so, I became aware that the furniture was scattered in every direction, and that there were traces of an even more violent struggle than that in which I had been engaged.

The Doctor sank his face between his hands.

"They have him," he groaned. "After these years of trial they have him again. But how thankful I am that he has not for a second time stained his hands in blood."

As the Doctor spoke I became aware that a man in the braided jacket of an inspector of police was standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir," he remarked, "you have had a pretty narrow escape. If we had not got in when we did, you would not be here to tell the tale. I don't know that I ever saw anyone much nearer to the undertaker."

I sat up with my hands to my throbbing head.

"Dr. McCarthy," said I, "this is all a mystery to me. I should be glad if you could explain to me who this man is, and why you have tolerated him so long in your house."

"I owe you an explanation, Mr. Weld—and the more so since you have, in so chivalrous a fashion, almost sacrificed your life in my defence. There is no reason now for secrecy. In a word, Mr. Weld, this unhappy man's real name is James McCarthy, and he is my only son."

"Your son?"

"Alas, yes. What sin have I ever committed that I should have such a punishment? He has made my whole life a misery from the first years of his boyhood. Violent, headstrong, selfish, unprincipled, he has always been the same. At eighteen he was a criminal. At twenty, in a paroxysm of passion, he took the life of a boon com-



"I CUT AT HIM WITH MY STICK."

rushed in at me with a murderous growl, and seized me by the throat with both his muscular hands. I fell backwards and he on the top of me, with a grip which was squeezing the life from me. I was conscious of his malignant yellow-tinged eyes within a few inches of my own, and then with a beating of pulses in my head and a singing in my ears, my senses slipped away from me. But even in that supreme moment I was aware that the door-bell was still violently ringing.

When I came to myself, I was lying upon the sofa in Dr. McCarthy's study, and the Doctor himself was seated beside me. He appeared to be watching me intently and anxiously, for as I opened my eyes and

panion and was tried for murder. He only just escaped the gallows, and he was condemned to penal servitude. Three years ago he succeeded in escaping, and managed, in face of a thousand obstacles, to reach my house in London. My wife's heart had been broken by his condemnation, and as he had succeeded in getting a suit of ordinary clothes, there was no one here to recognise him. For months he lay concealed in the attics until the first search of the police should be over. Then I gave him employment here, as you have seen, though by his rough and overbearing manners he made my own life miserable, and that of his fellow-masters unbearable. You have been with us for four months, Mr. Weld, but no other master endured him so long. I apologize now for all you have had to submit to, but I ask you what else could I do? For his dead mother's sake I could not let harm come to him as long as it was in my power to fend it off. Only under my roof could he find a refuge—the only spot in all the world—and how could I keep him here without its exciting remark unless I gave him some occupation? I made him English master therefore, and in that capacity I have protected him here for three years. You have no doubt observed that he never during the daytime went beyond the college grounds. You now understand the reason. But when to-night you came to me with your report of a man who was looking through his window, I understood that his retreat was at last discovered. I besought him to fly at once, but he had been drinking, the unhappy fellow, and my words fell upon deaf ears. When at last he made up his mind to go he wished to

take from me in his flight every shilling which I possessed. It was your entrance which saved me from him, while the police in turn arrived only just in time to rescue you. I have made myself amenable to the law by harbouring an escaped prisoner, and remain here in the custody of the inspector, but a prison has no terrors for me after what I have endured in this house during the last three years."

"It seems to me, Doctor," said the inspector, "that, if you have broken the law, you have had quite enough punishment already."

"God knows I have!" cried Dr. McCarthy, and sunk his haggard face upon his hands.



THE MCCARTHY SANK HIS HAGGARD FACE UPON HIS HANDS.

Letters of Burne-Jones to a Child.



STATELY, great men unbend before little children. Thackeray loved them, wrote to them, and drew pictures for them. Dickens played with the little ones as if he, too, were young; and the story of Lewis Carroll's

for rest and recuperation. They extended over a period of several years, and were written either in the style and spelling of youth, or in more stately diction and orthography, just as it suited his whim to write. None of them are dated, but one of them, we believe, was written shortly before he died.

The first letter which we select introduces us to one or two persons and places figuring throughout the correspondence. It is ornamented on the first page with a picture of a cat with twenty-two hairs on her body, and underneath is the inscription, "This is ole." Two other drawings in the letter are reproduced on this page. Here is the letter:—

The Grange, West Kensington, W.

My dearest —, —here is the tickets i said i would send i enjoyed my visit so much such a much may i come again i liked that book about you i want to see it again this is ole i want to play with ole I wish you lived in the next street I am crows to-day (1)

Your affectionatest dear friend

e b j.

I thought your drawings was very nice in that book and the professor said so in his report this (2) is the grang

I remain your loving

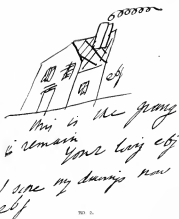
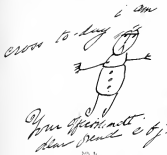
e b j.

I amc my drawings now e b j.

buoyant youthfulness and sympathy with the tots of the nursery was recently told in this Magazine, and showed a new phase of a beautiful life.

To-day we are able to print a few letters written by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones to a child, in which the mind and the pen of the great artist, now still, were lavish in youthful tenderness and humour. Few will be surprised that the imaginative creator of "The Briar Rose" and "The Golden Stairs" the quiet, earnest painter—possessed this sweet side to his nature, but many will now look upon the evidence of it for the first time.

The letters passed between him and a little girl who lived in London. Some of them were composed at The Grange, West Kensington, the old-fashioned brick house which Richardson, the novelist, once inhabited. Others were written at Rottingdean, whither the artist went



It is noticeable that one of the principal personages in the correspondence is not mentioned in the first letter. We refer to the nightmare, or "nitmare," variously spelled but always potent. We get his picture in a letter soon to follow. The present epistle shows the artist to have been a man of exquisite skill in the pictorial representation of the British railway system, while his knowledge of the topography of Kew Gardens is beyond reproach. He writes:—

My darling —
I can write without ruling lines but I am older than you I liked your letter very much I am quit well I hope you are quit well and the end all of you is quit well I am drawing to day I had nitmare in the nite an was fruend but I was very heave and didnt mind becoze I am a man, it may come agan if it lils but I hope it won't now I dont know what to say but I hope you are quit well I mean to come and see you some day very soon

(3) that is Kew gardens I shall come by railway —if you havent seen a railway it is like this (4) and a tunnel is like this (4) and is horrible but it doesnt futen me because I am a man

Your affectiinet friend
e lurne jones



and a tunnel is like this and is horrible



but it doesnt futen me because I am a man

Your affectiinet friend
e lurne jones

NO. 4.

About this time it appears the artist was tired of his surroundings and decided to make a "foreign" trip. Possibly it was a recurrent visit of our old friend the nightmare, whom we see in the following letter standing in spectre-like fulness of might over the artist's couch. He announced his intentions as follows:

The Grange,
West Kensington, W.
my darling —

I am going away abroad to visiting deans which is near heigen I am going on Friday I dont want to go — I like playing with paints in london best perhaps I shall not see you byfour I go will you write to me when I am there and amuse me and say how you are I will draw you a picture of rottiendine when I am there I can't do it away nobody can draw things away

I had nitmayas last nite and the nite before



I have not been quite well



a blackbird

NO. 5.

I shall probly be away a long time I like the hot wether I had nitmayas last nite and the nite before (5)

I have not been quite well

(5) a blackbird

now I must conclude I send you my love I hope you are quit well and you ma ma is better

Your affectiinet
e lurne jones

At last he got away from the gloominess of London, and lost no time in detailing to his little correspondent the stirring events of a perilous trip from London to Brighton.

I got here quite safe—after a dangerous crossing—the Thames was very rough at Grosvenor road but in about two minutes our train had crossed & we came into Clapham Junction not much the worse for the journey—there we stayed about a minute, and entered the Redhill Tunnel punctually at 11.45.

Redhill has a pop. of 15,000 souls, mostly Non-conformist—it boasts a chapel of yellow brick with a slate roof and a stucco front and is remarkable for the vigour of its political opinions.

It was about one o'clock when we neared Rottingdean—as we drove into the village as many as four of the inhabitants rushed to the doos to witness the event. For the last fourteen hundred years social life has stagnated in Rottingdean—and the customs of the folk are interesting to the antiquarian and repay his investigation to a remarkable degree—I myself have contributed some unusual customs.

O but I wish you would both—you and your mama—take train tomorrow & come here & be made much of—I do.

Perhaps it will rain tomorrow & then you won't go on the river—of course I don't want you disappointed—but if it were to rain—and rain is very reasonable now & good for turnips & seeds generally—you would not go.

Farewell!—& the softest & sweetest of times for you both—I am likely to be away for a long period—but its no use coming so far unless I am prepared to rest & take advantage of the change—at the earliest I am not likely to be back before about the middle of Tuesday—and may possibly be delayed till towards the end of the afternoon . . .

Yours all chj

Alas! The outing was evidently not a happy one. Crowding cocks and bad weather played havoc with a sensitive nature, yet could not entirely kill a dainty humour. Thus the artist wrote to his little correspondent:—

Rottingdean
Nr Brighton.

O my dear —

I'm going back to pretty London tomorrow—haven't liked this time at all—cold—windy—gray—

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not nice watery gray but cross sally even gray—haven't liked it a bit.

I have improved in drawing I think—here is a portrait of my chief enemy here—a fool of a cock, (6) really shaped like this who crows & crows & when doesn't he crow! at 11½ at night—at 2 in the morning—at 2 in the afternoon—at 7 in the evening—at any time he likes, but not when poets say he crows—no sunrise for him . . . him and . . . him, and . . . th . . . r him. And amongst his wives he's like Herod

the Great and Henry the Eighth—he's very wicked dear—he's like some men & I loe a hun.

The page now turns over, and at the top we are startled by the appearance of a great, sleepy porker (7) sprawling out in all his affluence of flesh on the seashore. Jubilantly the artist writes:—

But this is a friend of mine & does no harm—grants a little when he's happy, but is very good & unpretending, & bears his fine cheerfully for pork (as he has to be. Fare—very—well dear

Your old friend

chj.

The childish spelling adds a wonderful interest to these remarkable letters. From The Grange he once wrote:—

i like your letters very much i like fireworks i am to be taken to Sidnam to see them at the Cristal Palace i am quit well i wish you were in london nobody is in london except tradespeople and i am not to play with them because i am above them in rank so there is nobody to play with but i am alone to paint

all day with callers and i like that at rottingdean there is a cock with no tail he does look silly . . .

The letter ends with a small pen drawing of the silly cock, and an equestrian drawing of "the duke of Wellington," in which the big nose of the

hero is prominently displayed. Evidently the "duke" was a favourite with both artist and child, for he figures in several letters.

We catch several glimpses in the letters of the artist in his grey moods. He has a horror of bad weather, and when business calls him back to London he longs for the



NO. 6.



NO. 7.

bright skies of Rottingdean. On a Sunday he writes from The Grange :—

dear —,

Back I am here & a nice day you have prepared for me—Oh do you expect me to endure such days—& I left bright sunshine and blue sky & green hills & myriads of rooks in the air—& tiled floors, & black oak & white walls, & lug fires, to come back to this nasty black sooty damp filthy hole of a place.

So will you be very kind to me & spoil me, for all I endure? & a parcel of books & paint rags has come thank your ever blessed mammy for them. Mighty useful will the rags be—such a heap—just as many rags again & I would begin trying to rub London out with them. I have come back so fat & well & ever

Your affie. (8)

*I have come back so fat
& well.*

*& Ever
Your
affie. 8*



NO. 2.

Later, the fogs oppress him and he cries :—

Oh—, I am so bad—such a sore throat—all rags and tatters—

and the fogs are fendish and are killing

Your aff

ERJ.

That poor orphan—give him my love—and all of them—I am not to go out for a week or more and this (9) isn't a nice life at all.

Perhaps the most amusing of the pictures which he drew are those

*I am not to go out for
a week or more and
this isn't a nice life
at all.*



NO. 9.

serve as signatures. We have several of them in these pages. One letter he writes on most gaudy paper, containing a startling red border nearly two inches wide, decorated with large white spots. The paper is even too startling for his sensitive eye, and he apologizes for it in the following words :—

Oh my dear — little —

I do think this paper is too horrible to send even as a joke—but as I promised—

He then asks her to come to see him, and says :—

I will give you two days notice, and this delicious time at Kensington is coming to an end and when you are back



NO. 10.

at—I shall never see you—because I could never find my way I know—and can't take railway tickets—and can do nothing but pictures—and there are some people, —, who say I can't do that—would you believe it?

Always your aff.

(10)

Evidently the two friends were now for awhile parted, and the little girl had gone on a vacation. Her leisure was lightened by the following letter:—

Monday,

The Grange,

West Kensington, W.

My dear little —,

It seems to me you are enjoying yourself very much—getting wet & draggled, & dabbling in eel pits and the homes of newts. wish I was there too, I do, playing with messes and lolling about, & reading three lines of a book & then tumbling into deep sleep. perhaps that shall be by & bye—but now I am at work and must leave it (11)

And I am very well and quite fat again—hating

*the day when I am suddenly meet for
both & the highway work for her
more like this*



NO. 12.

& so powerfully that I believe I shall have to be operated upon too—for I feel full of horrors.

Good-bye, dear little Maiden, and give them all my love.

Your aff

elij.

The following letter contains an interesting reference to Damien, the brave man who went out amongst the lepers:—

Mr. Clifford came & brought me a little line from Damien but writing is difficult to him & he is dying now. One day when I as suddenly meet you both in the highway will you be more like this (12)

went at all like that yesterday. I have 36 a mind to run over & see how you are to-day, but it's a busy day and I must be in town some time to get things for foreign travel.

Your aff

Elj.

At one time he sends her "2 tickets for the privit view at the ryle academy"; at another, he sends his regrets for inability to make an engagement, and, at the end of the letter, breaks into a flood of tears, which figure conspicuously on the sheet as nine ragged lumps of red sealing-wax. "These are my tears," he writes. He also sends a pencil drawing of a dumpy and fluffy little chicken just out of its shell. Again, when inclosing a photograph, he says:—

Is this the photograph

of that old old old
old
old
old
old

O I.D thing

you meant?

and later, in the same letter, he adds: "What a what of a day—not meant for work, was it?"

*Am I am at work and must
leave it*

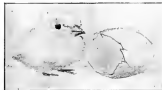


NO. 13.

the thunder weather very much—and in evenings resting altogether, but I am still bereft of babes, & is I don't know where—somewhere in the outer world—and & at the sea.

The artist then makes a touching reference to the illness of a dear friend, and goes on in sympathetic yet lightsome mood:—

I went yesterday to see an ill friend—a dear one—and he being eloquent & gifted described an operation that had been performed upon him so fully



NO. 13.

Want to have picnic on river with friends I do."

At another time he writes his letter as follows:—

at a bookshop in town
My dear —,

I have brought you a little reminder of me—because you are certain to forget the discomfort I have given you day after day (so you can't remember me for that reason) and when next I come—Friday—I will blazon your name in it—can't do it now, hands so frozen.

This is a day when I hope you are all round the fire snoring and blinking softly, & passing the cat from lap to lap:

ever your affectionate friend

(14)

And ends with another pictorial signature which, had it not been done by himself, would have been a libel on the kindly features which all knew so well.

To the ordinary reader these signatures are most amusing when they are most abnormal in execution. The artist was once in Rottingdean at Lammastide, yet it was bitter cold, bright, and cloudless, with no mist or fog. He

ever your affectionate friend



NO. 14.

could hardly believe it was summer, and as proof of his physical condition he appended to his interesting little gossip the accompanying picture of himself, shivering on the hillside, a lone figure in the midst of a whirling snowstorm. Legs contorted with wonderful tortuosity, hair drooping as if with the weight of icicles, and eyes staring into the distance hopeless and forlorn—he stood in the foreground of a bleak landscape shivering. "Oh, little —, good bye," he wrote. "This is the 47th letter I have written this morning." The forty-seventh letter! Yet, at the end of all that tiresome labour he had time to draw a picture for the child he loved.

When the artist died there were more sympathetic hearts than one, and not the least among them was that of the child who, in these letters, had been shown the tender and loving qualities of a great man.

your aff.



NO. 15.

A QUESTION of HABIT

BY
W.W. JACOBS



as ordinary seaman or boy, and nobody not a penny the wiser. It's happened before, an' I've no doubt it will again.

We 'ad a queer case once on a barque I was on as steward, called the *Tower of London*, bound from the Albert Docks to Melbourne with a general cargo. We shipped a new boy just after we started as was entered in the ship's books as 'Enery Mallow, an' the first thing we noticed about 'Enery was as 'e had a great dislike to work and was terrible sea-sick. Every time there was a job as wanted to be done, that lad 'ud go and be took bad quite independent of the weather.

Then Bill Dowsett adopted 'im, and said he'd make a sailor of 'im. I believe if 'Enery could 'ave chose 'is father, he'd sooner 'ad any man than Bill, and I would sooner have been a orphan than a son to any of 'em. Bill relied on his langwidge mostly, but when that failed he'd just fetch 'im a cuff. Nothing more than was good for a boy wot 'ad got 'is living to earn, but 'Enery used to cry until we was all ashamed of 'im.

Bill got almost to be afraid of 'fittin' 'im at last, and used to try wot being sarcastic would do. Then we found as 'Enery was ten times as sarcastic as Bill—'e'd talk all round 'im so to speak, an' even take the words out of Bill's mouth to use agin 'im. Then Bill would turn to 'is great natural gifts, and the end of it was when we was about a fortnight out that the boy ran up on deck and went aft to the skipper and complained of Bill's langwidge.

"Langwidge," ses the old man, glaring at 'im as if 'e'd eat 'im—"what sort o' langwidge?"

"Bad langwidge, sir," ses 'Enery.

"Repeat it," ses the skipper.

WIMMIN aboard ship "I don't 'old with, said the night-watchman, severely. They'll ask you all sorts o' silly questions, an' complain to the skipper if you don't treat 'em civil in answering 'em. If you do treat 'em civil, what's the result? Is it a bit o' bacca, or a shilling, or anything like that? Not a bit of it; just a "thank you," an' said in a way as though they've been giving you a perfect treat by talking to you.

They're a contrary sects too. Ask a girl civil-like to stand off a line you want to coil up, and she'll get off an' look at you as though you ought to have waited until she 'ad offered to shift. Pull on it without asking her to step off fust, an' the ship won't 'old her 'ardly. A man I knew once—he's dead now, poor chap, and three widders mourning for 'im—said that with all 'is experience wimmin was as much a riddle to 'im as when he fust married.

O' course, sometimes you get a gal down the fo'c's'le pretending to be a man, shipping

'Enery gives a little shiver. "I couldn't do it, sir," he ses, very solemn; "it's like—like you was talking to the bo'sen yesterday."

"Go to your duties," roars the skipper; "go to your duties at once, and don't let me 'ear any more of it. Why, you ought to be at a young ladies' school."

"I know I ought, sir," 'Enery ses, with a wimper, "but I never thought it'd be like this."

The old man stares at him, and then he rubs his eyes and stares ag'in. 'Enery wiped his eyes and stood looking down at the deck.

"'Eavens above," ses the old man, in a dazed voice, "don't tell me you're a gal!"

"I won't if you don't want me to," ses 'Enery, wiping his eyes ag'in.

"What's your name?" ses the old man at last.

"Mary Mallow, sir," ses 'Enery, very soft.

"What made you do it?" ses the skipper, at last.

"My father wanted me to marry a man I didn't want to," ses Miss Mallow. "He used to admire my hair very much, so I cut it off. Then I got frightened at what I'd done, and as I looked like a boy I thought I'd go to sea."

"Well, it's a nice responsibility for me," ses the skipper, and he called the mate who 'ad just come on deck, and asked his advice. The mate was a very strait-laced man—for a mate—and at fust he was so shocked 'e couldn't speak.

"She'll have to come aft," he ses, at last.

"O' course she will," ses the skipper, and he called me up and told me to clear a spare cabin out for her—we carried a passenger or two sometimes—and to fetch her chest up.

"I s'pose you've got some clothes in it?" he ses, anxious-like.

"Only these sort o' things," ses Miss Mallow, bashfully.

"And send Dowsett to me," ses the skipper, turning to me ag'in.

We 'ad to shove pore Bill up on deck a'most, and the way the skipper went on at 'im, you'd thought 'e was the greatest rascal unhung. He begged the young lady's pardon over and over ag'in, and when 'e come back to us 'e was that upset that 'e didn't know what 'e was saying, and begged an ordinary seaman's pardon for treading on 'is toe.

Then the skipper took Miss Mallow below to her new quarters, and to 'is great surprise caught the third officer, who was fond of female society, doing a step-dance in the saloon all on 'is own.

That evening the skipper and the mate

formed themselves into a committee to decide what was to be done. Everything the mate suggested the skipper wouldn't have, and when the skipper thought of anything, the mate said it was impossible. After the committee 'ad been sitting for three hours it began to abuse each other; lastaways, the skipper abused the mate, and the mate kep' on saying if it wasn't for discipline he knew somebody as would tell the skipper a thing or two it would do 'im good to hear.

"She must have a dress, I tell you, or a frock at any rate," ses the skipper, very mad.

"What's the difference between a dress and a frock?" ses the mate.

"There is a difference," ses the skipper.

"Well, what is it?" ses the mate.

"It wouldn't be any good if I was to explain to you," ses the skipper; "some people's heads are too thick."

"I know they are," ses the mate.

The committee broke up after that, but it got amiable ag'in over breakfast next morning, and made quite a fuss over Miss Mallow. It was wonderful what a difference a night aft had made in that gal. She'd washed herself beautiful, and had just frizzed 'er 'air, which was rather long, over 'er forehead, and the committee kept pursing its lips up and looking at each other as Mr. Fisher talked to 'er and kep' on piling 'er plate up.

She went up on deck after breakfast and stood leaning against the side talking to Mr. Fisher. Pretty laugh she'd got, too, though I never noticed it when she was in the fo'c's'le. Perhaps she hadn't got much to laugh about then, and while she was up there enjoying 'erself watching us chaps work, the committee was down below laying its 'eds together ag'in.

When I went down to the cabin ag'in it was like a dressmaker's shop. There was silk handkerchiefs and all sorts o' things on the table, an' the skipper was hovering about with a big pair of scissors in his hands, wondering how to begin.

"I sha'n't attempt anything very grand," he ses at last; "just something to slip over them boy's clothes she's wearing."

The mate didn't say anything. He was busy drawing frocks on a little piece of paper, and looking at 'em with his head on one side to see whether they looked better that way.

"By Jove! I've got it," ses the old man, suddenly. "Where's that dressing-gown your wife gave you?"

The mate looked up. "I don't know," he ses, slowly. "I've mislaid it."

"Well, it can't be far," ses the skipper. "It's just the thing to make a frock of."

"I don't think so," ses the mate. "It wouldn't hang properly. Do you know what I was thinking of?"

"Well," ses the skipper.

"Three o' them new flannel shirts o' yours," ses the mate. "They're very dark, an' they'd hang beautiful."

"Let's try the dressing-gown first," ses the skipper, beary-like. "That's easier. I'll help you look for it."

"I can't think what I've done with it," ses the mate.

"Well, let's try your cabin," ses the old man.

They went to the mate's cabin and, to his great surprise, there it was hanging just behind the door. It was a beautiful dressing-gown—soft, warm cloth trimmed with braid—and the skipper took up his scissors ag'in, and fairly gloated over it. Then he slowly cut off the top part with the two arms 'anging to it, and passed it over to the mate.

"I sha'n't want that, Mr. Jackson," he ses, slowly. "I daressay you'll find it come in useful."

"While you're doing that, s'pose I get on with them three shirts," ses Mr. Jackson.



"I SHA'N'T WANT THAT, MR. JACKSON."

"What three shirts?" ses the skipper, who was busy cutting buttons off.

"Why, yours," ses Mr. Jackson. "Let's see who can make the best frock."

"No, Mr. Jackson," ses the old man. "I'm sure you couldn't make anything o' them shirts. You're not at all gifted that way. Besides, I want 'em."

"Well, I wanted my dressing-gown, if you come to that," ses the mate, in a sulky voice.

"Well, what on earth did you give it to me for?" ses the skipper. "I do wish you'd know your own mind, Mr. Jackson."

The mate didn't say any more. He sat and watched the old man, as he threaded his needle and stitched the dressing-gown together down the front. It really didn't look half bad when he'd finished it, and it was easy to see how pleased Miss Mallow was. She really looked quite fine in it, and with the blue guernsey she was wearing and a band made o' silk handkerchiefs round her waist, I saw at once it was a case with the third officer.

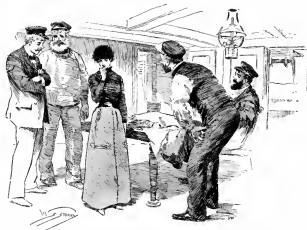
"Now you look a bit more like the gal your father used to know," ses the skipper. "My finger's a bit sore just at present, but by-and-by I'll make you a bonnet."

"I'd like to see it," ses the mate.

"It's quite easy," ses the skipper. "I've seen my wife do 'em. She calls 'em tokes. You make the hull out o' cardboard and spread your canvas on that."

That dress made a wonderful difference in the gal. Wonderful! She seemed to change all at once and become the lady altogether. She just 'ad that cabin at her beck and call; and as for me, she seemed to think I was there a puppose to wait on 'er.

I must say she 'ad a good time of it. We was having splendid weather, and there wasn't much work for anybody; consequently, when she wasn't receiving good advice from the skipper and the mate, she was receiving attention from both the second and third officers. Mr. Scott, the second, didn't seem to take much notice of her for a day or two, and the first I saw of his being in love was 'is being very rude to Mr. Fisher and giving up bad language, so sudden it's a wonder it didn't do 'im a injury.



"NOW YOU LOOK MORE LIKE THE GAL YOUR FATHER USED TO KNOW."

I think the gal rather enjoyed their attentions at first, but arter a time she got fairly tired of it. She never 'ad no rest, pore thing. If she was up on deck looking over the side the third officer would come up and talk romantic to 'er about the sea and the lonely lives of sailor men, and I acturally 'eard Mr. Scott repeating poetry to her. The skipper 'eard it too, and being suspicious o' poetry, and not having heard clearly, called him up to 'im and made 'im say it all over ag'in to 'im. 'E didn't seem quite to know wot to make of it, so 'e calls up the mate for 'im to hear it. The mate said it was rubbish, and the skipper told Mr. Scott that if ever he was taken that way ag'in 'ed 'ear more of it.

There was no doubt about them two young fellers being genuine. She 'appened to say one day that she could never, never care for a man who drank and smoked, and I'm blest if both of em didn't take to water and give 'er their pipes to chuck overboard, and the agony those two chaps used to suffer when they saw other people smoking was pitiful to witness.

It got to such a pitch at last that the mate, who, as I said afore, was a very particular man, called another committee meeting. It was a very solemn affair, and 'e made a long speech in which he said he was the father of

a family, and that the second and third officers was far too attentive to Miss Mallow, and 'e asked the skipper to stop it.

"How?" ses the skipper.

"Stop the draught-playing and the card-playing and the poetry," ses the mate; "the gal's getting too much attention; she'll have 'er 'end turned. Put your foot down, sir, and stop it."

The skipper was so struck by what he said, that he not only did that, but he went and forbidd them two young men to speak to the gal except at meal times, or when the conversation was general. None of 'em liked it, though the gal pretended to, and for the matter of a week things was very quiet in the cabin, not to say sulky.

Things got back to their old style ag'in in a very curious way. I'd just set the tea in the cabin one afternoon, and 'ad stopped at the foot of the companion-ladder to let the skipper and Mr. Fisher come down, when we suddenly 'eard a loud box on the ear. We all rushed into the cabin at once, and there was the mate looking fairly thunder-struck, with his hand to his face, and Miss Mallow glaring at 'im.

"Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, in a awful voice, "what's this?"

"Ask her," shouts the mate. "I think she's gone mad or something."

"What does this mean, Miss Mallow?" ses the skipper.

"Ask him," ses Miss Mallow, breathing very 'ard.

"Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, very severe, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing," roars the mate.

"Was that a box on the ear, I 'ard?" ses the skipper.

"It was," says the mate, grinding his teeth.

"Your ear?" ses the skipper.

"Yes. She's mad, I tell you," ses the mate. "I was sitting here quite quiet and peaceable, when she came alongside me and slapped my face."

"Why did you box his ear?" ses the skipper to the girl again.

"Because he deserved it," ses Miss Mallow.

The skipper shook his 'ead and looked at the mate so sorrowful that he began to stamp up and down the cabin and bang the table with his fist.

"If I hadn't heard it myself, I couldn't have believed it," ses the skipper; "and you the father of a family, too. Nice example for the young men, I must say."

"Please don't say anything more about it," ses Miss Mallow; "I'm sure he's very sorry."

"Very good," ses the skipper; "but you understand, Mr. Jackson, that if I overlook your conduct, you're not to speak to this young lady ag'in. Also, you must consider yourself as removed from the committee."

"Curse the committee," screamed the mate. "Curse——"

He looked all round, with his eyes starting out of 'is 'ead, and then suddenly shut his mouth with a snap and went up on deck. He never alluded to the affair again, and in fact for the rest of the voyage 'e hardly spoke to a soul. The young people got to their cards and draughts ag'in, but he took no notice, and 'e never spoke to the skipper unless he spoke to 'im first.

We got to Melbourne at last, and the fust

thing the skipper did was to give our young lady some money to go ashore and buy clothes with. He did it in a very delikit way by giving her the pay as boy, and I don't think I ever see anybody look so pleased and surprised as she did. The



"WE ALL RUSHED INTO THE CAFE."

skipper went ashore with her, as she looked rather a odd figure to be going about, and comes back about a hour later without 'er.

"I thought perhaps she'd have come aboard," he ses to Mr. Fisher. "I managed to miss her somehow while I was waiting outside a shop."

They fidgeted about a bit, and then went ashore to look for 'er, turning up again at eight o'clock quite worried. Nine o'clock came, and there was no signs of 'er. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Scott was in a dreadful state, and the skipper sent almost every man aboard ashore to search for 'er. They 'unted for 'er high and low, up and down and round about, and turned up at midnight so done up that they could 'ardly stand without holding on to somethink, and so upset that they couldn't speak. None of the officers got any sleep that night except Mr. Jackson, and the fust thing in the morning they was ashore ag'in looking for her.

She'd disappeared as completely as if she'd gone overboard, and more than one of the chaps looked over the side half expecting to see 'er come floating by. By twelve o'clock most of us was convinced that she'd been

made away with, and Mr. Fisher made some remarks about the police of Melbourne as would 'a done them good to hear.

I was just going to see about dinner when we got the first news of her. Three of the most miserable and solemn-looking captains I've ever seen came alongside and asked for a few words with our skipper. They all stood in a row looking as if they was going to cry.

"Good morning, Captain Hart," ses one of 'em, as our old man came up with the mate.

The three captains shook their heads all together.

"She is no more," ses another of 'em.

"How did it happen?" ses the skipper, in a low voice.

"She took this off," ses the first captain, shaking his head and pointing to the dressing-gown.

"And took a chill?" ses the skipper, staring very 'ard.

The three captains shook their 'eads ag'in, and I noticed that they seemed to watch each other and do it all together.

"I don't understand," ses the skipper.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," ses the first captain; "she took this off."

"So you said before," ses the skipper, rather short.

"And became a boy ag'in," ses the other; "the wickedest and most artful young rascal that ever signed on with me."

He looked round at the others, and they all broke out into a perfect roar of laughter, and jumped up and down and slapped each other on the back, as if they was all mad. Then they asked which was the one wot had 'is ears boxed, and which was Mr. Fisher and which was Mr. Scott, and told our skipper wot a nice fatherly man he was. Quite a crowd got round, an' wouldn't go away for all we could do to 'em in the shape o' buckets o' water and lumps o' coal. We was the laughing-stock o' the place, and the way they

carried on when the steamer passed us two days later with the first captain on the bridge, pretending not to see that imp of a boy standing in the bows blowing us kisses and dropping curtsies, nearly put the skipper out of 'is mind.



"DO YOU KNOW THIS?"

"Good morning," ses he.

"Do you know this?" ses one of 'em sadly, holding out Miss Mallow's dressing-gown on a walking-stick.

"Good 'eavens," ses the skipper, "I hope nothing's happened to that pore gal."

In Nature's Workshop.

IV.—MASQUERADES AND DISGUISES.

By GRANT ALLEN.



1.—THE SEA-HORSE, UNDISGUISED, SELEGATELY SWIMMING.

IN a previous article of this series, I introduced my readers to certain bold and deceptive insects—the “bounders” of their race—which pretend to powers they do not possess, and endeavour by sheer bluff to frighten away intruders on their domestic privacy. In the present essay, I am going to touch on sundry other wily animals which, either in order to escape the notice of their foes or to creep in silence upon their unwary prey, imitate more or less closely other objects in their surroundings—in simpler words, walk about in masquerade. This paper is thus to be devoted to the subject of disguises. I propose, as it were, to go behind the scenes, and show you the make-up of the principal characters in nature's melodrama of “Strictly Incognito.”

An ounce of example is worth a ton of description: so I will begin with a simple illustrative case among the class of fishes. My illustration No. 1 shows a “person of the drama” *without* his make-up: it represents that familiar little beastie, the common sea-horse, or hippocampus. In his dried condition, this quaint small Mediterranean fish is a well-known denizen of every child's domestic museum. Visitors to Venice have picked up sea-horses in abundance on the

sandy ridge of the Lido—that long bank of shingle which divides the lagoons from the open Adriatic, a spot which I have already mentioned in this Magazine as a favourite haunt of my own, and also of my good old friend the sacred scarab, or ball-rolling beetle. In most marine aquariums, too, the sea-horse is a much-appreciated popular performer: a group of them in the Brighton Aquarium (which, though you may not know it, contains tanks with fish in them) always receives an early call from me whenever I happen to be anywhere in their neighbourhood. By these means it comes about that even those who do not go down to the sea in ships have become fairly familiar with the appearance of the sea-horse and with his mode of life, which he pursues unaltered—being indeed a sluggish and phlegmatic brute—in a shallow basin as in the open Mediterranean.

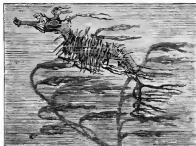
In general shape, as you see, the hippocampus bears a striking resemblance to the knight in a set of chessmen. But instead of a round stand, he has a prehensile tail like a monkey's, by means of which he can securely moor himself to pieces of seaweed or other small objects. This is his usual attitude when not swimming. No. 2 shows a couple of hippocampi so curled together in friendly companionship on a spray of some



2.—A PAIR OF SEA-HORSES, MOORED TO A FUCCUS.

focus. One may often observe a dozen or so of them thus intertwined by their tails in an inextricable knot—inextricable, that is to say, till you notice one of them display a nascent desire in his small mind to untie himself. Then you begin to perceive a sinuous wriggling movement in the coils of his tail, which communicates itself by degrees to his slimy comrades. For about a minute the would-be rover is engaged in disentangling his own nether part from the nether parts of his companions; at last, with a triumphant gliding motion, he sets himself free, and begins to swim, half upright, as you see in No. 1, with a sedate and churchwardenly motion, through the water about him. His fins, it is true, vibrate with extraordinary rapidity, like a waving ribbon; in spite of which he moves almost imperceptibly forward, and never goes more than a foot or two at a time in any direction. Though armed with a rather knobby and prickly coat, the sea-horse is exposed by the mere slowness of his gait to the attacks of more active and energetic enemies.

Our European sea-horse, as you can see in these illustrations, makes no pretence at concealment: he moves about undisguised, like an honest gentleman, and can be readily recognised wherever you meet him. But there is an Australian relative of his, the leaf-like sea-horse (known to men of science as *Phyllopteryx*), which is much softer and more palatable in the body, and therefore stands in greater need of protection from predatory fishes. This curious ragged creature, shown in No. 3, has its tail and fins provided with irregular long waving appendages, exactly resembling in form and colour



3.—AUSTRALIAN SEA-HORSE DISGUISED AS SEAWEED.

the seaweed in which it lurks. In the drawing, to be sure, Mr. Enock has represented the fish rather isolated, so as to let you clearly distinguish it from the neighbouring weeds; but you can easily understand that in nature, when it is lying hid in a knotted mass of such seaweed among the overgrown rocks at the bottom, it must be very difficult for even

the sharpest-eyed enemy to pick it out from the fronds it so closely resembles. The tint, in particular, is absolutely identical.

How does this quaint resemblance come about? Probably in this manner. All the sea-horses of this kind which could be discovered by enemies for many ages have been assiduously eaten. If every one of them had been eaten, however, the species would now be extinct: and this is really what has happened over and over again to many species in the sea, as it has happened on land in our own time to the American bison, the great auk, the moa of New Zealand, and several other creatures. But if any sea-horse of this more threatened class happened to resemble the seaweed in which it lived, either in form or in colour, or in both, rather more than the rest of its kind, it would stand on the whole a somewhat better chance of *not* getting eaten, and would on the average leave more offspring than its less protected fellows. Thus, from generation to generation, as enemies poked their noses into the tangled weed in search of food, the tendency would be for the more seaweed-like to escape and mate, while the less seaweed-like were detected and eaten. This is what we call "natural selection," or "survival of the fittest." The result would be that the protected, mating always with the protected, produced young like themselves, and that

out of their offspring the ones least like seaweed would still oftener get devoured, while those most like seaweed still escaped.

The leaf-like sea-horse is a simple case of what is now known as *protective resemblance*. A very similar instance is that of the so-called skeleton

shrimp, which also moors itself to bits of seaweed, and looks just like the plant it clings to. But the same sort of thing occurs on a large scale among the entire group of animals inhabiting what is called the Sargasso Sea. This sea is a belt of the Atlantic near the Azores, where great masses of a particular tropical seaweed, known as

sargasso-weed, mat together so as to form perfect floating meadows, and often even impede the navigation of vessels. The weed is pale yellow in hue, and is inhabited by vast numbers of small marine animals—crabs, prawns, and the like—all of which are protectively coloured exactly like the weed on which they live. I have often had a bucket of sargasso-weed fished up for me by the sailors when crossing this sea, and have amused myself by trying to distinguish the numerous little beasts among the almost similar berry-like knobs of the sargasso in which they lurked.

In the case of the Australian sea-horse and of the crabs and fish which inhabit the sargasso-weed, however, the imitation is quite general. My next example will be of a more specialized kind. No. 4 represents a butterfly of a species peculiar to the Malay Archipelago, and known as a Kallima. That is how it looks while it flies about coquetting in the open sunshine, displaying its brilliant hues, and seeking to attract the attention of its observant mate. Under such circumstances, it is a beautiful creature: its wings are dark brown at the tip, and crossed by a bright yellow band; the under wing being blue, with shot hues running through it. A very gallant gentleman indeed the male Kallima appears when thus flaunting his beauty in the tropical sun before the eyes of the ladies of his species.

But let some enemy threaten, some bird pounce down upon him, and the Kallima butterfly has an easy refuge. He need but settle down quietly on a neighbouring bough, and hi, presto! all at once he seems to have put on the cap of invisibility. If you are chasing one of these butterflies, and he alights on a tree, you imagine at first that he has disappeared entirely. And so he has, though only from your vision. At rest, he is indiscoverable. No. 5, if you look close, contains the explanation of this "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman." But you *must* look close if you want to find him out in his ex-

cellent disguise. The branch, you see, has four leaves on it: well, the uppermost left-hand leaf is our vanishing butterfly. The undersides of his wings are coloured and lined so as exactly to imitate the leaves of his favourite bush, on which he usually settles. Mid-rib and veins are all carefully imitated: while the actual body and legs of the insect become quite unobtrusive. Indeed, in real life, the imitation is even more perfect, owing to the addition of colour, than it seems in the sketch, for here you have Mr. Enoch's sharp eyes—and I know none sharper—to pick out the creature for you, apart

from all the leaves-on the tree it inhabits: whereas, in nature, you would have to hunt it up for yourself among a whole bushful of foliage, all exactly like it.

Residents in London can easily try for themselves this interesting game of hide-and-seek with a vanishing butterfly: for in the vestibule of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a case of animals intended to illustrate protective resemblances; and conspicuous in the case is a large group of these very butterflies, some of them almost impossible to detect among the leaves around them. It is noticeable, too, that similar types of double colouring—for display and for protection—are common in nature. The upper side of the wings is visible only when they are unfolded, and the insect is consciously showing off his charms in the sunshine to his mates: he then desires to look as handsome, as well-dressed, and as conspicuous as possible. But the under side

is shown when he rests with folded wings on a twig: and his obvious cue is then to escape observation. In the one case, he is the gallant at large; in the other case, the fugitive in hiding.

Similar instances of protective resemblance, produced no doubt by natural selection, are now well known in many different classes of animals. The most familiar are the leaf-insects of Ceylon and Java—wonderful green creatures with ribs and veins like those of leaves, so deceptively arranged that, as Mr.



4—KALLIMA BUTTERFLY, DISPLAYING ITSELF WHILE FLYING.



5—THE SAME KALLIMA, SETTLED ON A TREE? PLEASE, TO FIND THE BUTTERFLY.

Alfred Russel Wallace says, "not one person in ten can see them when resting on the food-plant close beneath their eyes." Others of the class imitate bits of stick, with little knots and branches, so that one can only recognise them as alive when one touches them. A stick-insect brought to Mr. Wallace in Borneo so exactly mimicked a piece of stick, covered with green mosses and liverworts, that it fairly took in even that lynx-eyed naturalist. That these protective devices do really benefit the animals which exhibit them there can be no doubt at all: for Mr. Belt saw a locust in Nicaragua got up as a leaf, and absolutely overran by foraging ants, hungry carnivores which devour every insect they come across like a ravening army: yet they never even discovered that the apparent leaf they were walking over was itself a store of good ant-meat. The locust, on the other hand, fully recognised the nature of his immunity from attack, and understood that if he moved a single limb he would betray himself: for he allowed Mr. Belt to pick him up in his hand, examine him closely, and replace him among the ants, without making an effort to escape or a movement to reveal his true nature. This trick of "shamming dead," as it is called, is common among beetles and many other insects.

In most of the cases known to us, such imitations are due to the need for protection alone. Sometimes, however, the tables are turned: animals which prey upon others deceive their prey by posing as something quite harmless and even attractive. Thus the lizards of the desert are usually sand-coloured, so that they may creep up unobserved upon the insects they devour; while in the arctic snows, all the beasts and birds alike are snow-white, because there a black or red animal would be seen and avoided at once by all its possible victims. One of the strangest instances I know of imitation in a hunting creature occurs in Java. There is a type of creature allied to the grasshoppers and known as the Mantis, many species of which in various countries are specialized into leaf-insects: they are voracious creatures, with long arm-like fore-limbs, which lie in

wait for and devour many smaller insects. One such Mantis in Java is coloured pink, and resembles when at rest a pink orchid. The butterflies on which it feeds mistake it for a flower, alight on what seem its petals in search of honey, and are instantly seized by the ruthless hand-like claws and devoured without mercy. As Mr. Wallace pithily puts the case, "It is a living trap, and forms its own bait."

Examples like this lead one on to the still more remarkable group of facts known as *mimicry*. It might almost be called impersonation. A certain number of animals belonging to the most different families have the odd peculiarity of resembling, or as it is oftener called "mimicking," sundry other animals to which they are not really in the least degree related. As before, I will begin with a single good typical example of such mimicry, and when we have thoroughly comprehended its nature and meaning, will pass on to the principles which govern the practice in all similar cases.

No. 6 shows us, below, a specimen of the common English hornet. Now, everybody knows that the hornet is a large red and brown and yellow wasp, very active and irritable, with a nasty, aggressive temper, and an unpleasant way of stinging on the slightest provocation, or none at all for that matter.

Furthermore, everybody who has once been stung by a hornet—as I have been not infrequently in the cause of science—is keenly aware that a hornet's sting bears to an ordinary wasp's the same relation as scouring with scorpions bears to scouring with rods. On this account, hornets are generally let severely alone by birds and other insect-eating creatures. It must clearly be an advantage to the wasps and hornets that they possess a sting: and its chief point is just that—it protects them from attack by possible enemies.

Again, almost all specially-protected creatures, as I mentioned once before in the case of the nasty-tasted and inedible caterpillars, are very brilliantly and conspicuously coloured. The contrasted bands of black and yellow in the common wasp, which render him so easily recognisable at sight, are a familiar instance.



6.—LOWER FIGURE, THE COMMON ENGLISH HORNET; UPPER FIGURE, A NOTE WHICH IMITATES IT.

Such vivid bands or bright tints have been well described by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace as "warning colours." The moment we see a bright black-and-yellow-belted insect alight with a buzz on the fruit at dessert, we say at once to the little ones, "There's a wasp! Don't touch him!" This almost instinctive fear which the mere sight of the venomous insect inspires in onlookers is all to the good for him: it serves his end by preventing us from handling or crushing him. Still more do the lower animals give such insects a wide berth: a very young and inexperienced puppy, it is true, will sometimes make an imprudent snap at a passing wasp; but the piteous way he licks his tongue afterwards, and the dejected attitudes by means of which he tells us that he is very sorry for himself, show before long that the wasp, though vanquished, has left his mark behind him. That puppy, you may be sure, will never try to snap at another bright yellow-banded insect as long as he lives: when one buzzes about him, he will put his tail between his legs like a wise dog, and retire incontinently into safer quarters.

It is now well known that whenever we find animals belonging to usually sober families, but tricked out in gaudy red or orange or yellow, they are almost invariably protected in one way or another—are either venomous, or stinging, or nasty to the taste, or else possess, like the striking black-and-white-banded skunk, the power of ejecting an offensive and irritating odour. A famous instance of this conjunction of inedibility and brilliancy is "Belt's frog." In Nicaragua, that close observer Mr. Belt found a small kind of frog, gorgeously arrayed in crimson and blue, and swelling about like King Solomon in all his glory. Frogs of this dazzling sort were extremely abundant in Nicaraguan woods, and never made the slightest attempt at concealment. Now, it is the common habit of land frogs, all the world over, to be protectively coloured with brown or green, according as they haunt most the ground or the foliage of trees. The common little tree-frogs so abundant in most warm climates, for example—every visitor to the Riviera must know them well—are either a brilliant grass-green, to imitate the foliage to whose underside they cling by their sucker-padded feet, or else are mottled with grey and white and brown, to mimic bark, dead leaves, and lichen-covered branches. So Mr. Belt felt convinced that his Nicaraguan frog, which behaved so differently from the rest of its kind—which was so brilliantly dressed

and never tried to hide itself—must be venomous or inedible. He tried the question by giving a few frogs to his fowls and ducks: the wary birds looked at them suspiciously, put their heads on one side, and refused to touch them. At last, by throwing a single frog down unobtrusively among pieces of meat for which the ducks were scrambling, he managed to induce a young and inexperienced duck to pick up the creature. "Instead of swallowing it, however, the duck instantly threw it out of its mouth, and went about jerking its head as if trying to get rid of some unpleasant taste." I have myself experimented in the same way on some brilliantly-coloured slugs, which cover rocks in the open, and can add my personal testimony to that of Mr. Belt's witness, the incautious duckling.

But I am wandering from the question. Let us return to our pictures. The upper insect in No. 6 represents, not a hornet or relative of the hornets, but a moth, deceptively coloured so as to mimic and suggest the hornet kind. Bees and wasps, being species that enjoy immunity from attack, are naturally very much imitated by other insects. The whole family to which this imitation hornet belongs, indeed—that of the clear-wing moths—seems to have laid itself out on purpose to personate the wasps and bumble-bees, for almost every species is an imitator of some particular species of stinging insect. Of course the moths are themselves quite harmless soft things: but they *look* like wasps or hornets, and that is enough to protect them. They produce their effect in a very odd manner. Most moths, as we know, have feathery wings, covered with a fine powder of dust-like scales; but the clear-wings have got rid of the scales, so as to resemble wasps and bees with their membranous wings; and it is this peculiarity in their structure which gives the common English name to the family. Not only, however, are the wings transparent, but the bodies also are shaped much like those of wasps and hornets, and are conspicuously banded with red and yellow. The antennæ, too, are made as wasp-like as possible. The clear-wings fly about rapidly in the open sunshine, and their flight resembles that of wasps and bumble-bees, according to the model selected for imitation by each species. Indeed, the resemblance is much greater in real life than in Mr. Enock's sketch, because the colour is so deceptively similar. No ordinary person who saw a hornet clear-wing would dare to put his hand upon it,

even if told it was harmless: naturalists themselves look twice before they venture incautiously to finger a doubtful specimen.

The hornet clear-wing is a great frequenter of poplar trees, in the wood of which the larva burrows; and in No. 7, Mr. Enock has shown us the same two insects again, at rest on the bark of a branch of this favourite food-tree. As before, the hornet is still below, and the moth above; but in this instance, even without the aid of colour, the deceptive resemblance becomes still more conspicuous. If, while the moth is thus sitting in the sunshine on a trunk of poplar, you try to touch its body, it will perform one of those curious "terrifying" evolutions which I have already described in so many insects. It will curve its back, and dig once or twice into the bark with its tail, as if it

And a sting meant to use it. This queer habit puts a finishing touch to the clever deception; and the consequence is, that the hornet clear-wing is seldom molested by birds or other inquisitive strangers. The imitation pays: it secures the little mimic from undesirable intruders.

Still stranger and more immoral is the gross case of impersonation for purposes of burglary, illustrated in No. 8. Here we have, below, a great burly bustling bumble-bee, and, above, a particular fly, named *Volucella*, which dresses itself up to imitate the bee in indistinguishable hairs and colours. And it does so for a very curious and treacherous object. The grubs of the fly are parasitic on the grubs of the bumble-bee and wasp; and the female *Volucella* is thus enabled to enter the nests of bumble-bees, and lay her eggs among those of the real owners, whose larvae the fly larvae will finally devour. It is true that doubts have lately been cast upon this fact, because the fly which imitates the bee has been seen to enter the nests of wasps; but I do not attach much importance to this objection, which needs even now to be more widely demonstrated. At any rate, these facts remain, that various



7.—HORNET AND HORNET CLEAR-WING MOTH, ON A BRANCH TOGETHER.

kinds of *Volucella* mimic various kinds of bumble-bee, and that the young of one devour the young of the other. For my part, I say confidently, a clear case of loitering under disguise, with intent to commit a burglary.

The case of the bumble-bee and the *Volucella* fly is an excellent example also of the extent to which alone mimicry is possible. I said above that animals of quite different families mimicked one another; and you can see for yourselves here just how far the imitation goes, and where it fails. For the bees have *two* pairs of wings each, folded one slightly under the other; but the whole group of flies has practically only one pair, the second or hinder pair having dwindled away to a couple of slender little "poisers," or "balancers," which you can see sticking out from the side of the

upper figure in No. 8. Now, the fly couldn't easily re-develop these stunted and almost abortive wings to the primitive size, as one sees them in the bumble-bee; so what did it do? Made the one pair of front wings look like two pair, by means of a notch half-way down the side, as you may see by comparing the two figures. 'Tis ever thus. The disguise is always external only; it affects nothing but outer appearances, leaving the internal organs and underlying structure of the beast unaltered. So, when a savage dresses up in the skin of a wild animal, in order to approach others of the same kind without being noticed, his disguise is external only:

peel off the skin, and in essentials, beneath, he is human. It is the same with mimicry. Visible parts undergo modification: invisible parts are never altered. A legend of the stage tells us of a thoroughly conscientious actor who blacked himself *all over* to play Othello: nature is content with blacking the face and hands like the ordinary unconscientious player.

In No. 9 you see the same two insects, the bumble-bee and the *Volucella* fly, feeding side by side on a head of Dutch clover. (You remember its trick of tucking away the



8.—LOWER FIGURE, BUMBLE-BEE; UPPER FIGURE, FLY WHICH IMITATES IT.

fertilized blossoms.) Both are sucking honey; and it takes a keen eye to distinguish them. But lest family quarrels arise over the question, I will say that the bee is to the left, the fly to the right. These are only a few stray examples out of the numerous insects which imitate bees, wasps, and other stinging species. Often enough, indeed, I have seen ladies scream at the approach of a perfectly harmless fly, because he came to them in wasp's clothing. The drone-flies, which imitate bees, do it so well that even spiders are taken in, and treat them with caution as if they had stings.

Mimicry is not wholly confined to the smaller animals. It occurs, though sparingly, higher up in the scale of being. There are several venomous snakes, for example, in tropical America, conspicuously arrayed in alternate bands of red and black, or red, black, and yellow, which are clearly warning colours. They mean, in effect, "Let me alone, or I sting you." Now, in the same region, three genera of unarmed and harmless snakes mimic and personate the various species of venomous banded snakes, so that it is often impossible to distinguish one from the other except by killing them. Naturally, snake-eating birds and mammals follow in such cases the familiar principle of the British jury, and "give them the benefit of the doubt." A few defenceless birds likewise imitate pugnacious and powerful ones, and so secure immunity from the attacks of enemies.

How did these mimicking species arise? It was that wonderful student of animal life, Mr. H. W. Bates—the Naturalist on the Amazons—who first solved this knotty problem.

He showed that, if a helpless or palatable species of butterfly (to take a particular concrete example) happened even remotely to resemble an unpalatable one, it would derive some slight advantage from the resemblance, because birds and other enemies would often be uncertain, and therefore afraid to attack it. As the birds or other enemies grew sharper, by dint of practice, the edible individuals which happened to be least like the nasty species would get detected and eaten; but those which happened to be most like it would be spared, and would breed

together, thus handing on their peculiarities to their offspring. Among *their* descendants, again, those which most resembled the protected kind would escape, while those which least resembled it would be spotted and devoured. In this way the imitation would at last become almost perfect, at least so far as externals were concerned, until the enemies were no longer able to distinguish the mimic from the original. Many cases thus present, in Mr. Bates's own words, "a palpably intentional likeness that is quite staggering." Since Mr. Bates wrote his

famous paper on the subject endless new instances have been accumulated, and we now know of hundreds of mimicking species, both among insects and other animals, the whole world over.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has also paid great attention to this subject, has further pointed out that true cases of mimicry can be said to occur only where five distinct conditions are all fulfilled. To begin with, the imitator and the original protected species must live in the same district; for, if not, the enemies would not know and avoid the protected species: how, therefore, could they mistake the masquerader for it? Again, the imitators are known to be

always more defenceless than the creature they imitate: harmless themselves, they pretend to belong to a dangerous or inedible kind. There is some sense in an antelope dressing up as a tiger, but none at all in a tiger dressing up as a hyena. Once more, the imitating species is always less numerous in individuals than the kind it personates: only rather common and well-known venomous types are ever mimicked—types that everybody knows and avoids—and the mimickers must be relatively uncommon, or else their enemies will soon discover the fraud. It is also noticeable that the mimics always differ conspicuously from their own allies: they have to dress the part, a part for which nature did not originally fit them. Finally, the imitation never goes one mite beyond the merest externals: it is not a real analogy, but a disguise and a fancy dress—a superficial outer seeming.

Actual mimicry of another species, such as we see in these special cases, is the furthest pitch of which protective resem-



Q.—THE REAL BEE AND THE FALSE ONE; ON A HEAD OF BUTCH CLOVER; WHICH IN WHICH?

blance is ever capable. Between that and the more general resemblance of arctic foxes, arctic hares, arctic ptarmigan, arctic willow-grouse, and so forth, to the snows in whose midst they live, we get every possible variety of gradation. The general principle involved appears to be this. Where the surroundings are very uniform, as among the ice and snow of the po'ar regions, the protected animals are all uniformly coloured—in this case with snow-white fur or feathers. Where the prevalent hue changes, as in sub-arctic lands, the animals may change too, being brown or grey or russet in summer, and white in winter. Where the ordinary tint is slightly varied, as in the desert, the animals tend to be sand-coloured or speckled. The same rule holds good of the sea sands. Excellent examples of this stage are to be seen in the soles and other flat-fish, which imitate on their exposed or upper side the colour of the bottom on which they habitually lie. Everybody who has watched the behaviour of soles in an aquarium must have observed not only that they are hard to distinguish, when at rest, from the sand on which they repose, but also that, in order to increase the resemblance and conceal from foes the outline of their shape, they have a canny way of flipping a little loose sand with a wave of their fins over the edge of the body every time they settle down again after a short swim. Soles frequent sand, and are therefore of a brownish sandy tone of hue; dabs or flounders, which lurk in mud, are more uniformly mud-coloured; plaice, which affect pebbly banks, have a variegated pattern, interspersed with red spots, to imitate coloured pebbles; and turbot, which belong to somewhat greyer tracts, are vaguely grey and spotty, with raised knobs scattered over the surface to make them look like the rough ground about them. All, however, are white on the under side; because, when they swim, the white makes it more difficult for an enemy below them to recognise them against the general shimmering glare on the surface of the water, as you look up at it from the bottom.

Every swimmer must have noticed as he dives how dazzling white this surface seems when observed from below.

In woods, forests, tangled brake, jungle, copses, hedgerows, thickets, and so forth, the surroundings are much more varied, and the protective resemblances therefore become somewhat more complex. A simple case of this more special kind is that of the great cats, whose colours differ exactly in accordance with their lairs. The lion, a desert beast, is simply sand-coloured; the tiger, a jungle beast, frequenting tracts overgrown with bamboos and other big yellow reed-like grasses, has up-and-down stripes, which render him difficult to perceive as he creeps upon his prey among the up-and-down lights and shadows of the pale straw-coloured dead grasses in his favourite ravines; while the tree-cats, such as jaguars, ocelots, and so forth, are spotted or dappled, because the spots make them more difficult to recognise among the round lights and shadows in their native forests. Spotted deer and antelopes also belong to forest regions; while almost all of those with vertical stripes are constant frequenters of deep grasslands.

Smaller creatures go yet a step further: they imitate not merely the general effect, but particular objects in their surroundings, such as leaves, sticks, bits of moss, and lichens. Certain greyish moths, for example, pretend to be bird-droppings; while many spiders fold themselves up in the angle between a leaf and the stem, and masquerade

as buds, on the hunt for insects. A group of plant-bugs cover themselves all over with thin threads of white wax, which they secrete themselves; and they are then mistaken for fragments of wool, rubbed off and left behind on the bark of the tree by some passing animal. Caterpillars and grubs are particularly given to this class of deception: and, considering how ruthlessly they are persecuted by birds, the sternest moralist can hardly blame them. No. 10 represents one such typical specimen: the ingenious larva of the swallow-tail moth, pretending for all he is worth that he is a twig of ivy. The branch to the right is the



10.—CATERPILLAR OF THE SWALLOWTAIL MOTH, PRETENDING TO BE A TWIG OF IVY.

real twig: observe its buds and the scars at the bases of the fallen leaf-stalks. Then look at the twig to the left, which is really the caterpillar, with form and colour cunningly devised to imitate exactly the true twig beside it. He holds on by his hind legs, and sticks his body out from the stem, in a rigid attitude, at the appropriate angle; a knob on his side mimics the scars of the fallen leaves, while the turn of his head and neck exactly reproduces the terminal bud on the real ivy-branch. This admirable insect-actor, Mr. Enock tells me, has often imposed even on the artist who here paints his portrait.

A slightly different specimen of the same class of deception is given in No. 11, which is the likeness of the caterpillar who turns into the thorn-moth. Only a very keen eye can detect a well-disguised grub like this on a knotty branch of its native food-plant.

No. 12 is a common example of the group of stick-insects, allies of the grasshoppers, crickets, and locusts, a tribe among which the resemblance to leaves and twigs is carried further than in any other instance. This particular stick-insect does not look very much disguised in the sketch, it is true; but then, you must remember that colour counts for half the battle in all these cases; and I have not yet ventured to ask for coloured illustrations. I know the stick-insects well, however, in many parts of the world—I was "raised" on them in Canada—and I know that they are often most difficult of detection. Sherlock Holmes himself would sometimes find them very hard cases. It has happened to me more than once to stand gazing for some minutes into a



11.—CATERPILLAR OF THE THORN-MOTH, PRETENDING TO BE A TWIG OF HAWTHORN.

bush in search of them, and find none: suddenly, a slight movement somewhere would arrest my attention: and then, all at once, the twig at which I had been gazing with rapt attention would get up and walk away in the most leisurely and lordly fashion. Stick-insects are slow and inactive creatures: they sleep by day, and wander forth by night to feed on leaves, for, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, they are strict vegetarians.

Only those who have looked close into tropical jungles or into English hedge-rows, with long and careful scrutiny, can realize the large part which such disguises play in the balanced and complicated scheme of nature. Un-

observant people are apt to disbelieve in them. For, naturally, unobservant people see only the obvious: most of the birds and animals they know are just the protected minority which have bright warning colours, or are courageous enough and strong enough to dare to be conspicuous. But the world about us teems with unobtrusive, skulking life: and this skulking life, in many ways the most

curious and interesting of all, is unknown save to the naturalist. I hope I may have succeeded here in unmasking the disguises of some few among these countless natural masqueraders, and that a proportion of my readers at least may be led by my remarks to look a little more closely into that glorious and profoundly absorbing panorama which nature unfolds, free of charge, before our eyes every morning. Barnum's show, indeed! Why, nature can give Mr. Barnum, his heirs, executors, and assignees, ninety-nine points in every game, and "beat him, easy!"



12.—COMMON STICK-INSECT, LOST AMONG THE THICKET OF TWIGS WHICH HE IMITATES.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXIII. — M. VASILY VERESTCHAGIN.

By ARTHUR MEE.



VERESTCHAGIN and war are diametrical opposites — irreconcilable antagonisms. Nobody who knows him can think of M. Verestchagin as a warrior. Judging from his countenance, you might mistake him for a professor, deeply versed in science, or perhaps theology, and after five minutes' conversation with him you might be pardoned for supposing that he is the President of the Peace Society. Everything about him is anti-military — his pleasant face, his homely manner, his friendly disposition towards all men, his perfect frankness, his devotion to the most peaceful of all the arts. Yet but for war M. Verestchagin might have been an unknown painter in Moscow, painting the portraits of Russian noblemen, and painting them well, but he could hardly have made the reputation he now enjoys as the greatest military painter of the nineteenth century. Nobody will object to that designation more strongly than M. Verestchagin himself, but of that more anon.

The study of biography, in all countries and in all ages, suggests an interesting reflection. How many great careers might have been lost to the world, or have been diverted into utterly different channels, if children had always obeyed their parents in all things! Luther would never have been a preacher, Handel would never have been a composer, and Verestchagin would never have been a painter. Instead, he might have been a victorious general in the army

of the Czar. But young Verestchagin was something of a diplomatist even at fourteen, and he effected a compromise between his own inclinations and the desire of his parents by entering the naval school and studying painting at the same time. The rule that you cannot do two things at once and do both well did not hold good in his case, for he left the naval school as its head scholar, first among sixty boys, and he had not long to wait for his silver medal at the Academy of Fine Arts. Had he remained in the school and become a naval marine officer, as his parents desired, his name would no doubt have shone brilliantly on the pages of Russian naval history, but that would have been poor compensation for the loss by the world of some of its greatest paintings.

The silver medal was a source of great encouragement to the young artist, who determined from that time to devote himself to the art he loved. His father was a rich landowner, who had never dreamed that his son would be a mere painter, and his mother thought him mad "to give up such a grand career to paint pictures!" But the desire to become a great painter was too deep-rooted in the lad to be eradicated by scoffing, even when the scoffs came from his own father and mother, and Vasily Verestchagin worked with his pencil and brush for sixteen hours a day. He had begun his life-work, and a few years later, after travelling, pencil in hand, in the Caucasus, Verestchagin found himself in Paris.

The artist still delights to recall these early



M. VASILY VERESTCHAGIN (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by E. Berber, Moscow.

days. "Who sent you to me?" asked Gérôme, when Verestchagin applied for admission to the Beaux Arts. "Your paintings," replied the applicant, and no more questions were asked. Verestchagin showed his pluck the first day by breaking through the "fagging" traditions of the school. It was the joy of the students to humiliate a "new man," and Verestchagin was not at first exempted from the rule. But instead of submitting he played carelessly with a pocket revolver when the first degrading order was given, and the students ordered him about no more. Verestchagin returned home after three years in Paris, and it was then that he saw war for the first time. It was in 1867, when the Russians sent an army into Central Asia to punish the marauding Tarcomans.

"I went with General Kauffmann, as an artist," M. Verestchagin told me, "but I was obliged to take part, and I tasted the horrors of war for the first time. It was at Samarcand, a town captured by our army, you remember, in 1868. I was one of five hundred imprisoned within the walls of the city, and outside was a wild army of twenty thousand barbarians. To surrender would have been to sign our own sentence of death, and we kept them out for eight days and nights. Then, at last, the fierce, unequal struggle came to an end. The savage horde, setting fire to the great gate, rushed into the town across the flames. I can never forget the ferocious heads of these savages,



M. VERESTCHAGIN (AGE 10 YEARS).
From a Photo.

the red light on the bayonets of our soldiers, and the monotonous orders of our officers for the firing of our only gun. How they yelled and fought amid the flames! But General Kauffmann fortunately came up in time, and the fortress was delivered."

In thus modestly telling the story of this gallant exploit, M. Verestchagin forgot to mention that he spent most of those eight days and nights on the battlemented walls, with a revolver in each hand, and that for his part in the defence of Samarcand he received the Cross of St. George, the highest military decoration Russia can bestow.

I asked M. Verestchagin what were his first impressions of war, and his answer throws an unpleasant light on the matter-of-fact way in which the killing of men goes on.

"The business side of war is, from the soldier's point of view, not so horrible as you may imagine. The horror of it breaks upon you gradually. First one man falls wounded,

then another falls dead, and you have not time to reflect.

I was horrified to see comrades fall about me, but no sickening feeling came over me as I struck the enemy, though I killed many men. You know what killing bears and tigers is like—war is just like that. It is for your country, and you think of that; and you remember that you will be rewarded for your valour. Certainly, there is excitement, but not more so, I think, than in common sport. I have never known a soldier who, after killing another



M. VERESTCHAGIN AS A NAVAL STUDENT.
From a Photo.

man, has asked himself, 'What have I done?' The average soldier, on the other hand, would certainly think himself more worthy of reward if he killed ten men than if he killed two."

Though most of us know M. Verestchagin as a painter of pitilessly-realistic war pictures, it is quite a mistake, as he was careful to point out to me, to imagine that he has painted nothing else but military scenes. His first great picture shown in London was "The Opium-Eaters," which was an instant success; and of the hundreds of pictures he

on the battlefield. That is why war attracts me, as it must always attract artists, and authors too. Every hour war brings something new, something never seen before, something outside the range of ordinary human life; it is the reversal of Christianity; and for the artist, the author, and the philosopher, it must always have a supreme interest. But what a foolish game it is! Here, men are being shot down like cattle; there, sisters of mercy are picking them up and trying to heal their wounds. A man no sooner falls than he is taken into the



From the Picture by

THE BANQUET OF THE ARTISTS WHO RENDERED THE LAST GEAR.

(Forthright)

has painted, probably less than half have anything to do with battles. Some of his best work, indeed, are paintings of rivers, mountains, and other peaceful scenes, such as his pictures of India and the Holy Land. But it is by his military pictures, nevertheless, that M. Verestchagin has made his European reputation, though he observed, when I touched on the point:—

"I am not a military painter at all. I paint war scenes because they are very interesting. War is the loss of all human sense; under its influence men become animals entirely. The artist looks always for passion, and passion is seen at its height

hospital, where men with broken limbs lie in hundreds or thousands; and while gentle women are tenderly caring for them, assuaging their agony, and lessening, as much as they can, their almost unbearable pain, men are falling like min not far away. What nonsense! How stupid to wound a man to heal his wound again! The savages are the only logical warriors I know. They kill their enemies and eat them."

There is no need to attempt here a critique of M. Verestchagin's work. His pictures are known wherever art and artists are, and where they are known they are admired. It may perhaps be doubted if any

other artist has achieved such distinction in so many paths. The pictures which have come from his studios during forty years of active work—they number hundreds—are as varied in scene and treatment as they are in size, but one thing may be said of them all—they come "fresh from Nature." There is no theatrical veil over them. Whether his subject be one of peace or one of war—whether it be the beautiful, placid conception of the Holy Family; the woful, despairing retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow; the field of death; or the peoples, and scenes, and festivals of the Eastern world—the great fact which stands

hot storm of shot fell upon them. But—horror upon horror!—the torpedo *would not go off!* The shot had cut the fuse. Just then Verestchagin felt a sickening sensation, and putting his hand to the place where something had struck him, he found a hole big enough to admit three fingers. He was in danger three months, but he rose from his bed and went through the campaign, witnessing the rush on Constantinople which he has put so magnificently on canvas.

And Verestchagin is as original as he is human. For centuries no artist had penetrated the heart of Asia. The wild life of that vast continent was unknown in pictorial



From the Pictures by



"ALL QUIET AT SHILAH."—THE FATE OF A SOLDIER.



[Verestchagin]

out clearly in Verestchagin's pictures is their vivid, human reality. He is, above all, a great human painter. When, as a student in Paris, Gérôme sent him to the antique, Verestchagin would slip away to Nature. When set to work on Athenian marbles, his pencil would refuse to act, and he would turn to flesh and blood for his models as naturally as the river turns to the sea. When, in the Russo-Turkish War, he wanted to study the effect of a gunboat in the air, he begged to be allowed to accompany the sailors who were to sink a Turkish gunboat on the Danube. It was a perilous task, in which the men carried their lives in their hands, and the officer in command hesitated.

"Russia has hundreds of officers like me, but not two painters like you," he said.

But Verestchagin insisted, and went. Quietly they stole up to the Turkish craft, but not too quietly for the eyes and ears of the Turkish sentries to discover them. As they thrust the torpedo under the bows, a

art. Verestchagin began his work there. He lifted the veil which no other hand had raised, and painted the faces, the landscapes, the remnants of a decaying civilization, which had never been painted before. How they laughed like children—these types of a passing world—when they saw themselves on canvas! How they cried, too, and ran away fear-stricken that the stranger had something to do with the world to come! India, also, with every element of the picturesque, with human types, and architecture and colour unmatched, perhaps, in the world, Verestchagin discovered for art. He saw the dependency at its best and at its worst, and his "pictorial poem" of Northern India ranks amongst the noblest of his works.

But his war pictures—what can compare with these? What, less than actual war, can fill us with such sickening horror? That pyramid of human skulls raised up in the desert dedicated to "all conquerors, past, present, and to come"! Those prisoners of



From the Picture by

"PRISONERS OF THE INDIAN MUTINY BURNED FROM GUNS."

[Pencil-drawn.]

the Indian Mutiny, their faces writhed with unutterable pain, blown by British soldiers from British guns! Those dying men who have spilt their blood for their country's weal, with their last glance to heaven darkened by hungry vultures hovering overhead, waiting for a meal! And what can surpass, in tragic despair, his picture of Napoleon in the peasant's hut?—"for a whole day he sits in a peasant's hut, thinking, thinking, but never speaking a word to the expectant marshals who await his orders." Verestchagin has painted Napoleon as the Emperor has never been painted before.

"I have painted him as a man," he told me. "He is Napoleon still, but he is also a man, not half God as he is generally represented to be. I have not painted him like a king in his carriage, wearing a smart uniform. I have seen the Emperor painted in a smart pelisse of silk and fur, with stylish openings, and depicted thus on his Russian campaign. But it is absurd: he would have been frozen to the lungs. The fact is that Napoleon wore a long, plain pelisse and a Samoyede hat, and he did not ride, but walked with his men because the army grumbled at the comfort of his carriage. There are fifteen pictures in the Napoleon series, which took me eight years to paint. I began them in Paris, but

could not get on with them there. I must have the Russian snows about me, the Russian winter. So I packed up my luggage and went home to Moscow, where, in my own house, which stands on a hill, I finished the work amid snows such as are never seen in England, but which bathe Moscow in a sheet of white to-day as they did in 1812."

"Your intimate knowledge of Russia, and especially of Moscow, must have been of great assistance to you in painting these pictures?"

"Quite so; and it may interest you to know that I spent a whole year in reading up the history of the time in Paris, and read every book on the subject that I could get hold of. I have taken no notice of the official history of the war. I know too much about official history to think it of much value. I know that if official history says 2,000 were killed, the truth is that the number was nearer 500. I was exceedingly fortunate with the picture representing the burning of Moscow. Whilst I was engaged upon it an awful fire broke out at Brest-Litovsk. I packed up my canvas and other materials and hurried off to the burning city, of which I obtained a fine view. It was a terrible spectacle—just another such a fire as Moscow must have made—and I had no

difficulty in working the effects into my Moscow picture."

What is the secret of Verestchagin's success as a painter? If one were asked to answer such a question in one short phrase, one could not help saying: "His love of Truth." As the true author holds the mirror up to Nature, so, says Verestchagin, the true artist will paint the real and not the artificial. He has rarely painted anything that he has not seen, and, having seen it, he has painted it exactly as it is. All thoughts of conventionalism are hushed in his studio.

"What will they say if you paint Napoleon like that?"

"I have nothing to do with what they say: I paint Napoleon as he was."

And in that spirit of fidelity to truth Verestchagin has done all his work. He has made himself unpopular; he brought down upon him the whole weight of the Roman Church in Austria; he has offended the military caste: but these things are nothing to him.

"My great desire as an artist and a man is to paint things as they are. As a child, when I saw anything great and noble, I was anxious to give others the same impression of it as it made upon me. And now, as a man, that desire still prevails. If you ask me, as a man, if I like war, I say—No; but, as an artist, I want to give other people the same impression of war as I had when I took part in it. You have seen among my pictures some great mountains in the Caucasus—Kasbeck, for instance. This mountain made a strong impression upon me, and I want my picture to make exactly the same impression upon you."

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"That is the artist's gift?"

"Exactly. How I make you feel the same impression on looking at the picture as I felt on looking at the mountain, at the war—there is the secret. That is the test of the artist. There was a good French artist, named Neuville, who painted the pictures of one of your Ashantee wars. His pictures are very good, but they do not impress you as the war would have done. They are not real. They have a theatrical veil over them. Why? Because the artist did not see the war. He had not studied the

country. He did not know its people, its landscapes, and the artist must know all these before he can make a realistic picture. Who are the English soldiers in Neuville's pictures? French models in English clothes. Who are the native soldiers? They, too, are French negroes, clothed in their native garb. No artist can paint war as it is without going to war itself for his model, and the same rule applies to everything else. In war every army has its own peculiarities. The English move very slowly; the French very quickly. A Frenchman was



VERESTCHAGIN PAINTING A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON. (17th)

once arrested in India as an English spy. The natives protested that he was English, and he was brought before the Maharajah. When the council was over the Maharajah declared that the man could not be English because he moved twenty times in his chair while he was being examined, and no Englishman, he said, would do that! The Italian soldier moves like a cat. No Englishman would make such a movement, so that if an Italian painted an English soldier without close study, the result would be very comical. If



"THE RESURRECTION." (THIS PICTURE WAS AFTERWARDS DESTROYED, Owing TO HOSTILE CRITICISM.)

From the Picture by Vereshchagin.

you would paint a real picture, you must see the real thing. Otherwise your picture may be admirable fiction, but it is not truth."

"But an artist must have imagination?"

"Certainly. No artist can do without it. You do not suppose my pictures are exactly as I see them? But I don't allow imagina-

tion to go very far, so that you do not see where it ends, or where it begins."

Nobody can say that in urging the importance of fidelity to the real in art, M. Vereshchagin is preaching what he does not practise. He spent a whole year, as already remarked, in reading, before he dipped his brush to

paint Napoleon. "Where did you get that dress?" asked the admiring French artists, and Verestchagin was able to reply, triumphantly, "Out of your libraries." When he wanted to make some sketches in the Himalayas, he climbed the highest mountain but one in the world to study the effects of snow and cloud. They were six when they left the foot of the mountain; when they had climbed 15,000ft. they were only two—Verestchagin and his wife. So frightful was the ascent that even the coolies had left them. When they had reached 15,000ft. they could get no higher. With no other human soul near, and their limbs half frozen, they struggled desperately for life, and then Verestchagin left his wife alone, three miles from the foot of the mountain. He was going for food or help, but neither expected to see the other again. Happily the artist met the coolie who had last left them, returning with food and aid. They were both ill, but as soon as he had recovered Verestchagin took out his colour-box and made some capital sketches of Himalayan effects.

Verestchagin's religious pictures are another illustration of his devotion to truth and his hatred of mere conventionalism. I asked him to tell me the story of his famous picture, "The Resurrection."

"I was compelled to destroy the picture," he said, "owing to its hostile reception in Vienna. I found, when I was in the Holy Land, that the tomb in which the body of Christ was possibly laid was very low—as all tombs are, indeed, in Palestine. It was impossible for our Saviour to have walked out of the tomb upright, and I represented Him stooping, as He must have done. This offended the priests in Vienna, and a great outcry arose against the picture. I was asked to take it down, but refused to do so. The Archbishop of Vienna wrote a hostile letter, and one Sunday a special service was advertised to be held in the cathedral at which I was to be denounced. Thousands assembled, and a special prayer was offered for me, and a special hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung. Pamphlets, condemning the picture, were distributed in the streets in thousands. Had there been any irreverence in the picture, I would have yielded to this demonstration

of public feeling, but there was no suggestion of that. I had visited the Holy Land especially to prepare these religious pictures, and I painted exactly what I found there. I had done the work in a very reverent spirit, and was determined not to sacrifice it to the unreasoning prejudice of the priests. But one day somebody threw vitriol over the picture, and as the damage was irreparable, I destroyed it altogether. Objection was also taken to my picture, 'The Holy Family,' because I painted Jesus Christ amongst His brothers and sisters; but, though an attempt was made to destroy it, the picture was saved by its frame. Many people objected, too, to my picture of John the Baptist as a fakir."

"Have any of your war pictures been objected to?"

"I have been told many times that I ought not to paint the awful side of war so vividly. When I first exhibited my pictures in Russia, people would not believe that they were faithful works of art. They were accustomed to see war pictures of a very



"THANK YOU, ARCHBISHOP."

A cartoon published in Vienna during the excitement caused by Verestchagin's pictures, showing the artist shaking the Archbishop of Vienna for forbidding the people to visit his exhibition.

different kind : a magnificent army in handsome uniform, with banners waving and hands playing as the troops rush down on the enemy, and everything suggestive of victory and peace ; and when, instead, they saw men writhing in agony, torn limb from limb, mangled and bleeding—when they saw headless bodies and arms and legs strewn about the field, and dying men crushed by horses falling over them ; when they saw their heroes bleeding to death and dying of fever and want, they said : 'This

to come — he gave strict orders in this way. A number of them were to have come together one day, but Moltke ordered them to stay away, and they did so. He was a charming man at home, and he and I were very friendly, but he thought such pictures were not for soldiers to see.

"Some of my Russian pictures have been objected to for very curious reasons. Years ago I painted a Russian regiment in retreat, which roused considerable feeling in Russia, where the military men said that Russian



From the Picture (left)

"THE RUSSIAN FAMILY."

(From the right)

is not true ; this is not war.' They did not like war in all its naked horror. The late Czar was very angry with me for painting war in such frightful colours. He thought the people ought not to know anything of the worst side of fighting. He was a man of peace, but he was also a soldier, and like all military men he thought that such pictures were not good for the people to see.

"Moltke, whom I knew well, came many times to my exhibitions in Berlin, and was delighted with the pictures. He was the first military man to patronize my exhibition. But he would not allow the soldiers

soldiers should never show their backs ! The feeling was so strong that I burned the painting. That was not the first time, nor the last, that I gave way to public feeling and destroyed an offending picture. There was a picture of a Russian soldier who had been left on the field to die, and the wild birds were hovering over him, while underneath was the one word, 'Forgotten !' That created some feeling among the soldiers, though they knew as well as I know that such incidents, horrifying as they seem when painted, are quite common in war. Another picture which I destroyed in disgust through an outburst of unpopular feeling was a



From the Pines by

"THE ROAD TO FLORIDA"

[Fort St. Myer]

picture of some Russian soldiers smoking their pipes in the midst of their dead comrades. I remember, too, that when I painted Alexander II, sitting on a camp-stool watching the attack on Plevna, many military men were horrified that the Czar might see it. Fancy an Emperor sitting on a stool!"

Many of the most famous men of our day have visited M. Verestchagin's exhibitions. When the artist was in Berlin, the Emperor and Empress of Germany went to see the pictures. "What did the Kaiser say?" I asked M. Verestchagin.

"He remained some time, and looked very earnestly at the pictures of Napoleon," said

who want to govern the world; but they will all end like this." The Emperor assured me that he believed Napoleon wore a huge handkerchief over his head while on the march, and he was so pleased with the pictures that he invited me to the Parade the next day. I asked him if he himself painted, and he said, "Yes," and he remarked, too, before going away, that "Pictures like these are our best guarantees against war."

"Your pictures appear to inspire everybody with a horror of war. Do you paint them for that purpose?"

"My only purpose in painting a picture is to show you what I saw myself. I try to show



FIGURE

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS VISITING M. VERESTCHAGIN IN HIS STUDIO.

[Photo.]

the artist. "One of them represents the Retreat. The army is marching along the great high road, anger and dismay on every face. Napoleon goes on in front. His course has been checked: Moscow, on which he had built so many hopes, was burnt to the ground; his army is hungry, cold, and discontented; and there is a look of unfathomable grief on his face. It is a picture of Greatness in Despair. It was on this picture that the Emperor gazed intently for a while, and then, turning away, he said, 'And in spite of that there will still be men

you the truth; what you will see in that truth is your business, not mine. I am not making war against war. I show you war as it is, and leave you to draw your own conclusions. You see what meaning you like in the pictures. I have put no hidden meaning there. It is simply a great fact, from which you make what deduction you please. If you are a military man, you will say, on looking at my pictures, 'Ah! that is charming; what a glorious time they had!' If you are a civilian you will perhaps say, 'How dreadful it is! Why do men kill men like swine?'

But what you say has nothing to do with me. I am satisfied to represent the truth."

"Has the Czar seen your pictures?"

"No. The Emperor of Austria saw them in Vienna. He was much interested in the pictures of Plevna, and after looking at them some time, he said, 'What horrible misery there is in war!' The Prince of Wales has often been to see me. He gave me a sitting in Paris, when I painted His Royal Highness on an elephant on his entry into India. The Prince was just coming from India as I left. He seemed fond of my pictures, and was much struck with two Tibetan dogs I had at the time. He had brought two from India, and he said he thought we were the only men in Europe who possessed such animals. Tourgenieff, the great Russian novelist, was an old friend of mine, and so was Alexandre Dumas, the younger. Dumas was in my studio once when a lady asked his advice about two famous pictures she had. She could not make up her mind whether to sell them or not, and she consulted Dumas. 'My good lady,' said he, 'while you have these pictures you are an interesting personality; if you sell them you will be nobody. Keep them.'"

M. Verestchagin's home is in Moscow, where he lives with his wife and his three young children. But he does much of his work in Paris, and at one time had a studio in Munich. His home at Maisons-Laffitte, within easy reach from Paris, is a charming place in the clearing of a wood, and his studio there is perhaps the largest studio in the world. It is 100ft. long by 50ft. wide, and the door is 23ft. high, one window being 40ft. by 27ft. When at work here, M. Verestchagin—a tall, well-built man—is a mere speck amidst the great canvases which stand about, and every word spoken echoes back again. The walls are hung with things which bring back

the memory of the artist's travels in India, China, Palestine, and Central Asia, and there is here, too, a wonderful moving studio in which the artist may often be seen working. It is built on the model of a similar studio in which M. Verestchagin worked in Munich in the earlier years of his career, and is 33ft. square.

"If you are to paint open-air scenes, your models must stand in the open," says M. Verestchagin, and to enable this to be done he designed this studio on wheels, running on a circular tramway and opening to the sun on the side nearest the centre of the circle, where the model stands. It



From a

M. VERESTCHAGIN IN HIS STUDIO AT MOSCOW.

Photo.

is, in fact, a big box, in which the artist works under cover while the model is in the full glare of day, and which can, by a simple mechanical arrangement, be made to follow the shifting light. Here, and at his studio in Moscow, the whole of M. Verestchagin's pictures have been painted.

"I paint very slowly," he said, when I asked him to give me an idea of his methods of working. "When I was younger I used to rise at six and paint for sixteen hours a day, but I am getting lazy now, and rarely work more than eight. You can put me down as a believer in an eight hours' day. I have always been willing to give up all my time to painting. People sometimes ask me why I paint so

much. Why does a mother love her child? Tell me that, and I will tell you why I paint. Sometimes an idea occurs to me which I persistently resist. I say to myself, 'I won't paint that picture.' But the idea haunts me. I dream about it, and at last I paint the picture because I cannot help painting it. At the end of the day I spend my leisure with my family, my wife being a musician, or go out to a concert. But there are times when I give up these things. Sometimes I cannot get on with my work, and it gives me great pain. When my

popularity in England. His novel based on the Russo-Turkish War—where, by the way, one of his brothers was killed—was published in England many years ago, and he has lately added another to his English works: "1812—Napoleon in Russia," in which all who admire his pictures cannot fail to be greatly interested. The work involved some years of preparation, and just as M. Verestchagin's pictures reveal Napoleon in a new light, his book tells us much about the great Emperor which is new. As a work of history it is of great value, throwing new light on many old



[FIG. 14]

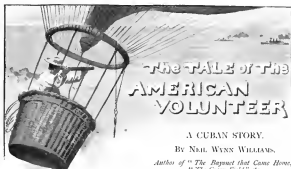
M. VERESTCHAGIN'S STUDIO, ST. PETERSBURG.

[FIG. 15]

work is not going well, I am not a man. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. You might take me and throw me from the window. I am a man again when things go right, as they do after a while; but you mustn't come near me when I am unfortunate!"

But in spite of unfortunate periods and distressing moods, M. Verestchagin has managed to get through an astonishing amount of work during his fifty-six years of life. He has taken part in two wars, has travelled in nearly every land, and has written several books. He is not perhaps widely known as an author, but he has written one or two volumes which have attained some

subjects, and it is also interesting as an evidence of the versatility of Verestchagin's genius. And, besides all this work, he has painted so much that he was once seriously accused of declaring other artists' work to be his own. No single man, it was said in Munich, could paint such a number and such a variety of pictures. But the inquiry committee instituted by the Munich Society of Arts declared the charge to be as unfounded as it was base. The slanderers did not know Verestchagin. They could not know that he would rather daub every picture he has painted than paint a falsehood.



THE TALE OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

A CUBAN STORY.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Bayonet that Came Home,"
"The Green Field," etc.



THE table was long and narrow. It ran from end to end of the cabin. We—a double row of naval officers—were just seating ourselves upon either side of its green baize cloth. Our glances turned restlessly towards the head of the table. The Admiral sat there. His face was exceptionally stern. Why had he summoned us?

We were ready. The Admiral leant back in his chair. He said something in a low tone to the orderly standing stiffly by his side. The latter quitted the cabin, closing the door carefully behind him. We were alone.

There was a moment's respectful silence, broken only by the wash of the waves under the open port-holes. Then the Admiral began to explain.

I grew restless as I listened. My face felt hot. He had scarcely finished when I rose to my feet.

"I volunteer. I'll take the risks, sir," I said, loudly, eagerly.

There was a murmur from the double row of officers. They looked at

me with disapproval. I swept my glance fiercely from face to face.

But the Admiral addressed me.

"You fully understand, Lieutenant Saul?" he said, inquiringly. "If you should be taken, you run every chance of being shot by the Spaniards as a spy."

"I do, sir. But I take the risks," I repeated, firmly.

We were officers of the United States fleet,



"I VOLUNTEER," I SAID, BARELY.

then blockading the Port of Havana in Cuba. The Admiral had not concealed the dangers of the service for which I had just volunteered. It required me to cut free or destroy the captive balloon that could be seen from our decks at any hour of the day poised over Havana. This balloon had been supplying the Spaniards with valuable information about our movements and the movements of our allies—the Cuban insurgents. So far as a month back, the latter had undertaken to destroy it. But the Cubans are like the Spaniards. Their motto is "To-morrow." And the Admiral had determined to wait no longer. His plan of action was simple. A boat from the fleet should secretly land a volunteer disguised as a Cuban reconcentrado, or refugee. After that, it would be the volunteer's own business how he got rid of the balloon.

It had scarcely required the Admiral's explanations to point out to me the extreme danger of the service which I was undertaking. I possessed a certain colloquial command of Spanish. I had once stayed for some months in Havana. There were points in my favour. But then I had to make my way through a hostile town in the disguise of a Cuban. I must be shot as a spy if I were discovered.

And supposing I safely arrived at the balloon? Presumably, it would have a guard. I should have to scheme, act, and finally to *escape*.

"You fully understand, Lieutenant Saul?" the Admiral had said, inquiringly.

I did—I did understand the risks. And if the service had been twice as dangerous, I would have undertaken it. Listen! With bitterness in my heart, I will whisper to you why. In America, the negro and the half-caste are not upon an equality with the white. There is a social gulf between them. They do not eat, they do not even travel together. An enemy had spread the report that I had black blood in me. It was a lie; it could not be proved. Nevertheless, my brother officers believed in it. If gallantry could crush the lying rumours that were robbing me of all friendship, gallantry should do it. Now you will understand why, when the boat took me ashore, they let me go with never a hand-shake.

It was midnight when I quitted the fleet. Day was breaking as I entered Havana. Soon a pearly grey of the heavens was changing into azure, and the light had grown strong enough for me to see the form of the balloon

brooding high over the city. But the sight was a disappointment. It proved farther away from me than I had expected. I could not see the rope which held it poised above a mass of red roofs and green trees. I walked forwards rapidly, taking now this street, now another; but always trending towards the balloon as it appeared to me between or over the houses—through or over a tree. Doors opened. People came forth. I met their glances. When they addressed me, I returned their greetings. Once, there was a scream; and, forgetting all, I ran forwards.

"There! There! Let me see, little one," I urged, coaxingly.

"But what is it, then?" said the mother, running from her doorway, with terrified eyes.

"He fell. He tripped," I said. "See! his nose bleeds." And I took out a rag, such as a Cuban carries, to stanch the little one's face.

"Ah! Ah! See the good man's tenderness," cried the grateful mother, as the husband came forth.

I was hungry.

"You ask me!" I said.

"We do!" And their voices caressed me together in their Spanish.

It was so, with a blessing, that I took my first food in Havana.

The boat had landed me upon the east of the city. The balloon hung above the confines of the west. I did not know my road clearly till I had reached the great streets of the centre. Some hours passed before I arrived at the summit of a small hill. A short incline of glaring white road ran down before me to the cool shadow of an archway. The elevation upon which I stood was sufficient for me to look over some red-tiled roofs into a square courtyard behind. The balloon was retained immediately above this by a great cable attached to a winch. While I was observing, two Spanish soldiers dressed in blue tunics and white trousers appeared from under the eaves of the one-storied building surrounding the yard, and seated themselves upon a bench by the side of the winch. Rolling cigarettes, they began to smoke. Presently the taller one of the two yawned, looking upwards. I followed his glance to the bulging mass of the balloon above. There was a glitter of brass moving restlessly upon the edge of the car. I thought that I understood. The prospect was being swept with a telescope.

I descended the hill uncertainly. The leaves of a great wooden door closed the archway. I peered through the interstices of the planks. As I reflected I grew suddenly fearful, remembering that I might be observed from the balloon above. The thought drove me on in the shadow from the whitewashed wall of the building. I passed indeterminately by some wooden-shuttered windows—I turned an angle. Here I saw a ruined cottage, whose door gaped like a broken jaw—whose shattered roof had sunk feebly for support against one side of the buildings inclosing the courtyard. It was my opportunity. I entered it swiftly for concealment.

The silence of the deserted cottage was soothing. A bird hopping up upon a window-sill gave me its company. In a little while my nerve had come back, and I determined to approach the soldiers with an excuse that should gain admission for me into the yard. Once there I would seek my opportunity to cut loose the balloon, and afterwards—if Heaven protected me from the rifles—to escape.

One of the soldiers appeared to my knock at the wooden door of the archway.

I began to speak rapidly.

The soldier's glance wandered over the tags of my disguise. It was evident that I was a beggarly refugee. His eyes hesitated between pity and disgust. Then the door began to close.

"Listen! For pity's sake, listen, Senhor!" I urged.

While he again hesitated, I came closer to him, so that the rudeness of closing the door against my very person would be necessary. He turned his head. "Juan!" he shouted, in perplexity, to his comrade.

The soldier whom I had seen yawning came to his side. There was an explanation between them. They were going to say "No," when a crimson-stained rag, the same with which I had stanching a child's blood earlier in the day, fell from my breast to the ground.

"See, Juan," said the first soldier, pitifully,

thinking that it was my blood, "the poor devil has a consumption. He has been spitting blood from the lungs."

I affected to cough hollowly, miserably, placing a hand to my chest. The soldiers drew back, and allowed me to enter the courtyard.

I had told the soldiers that I would work for them, if they would but give to me a crust of bread and a shelter for the coming night. They accepted my story of myself. There appeared no suspicion in their minds as they took me into one of the buildings where was an apparatus to make the gas replenishments of the balloon. "You will do this and this," they said.

And they went lazily away to smoke cigarettes upon the bench by the great winch.



"LISTEN! FOR PITY'S SAKE."

For two hours I worked steadily at filling a tank with steel shavings, that it might be ready for the acid and water that would later be poured in. Then one of the soldiers called me to them. They were going to take bread and wine. I was to

have my share. "Sit you here," they said, their bayonet scabbards rattling against the bench, as they pushed along to make room for me.

We ate. We chatted. When I was ordered back to my work I had gained knowledge. The thick rope that retained the balloon in position had a strand of wire interwoven. It would be impossible to sever it with one slash of my knife, as had been my hope. I must await the opportunities of the night. I must be prepared to act under cover of darkness, or the soldiers would otherwise have time to shoot or stab me before my object was accomplished. It was a necessity, but this suspense was terrible.

The room where I was working had a window whose shutter opened out amongst the branches of an orange tree. Glancing through the glossy green leaves and by the yellow fruits, I saw messengers occasionally come and go from the soldiers. Once an officer arrived. His appearance alarmed me. But it was soon explained, for the soldiers wound down the balloon, and taking papers from its occupant, gave them to the officer. Afterwards the latter went away with the aerostatic report, perhaps ignorant of my presence, for I had kept very still. A little later, the balloon again ascended. And everything grew quiet!

At eventide the soldiers inspected my work. It was satisfactory. I accompanied them to a shed, where I was to light a fire for an evening meal. They were standing by, watching me, when a step approached us hurriedly. I looked up. A Spanish corporal was advancing towards us from the archway with a blue paper in his hand.

"Who is that coming, Juan?" one of the soldiers asked his comrade. "He is not of Ours," and he looked hard at the approaching corporal.

Juan gazed doubtfully making no reply. A second afterwards the stranger was by our sides, explaining. He was of the 40th Regiment of the Line. He had brought orders from the officer in command of the district.

He held out the blue paper. Juan

took it, and began to read. Presently he raised his eyes.

"Then you are posted here, over us?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the corporal; "the rest of the detail will arrive to-morrow."

"How many?" Juan asked, carelessly, returning the blue paper.

"Ten men and an officer of the 40th," said the corporal, his eyes looking round and meeting mine.

I looked away. There was a pause. Then the corporal spoke again.

"Who are you?" he asked.

I felt that he had addressed me. Pretending that I was busy with the fire, I bent lower over it.

"What is he doing here?" said the corporal's voice, and I felt that he pointed at me.

The soldiers explained.

"A beggarly refugee? He must go. It is against orders," said the corporal, roughly.

I looked up and began to plead, cunningly.

"You must go!" said the corporal. "I order it. Quick! March!"

He pointed to the gateway with a stiff finger. Still I endeavoured to excuse myself. But the expression of his sallow face contracted fiercely, his black eyes threatened violence. I was obliged to yield. As I quitted the courtyard by the archway, I heard the loud order of the corporal:—

"Lock the gates! and bring me the key."



"FOREFEEL THE GUERRILLAS"

II.

THERE was an intense silence as I looked into the inky darkness. I doubted whether I were awake or asleep. Where was I? The question with its anxiety made me sit suddenly up. Could you have seen my eyes, they would have been widely open and staring.

A something moved and fell with a springy thud. Immediately afterwards there was an outburst of thin but ferocious squealing, and the blackness stirred with a hurry-scurry. This movement of rats was no sooner recognised than it suggested to me where I was. "S-s-shush!" I hissed, angrily, blaming myself for having slept.

I rose to my feet, moving cautiously over a creaking floor. My hand came into contact with a wall. I traced it—smooth here, rough there—to a doorway through which I passed upon a piled *débris* of wood, brick, and powdery plaster. A fresh air met my face. It blew downwards from a lesser darkness. I began to climb towards the latter. I mounted higher and higher, passing head and shoulders into uncovered night. Then I paused to listen. But all was silent. And presently my knees were feeling under them the rounded channels of a tiled roof as I went higher, higher, till suddenly I looked over its ridge. The courtyard was below me. I was upon the roof of one of its surrounding buildings, to which I had mounted from the deserted cottage. Some twenty yards away I could see a ruddy fire under a shed. There were three bodies lying prostrate in its glare. They were those of the corporal and his two men. They seemed asleep. For the rest, the courtyard was in formless gloom.

I drew my revolver. And how it happened, I do not know; at the same time my Cuban knife fell from its scabbard, and taking one of the little channels of the roof, slipped downwards out of my reach towards the deserted cottage from which I had just climbed. I descended after it. The search occupied some minutes. When I had again attained my former position upon the ridge,

the soldiers were still sleeping. A cold thrill went over me. I was going to descend into the courtyard and remove and secrete their arms. Afterwards, revolver in hand, I would hack through the rope of the balloon or die in the endeavour.

I took the blade of the knife between my teeth and began to slide downwards. Suddenly a rough growth of lichen checked my descent. Endeavouring to drag myself downwards with my heels, a tile broke away; and as it clattered to the ground, I lost my balance and followed a-heap into the courtyard. The noise of the fall was considerable. It seemed impossible but that it must have aroused the soldiers. And yet, after one slight movement of the corporal, there they lay the same as before my descent.

I waited till the storm of my heart had passed. Then, following the wall of the buildings, I approached them closer and closer. At length I was upon the brink of the pool of glare surrounding the fire. If I left the shadow and crossed lightly, silently, to the centre of this, I could seize their arms.

I held my breath. Then I advanced on tip-toe, my eyes upon the three men. I was, perhaps, two yards from them when—

"Halt!" said a voice, in a hoarse whisper. "Or I shoot you."

And suddenly raising himself upon an elbow as he lay between the two soldiers, the corporal levelled a rifle at me. The action



THE CORPORAL-LEVELLED-A RIFLE AT ME

was like the sudden uprearing of a poisonous snake. I drew back spasmodically.

Revolver to rifle, we looked at one another.

"You are for the insurgents?" inquired the corporal. "A spy, maybe?"

"Speak lower! If you rouse those others, I'll fire," was my desperate reply.

"Answer!" ordered the corporal, whispering. "I am a Yankee," I said.

The expression of the corporal's face changed.

"We are friends," he said, abruptly. "What! You doubt me? See here, then. These men are dead. I have stabbed them to the heart."

And, lowering his rifle, he rolled the soldiers over so that I could see the death in their faces.

I soon understood. The corporal was an insurgent in disguise. The District orders which he had presented to the dead soldiers had been expressly forged so that he might have an opportunity to cut free the balloon. At first taking me for what I had seemed—a non-combatant refugee likely to complicate his purpose—he had ordered me away. The death of the two soldiers must have taken place just as I was climbing the roof for the second time. They had been stabbed in their sleep. The suspicious noise of my fall had retained the corporal watchfully prostrate till I stepped into the light, and he levelled his rifle at me.

"I guessed then, by the secrecy with which you were advancing, that you must belong to us," he said.

We were hidden by the roof of the shed, and were hastily carrying on our conversation in whispers, so that the man in the balloon might not take alarm. A bold scheme suddenly occurred to me, as the corporal suggested that we should get to work.

"Stay a moment! I have an idea," I exclaimed. "We are now two. And there is but one man above. . . . Yes, I propose that we wind the balloon down. . . . Exactly so! and escape with it."

The corporal looked at me, thoughtfully.

"You are a brave man," he said, saluting.

"Come," I replied. "But understand! If it is possible to take the balloon without killing, we do so."

The corporal looked perplexed.

"But why?" he asked. "It will be so easy."

A Cuban is a Cuban.

"I will have no murder," I said, simply. My determination was impressive.

"As you will," replied the corporal, politely, shrugging his shoulders.

We quitted the shed. With the glare of the lucifer in our eyes, we began to penetrate the wall of blackness which veiled the centre of the yard where lay the winch.

"Whereabouts are you?" I whispered, presently.

"This way, here," the corporal's voice answered from my right.

"I've found it," I explained.

The corporal's step moved towards me. Presently I took his hand, guiding it upon an iron windlass by the side of my own.

"All right!" he whispered, the thickness of his shoulder coming against mine.

"Gently!" I said, looking strainingly above into the blackness.

And we began to turn the windlass round and round. The winch worked smoothly and silently at first. It seemed possible that we might be able to draw the balloon down without its occupant becoming aware of his descent amidst the darkness. I expressed this hope to the corporal, forgetting that as the balloon approached the earth it would meet with greater atmospheric resistance. The fact, however, was soon recalled to memory by the windlass gradually working harder. There arrived a point when the winch began to creak under the strain.

"He will hear," the corporal whispered, his left hand nervously searching for his rifle.

"Wind faster!" I ordered, fiercely, in his ear, my eye seeking anxiously for the loom of the descending balloon. "If he hails us, reply with what I tell you."

The fire upon the left showed the bodies of the two soldiers stiffly outlaid. Save for the creaking of the winch, the courtyard was in deathly silence. Suddenly I grew conscious of an indescribable palpitation: whether it were of the light from the flickering fire, or of a noise amidst the blackness, I could not at first determine. Yet it was there. My nerves were responding sensitively to it.

"I thought," said the corporal, doubtfully, "I thought that I heard—"

Pausing, he held the windlass stiffly motionless.

He had. It was the thrumming of the silk of the balloon whose car had stolen down unperceived within reach of our hands. I recognised it suddenly amidst the darkness. The time for action had come upon us with a rush.

"Listen!" I whispered to the corporal.

"I understand," he said.

The next moment I had clambered into the car of the balloon and was pressing a revolver to the head of its sleeping occupant.

"W-what — Who — ?" he stammered, awaking.

"Silence ! — Bind and gag him !" I said to the corporal, who had followed me.

It was swiftly done. We lifted the prisoner, lowering him over the side of the balloon. The corporal breathed hard.

"H-he is too heavy. He is——"

The man slipped from our hands, falling the last foot with a fleshy thump.

"Quick ! Your knife," I said to the corporal.

And with my whole strength cutting, slashing at the rope—it parted ; and we shot upwards from darkness high into steady starlight.



"CLIPPING SLAMMING AT THE ROPE."

III.

I LOOKED over the edge of the car.

Lapsing like rain into an ocean, a purity of pale green light poured broadly downwards to the black plain of the cloud through

which we had upsprung. Motionless at its surface and in its depth, the magnificence of this distant sable sea lay bound by stars whose fires dripped down in deep reflections. Suddenly the intense silence of this nether world was snatched away from me by the voice of the corporal.

I had been lost to our position in an ecstasy. I turned towards him, poorly.

"What did you say ?" I said.

He moved towards me over the wicker-work floor of the car, treading timorously, lest it should break with his weight.

"I am ill. I require a doctor," he said, lugubriously.

His face was distressed : the veins swollen, the eyes staring.

"How ? What do you feel ?" I asked, anxiously.

The corporal raised a hand to his chest

"I cannot breathe here," he gasped.

"There is a noise in my ears like a mill, Mr. Officer."

I laughed cheerfully, to encourage him.

"Psst !" I exclaimed. "I understand. We have gone too high for you."

And I looked round, searching for the cord of the gas-valve.

"You feel better now !" I suggested, when we had descended five hundred feet, according to a barometer hanging from the side of the car.

"A little," he admitted, looking respectfully at me.

"But I would like to get out."

His eyes rolled timidly as he expressed the wish. Evidently, the corporal had lost nerve.

Where we might be, and whether we were moving, I could not tell. The monotony of the black cloud beneath offered no point that would enable me to register any horizontal movement of the balloon. This perception made me suddenly anxious. Cuba is an island. Havana is close to the sea. With no very clear idea in my mind what I should do with it, I began to search for a compass.

If there were one on board, I could not find it. My eye, however, was attracted by a coil of rope and its grapnel, which were attached to the outside of the car.

"Corporal," I said, abruptly addressing

him, "you are acquainted with the districts around Havana?"

"For miles," he replied, confidently.

"Then it will be best to descend below the cloud," I suggested, "and to anchor till daylight breaks."

"As you will!" said the corporal.

My determination was a resolute one. If, when day broke, the corporal should recognise that we had anchored amongst the insurgents, our work would be finished. But if amongst the Spaniards! Well! I would again cut the cord, and endeavour to escape by throwing overboard the weight of the instruments and other oddments with which the car of the balloon was filled. Nothing, save the loss of my life, should induce me to surrender the balloon. I was a desperate man, and still hungry for distinction; you understand why.

I opened the gas-valve, and we began to descend. Presently the stars began to pale. We were sinking into the gloom of the cloud below. The little light that came to us grew less and less, as shadows coiled and mounted vaporously above our heads. Soon we could no longer see each other's faces. The sensation of this gradual subsidence into a formless night was terrific. I felt the corporal press close to me for comfort. His heavy breathing affected me with a sense of suffocation as I held tense the cord of the valve. I pushed him away.

"I cannot see," he said, whimperingly.

His words threw me into a sudden alarm. I let go the cord, the valve closing above our heads with a snap.

"Stay!" I was forgetting," I said, loudly. "It will be dangerous, impossible, to descend before daybreak. We shall not be able to see the earth. In this darkness we may strike a tree or a rock—the ground itself may wreck us!"

"But the anchor you mentioned," groaned the corporal.

"Pah!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "We shall not be able to see. How can we throw out the anchor if we cannot see where to throw it? We must go no lower till daybreak gives us an idea of our distance from the ground. Heavens!" I muttered to myself, "if I had not remembered in time!"

It proved a dreary wait of hours before the east showed itself in a faintest effluence of lilac light. The slow expansion of this first luminosity changed colour with its growth. A creeping tide of yellow raised its bar along a far horizon, and, determining boldly, gave cold light broadly towards us.

Soon we were seeing deeply and more deeply downwards. At length the opening shadows beneath parted from before a heart of solid form. Judging that our time had come, I again opened the gas-valve.

Our descent was rapid. The form below us grew upwards. Soon I made vaguely out the springy bosom of a forest. I approached closer, then, releasing the gas-valve, I allowed the balloon to drift horizontally, seeking for an open space where we might anchor. A long gulf of shadow caught my eye amidst the moving flood of bosky growth. It came towards us. The trees ended and stood stiffly at its edge. I let go the grapnel into this gulf of shadow. There was a catching, a catching, and then—a sudden jerk. At that moment the dim expanse of the forest grew still. And turning to the corporal, I said, joyfully:—

"It is all right. It has caught. We are anchored."

A low seat ran around the inside of the car. The corporal and I were weary. We sat down to wait patiently for a clearer light. Anon the corporal volunteered a statement.

"I believe it is the forest of Cuenea," he said, alluding to the trees below.

"Cuenea?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes," he replied. "The size makes me think so. And the swelling hill, with the greater trees upon it, will be St. Sebastian. There is a town upon the other side with a strong Spanish garrison."

I looked over the edge of the car in the direction that he had indicated. The landscape was still vague.

"You think so?" I said, drowsily.

"I think so," repeated the corporal. "But the light is strengthening. I shall soon know. If it should be St. Sebastian, we are yet some way from friends."

"H, well!" I yawned. "I feel dead tired and—h, and hungry too." Casting my eye round the interior of the balloon, I observed a basket.

"Just look inside that, will you, corporal?" I begged, pointing. "It looks as if it might hold something eatable."

The wicker lid creaked as he raised it.

"The blessed heavens! There is," he said, gaily, handing me a roast fowl and some brown bread. He added, pulling out a wooden bottle, "And wine, too!"

A reaction was upon me.

"You are not hungry. You will not want any," I said, banteringly.

The corporal showed his teeth in a wolfish grimace. They were very white. We laughed. My mouth was full. I spoke indistinctly.

"Pardon. I did not hear," said the corporal, holding a horn in his left hand, whilst with the other he began to unscrew the stopper of the wooden bottle.

"It must be a road below," I repeated, referring to the gulf of shadow in which we had anchored.

"Who knows!" said the corporal, indifferently, giving his whole attention to the wine that was pouring forth in a delicious amber stream.

The corporal and I had each had a hornful. "Drink, Mr. Officer!" said he, handing me a second.

I looked at him over the bubbles upon the brim. "To your health," I said—

But the wine never reached my lips.

A sudden roar of sound came to our ears from below. There was a violent shock. And swathed about with a dense white cloud, we were hurled to our knees at the bottom of the car. The distress of our position grew instantaneously worse: the car began to tip over sideways—the great pear of the balloon to lie over horizontally. I felt that we were being dragged along by some tremendous force. As I shouted to the corporal to hold on for his life, the white cloud left us suddenly as it had come. And the car moved through the air in a flight gradually steadying of its first terrific surges. Then I guessed what had happened.

Our anchor had caught under the sleeper of a railway cutting. A train had stolen

upon us through a tunnel. The anchor, or some portion of its rope, had jammed into the engine's cow-catcher.

I climbed pantingly to a position whence I could see; we were over the engine of a passenger train. The driver hailed me in Spanish, his eyes looking fearfully upwards.

Questions and answers passed rapidly between us.

Suddenly I drew my revolver.

"Full steam ahead!" I ordered, with a yell. He tried to cover himself behind some coals.

I sent a bullet through his cap. Another split a block of coal into flying grits.

He raised his hands, appealingly.

"Full steam ahead, then!" I ordered, "or I'll fire again."

He pulled a lever obediently.

The engine-driver had informed me that the train was carrying troops. As yet, the latter seemed unaware of our presence above.

"If we could only reach the camp at Vittoria we should be saved," said the corporal.

"We will," I said, resolutely, noting the increasing pace of the engine with an excitement whose like I shall

never feel again. . . . "No, I will not cut the rope. And we'll carry the troops with us or die like men."

Arrows of brilliant sunlight were glancing off the green bosoms of the forest as the engine approached a curve in the line. A confused uproar from the troops imprisoned in the swaying carriages below gave us warning that they were becoming alarmed with the furious pace at which they were travelling.



—FULL STEAM AHEAD!

I could fancy that their heads were through the windows, endeavouring to see what was the matter.

"Another ten minutes at this pace, and we shall be through the Spanish position and amongst our men," said the corporal.

I did not reply. I feared the effect of the curve, towards which the train was rushing thunderously.

And it happened according to my anticipation. As the engine took the curve, our balloon swayed away from its directly overhead position above the carriages, so that the soldiers saw us.

"Hide your rifle! They will see it," I said, hurriedly, to the corporal.

But he was too late. The soldiers had taken in their position. A door flew swingingly open. And I saw the head and shoulders of a man preparing to fire at our swaying mark.

There was just time to send a bullet at him.

Then the engine had passed around the curve; and we again swung out of sight above their heads.

The corporal gave a cheer.

The line was now straight. We were dragged furiously on for, perhaps, five hundred yards.

"Quick!" I said, to the corporal. "There! climbing upon the roof of the second carriage."

And, as he brought his rifle to the shoulder, I emptied my revolver at others who were endeavouring with wild yells to escalate the roofs, so that they might fire at us.

The attempt was over quickly. I looked back. Some brightly-dressed bodies struggled by the track of the line far behind us. One lay stiffly still.

Suddenly the corporal shouted—

"There is Vittoria. See! the church."

"Where?" I said, bringing my eyes away from the bodies. "You mean—there?" I inquired, stretching my arm pointingly over the edge of the car.

He had not time to reply.

There was an explosion. A volley of

bullets was fired through the wooden roofs of the carriages. One passed hotly through my forearm.

The corporal grew busy bandaging me.

There was another explosion. Another volley buzzed fiercely upwards. This time, the silk envelope of the balloon was pierced. There was an escape of gas.

I shook off the corporal.

"More steam!" I yelled to the engine-driver.

"I dare not," he answered.

"More steam!" I repeated, passionately; and the corporal pointed his rifle downwards.

The man obeyed.

We felt that another volley was due. The eyes of the corporal and myself sought the splintered roofs anxiously. Blue smoke was wreathing upwards from two of them. I leant far out of the car to make sure.

"By heavens!" I exclaimed, "the rifles have set them afire."

We were dragged onwards. Still no bullets came. It was evident that the soldiers were endeavouring to extinguish the flames in the roofs above their heads.

But the balloon was gradually sinking! Should we reach the lines of white tents ahead, or should we fall amongst the furiously rattling wheels, beneath, like a great wounded bird?

Lower, lower we sank with violent oscillations. A great mist came before my eyes, my breast pressed heavily and more heavily against the side of the car.

I remember hearing the corporal shout to the engine-driver.

Then I fell headlong, and down, down into a yielding blackness.

When I came to myself, I was in the hospital of the insurgent camp.

"I am thirsty," I said.

They gave me to drink.

I turned over on my side with a smile. For I understood that later, when I should climb the ship's side, there would be the hands of my brother-officers outstretched to welcome me.

And it was so!

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART IV.—1860 TO 1864.

This part contains the first of George du Maurier's "Punch" pictures, and the last by John Leech.



THE NEXT INVASION.

REPRODUCTION OF THE FIFTH LIVERY PLATE OF THE ORIGINAL SIZE.

1.—BY LEECH. 1860.



JOHN LEECH'S cartoon in No. 1 was published in *Punch* on February 11, 1860. It shows the then-imminent Invasion of England by the French (light wines) and the "discomfiture of old General Beer." This clever picture alludes to an important commercial treaty with France, negotiated in 1860 by Richard Cobden, who acted as British Commissioner in the affair; the trade between France and our country was greatly increased by this treaty, of which Mr. Gladstone said (in August, 1866): "I don't believe that the man breathed upon earth at that epoch, or now breathes upon earth, that could have effected that great measure, with the single exception of Mr. Cobden."

One result of the treaty was to give us the benefit of French wines, a pleasant addition to the ports, sherries, and Madeiras of forty years ago; French clarets and burgundies are in the battalions we see advancing on poor old General Beer, who, however, was not permanently discomfited by this invasion of the French, for he soon found that the British public readily assimilated both his

beer and the invading wine.

Mr. Punch's verses accompanying this cartoon are headed:—

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

Ye who rejoice in beer and pipes,

You ought not to repine,
But be right glad if British swipes

Compete with light French wine;
Because the contest will be,

which
Potation shall prevail,
And small beer then will grow

more rich,
And men brew better ale.

Etc., etc., etc.

The picture No. 2 was suggested to Leech by one of his own children, the Discerning Child of the sketch, who, having heard some remarks made by his father as to the treatment of children, says to

the new nurse, "Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with kindness—so you had better get some Sponge Cakes and Oranges at once!"



A WORD TO THE WIFE.

Reproduction of the fifth livery plate of the original size. 2.—BY LEECH. 1861.

No. 3 refers to the great Volunteer movement of forty years ago, which followed the sending of a circular letter, dated May 12, 1859, from the Secretary for War to the Lord-Lieutenants of counties in Great Britain authorizing the formation of Volunteer corps. The enrolment of men was so rapid that during a few months in 1859-60 a force of 119,000 Volunteers was



Mr. Boal: "So I am, Moosoo—and there are some of the Boys who mind the Shop!—Conspirency?"

There are many amusing things in *Punch* based on the sayings of omnibus men. No. 4 illustrates the impatience of the driver, who admonishes a dilatory conductor:—

"Now then, Bill, why, one would think you was picking 'em out with a *pén* like *Winkles*!"



It is necessary of course to show the pictures here in a smaller size than on the pages of *Punch*, and this reduction sometimes makes the wording at the bottom of the pictures rather small—so it may be useful to repeat the "legends" of the pictures as one comes to them. No. 6 reads:—

"Well, my little man, what do you want?"

"Wot do I want?—Vy, Gav'ner, I thinks I wants Heverythink!"

In No. 7 we have a fancy portrait of the Prince of Wales on his return from the United States: he is speaking to his father, Prince Albert, and at the time to which this picture

created—to one of these soldiers, Mr. Punch's street-arab in No. 3 says, "Now, Capt'ing! Clean yer Boots, and let yer 'ave a Shot at me for a Penny!"

Punch in those days sometimes poked fun at the Volunteers, as did most other people, and it was not to be expected that this so-called mushroom army should escape a certain amount of ridicule, which the inefficiency of the old Volunteers of earlier times had associated with the name.

However, in No. 5, Mr. Punch, always patriotic, shows the Volunteers in a much more dignified light, when John Bull is replying to the Frenchman's remark:—

"Mais, Modes Boal, I ave all ways thought you vass great Shopkeepers!"

refers, the Prince was just nineteen years of age.





"Well, my little one, what do you want?"
 "What do I want for? For nothing, I want to see you!"

6.—A STREET-SCENE OF 1856.

The verses accompanying this portrait of the Prince are called:—

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.
 Old boss, John Bull, take back your Prince
 From our superior nation,



"Puncher, 'No. 8' is a good picture. I like it more than No. 7."

"Yes, 'No. 8' is a good picture. I like it more than No. 7."

"Puncher, 'No. 8' is a good picture. I like it more than No. 7."

7.—MR. DU MAURIER'S FIRST PUNCH-PICTURE, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

Expect your eyes will twinkle!
 Yankee doodle, etc.

Etc. etc., etc.

No. 8 is George du Maurier's first *Punch*-picture, published October 6, 1860. This picture has little worth, either in its drawing or in its joke, but it has great interest for us because it is the first of the great number of contributions to *Punch* by Du Maurier, and because there is such immense difference between this rather poor sketch and the brilliant work for *Punch* that the most of us associate with the name Du Maurier.

Du Maurier was twenty-six years of age when this first picture by him was published in 1860, and as one looks at it, one can scarcely realize that the artist who drew No. 8 was destined to be, with Leech, Tenniel, and Keene, one of the four world-famous artists whose work built up the artistic reputation of *Punch*. Henceforward, for thirty-six years, we see Du Maurier's work in *Punch*.



LATEST FROM AMERICA.

"H.R. From the H.R. Secret. 'Now, Sir, if you are enough of an old hand, you'll tell me all about my travels.'"

8.—A FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS RETURN FROM THE UNITED STATES IN 1856.

France 284,795,500 francs.
United Kingdom ... £22,338,000 sterling.

Here, despite France's important-looking array of figures, her amount given above is only worth just about one-half of our much less important-looking Navy Estimate now quoted in pounds sterling.

We see in No. 12 the cliffs of Dover, with the coast of France just visible across the Channel. Mr. Punch hands to Lord Palmerston the staff of the Constable of Dover, saying to the newly-appointed Constable: "There's your Staff, Pam. You know the Party you're to keep your eye on."



ARTIST AFFECTION.

No. 13 is the last entry in the popular series "Punch, the Characters, and the Stories" (London: 1885). The story is "The Woman in White" by Mrs. George Eliot.



THE CONSTABLE OF DOVER.

"There's your Staff, Pam. You know the Party you're to keep your eye on."

12.—LORD PALMERSTON AS CONSIDERER OF DOVER IN 1884.

The legend of No. 13 is:—

Bootmaker (affected to tears): "Then you haven't heard of the demise of 'is S'rene Jehann (sob) Count Pouschowitz, Sir; very old and one of ours, Sir—and when I was (sniff) made a Nobleman's Boots in many years, you feel v'ally like one of the Family!"



"TOUCHING."

13.—THE SYMPATHETIC BOOTMAKER. 1884.

14.—A REMINISCENCE OF THOMAS COLLINS'S NOVEL, "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," BY LEECH. 1885.

Wilkie Collins's novel "The Woman in White" was very popular when No. 14 was published. Readers of this book will remember that it is rather ghostly, and Leech shows to us the terror of Mr. Tomkins, who has been sitting up late reading this novel, when a real "woman in white" suddenly appears, and says, "Pray, Mr. Tomkins, are you Never coming Upstairs? How much longer are



14.—OF DU MANNIER. 1885.

you going to Sit up with that 'Woman in White'?"

Another of Du Manner's early pictures is seen in No. 15, the legend of which is:—

Mr. Peewit (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.): "I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner—"
Conductor: "La! Bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afraid of! I'm like you—it's my MISSUS!"



THE GERMAN FLEET.

MR. PUNCH (to SAUL GROSS) "THERE'S A SHIP FOR YOU, MY LITTLE MAN—YOUR CUT ALMS, AND YOUR CUT IN A MESS."

16.—THE DELIVERING OF THE GERMAN NAVY. 1861.

Here again, we who are accustomed to Du Maurier's style in his *Punch*-drawings of more recent years than 1861 (when No. 15 was published) feel something like a shock of surprise to see his signature in the left corner of this amusing sketch, which is so entirely different from those later pictures, playfully satirical rather than funny, and in which a prominent trait is the expression of their author's great love of beauty—a quality that is happily possessed in a great degree by Du Maurier's brilliant successor in *Punch*'s "social" pictures: Mr. Bernard Partridge, whose delightful work will, one hopes, for a long while continue to enrich Mr. *Punch*'s pages.

The cartoon in

No. 16, published in 1861, marks the birth of the German Navy. It is very funny. Look at the small German to whom Mr. *Punch* is giving a ship, with the remark, "There's a ship for you, my little man—now cut away, and don't get in a mess."

This was before Bismarck had "made" Germany, and in 1861 Germany did not rank as she now ranks among the European Powers. Hence *Punch*'s amusing but rather contemptuous verses which face this cartoon of October 19, 1861:—

THE GERMAN FLEET.

(To a Little Fatherland Lobber.)

And did the little German say

I want to have a Fleet?

A Navy in his little eye?

Oh, what a grand conceit!

Well; if he'll promise to be good,

His wish he shall enjoy!

See here's a ship cut out of wood!

A proper German toy.

Etc., etc., etc.

Five years later, the Prussians defeated the Austrians at Sadowna (3rd July, 1866), and the "small German(y)" of our cartoon became, by this short but momentous war with Austria, perhaps the foremost Power in Europe, nearly all Germany being then united, and the influence and prestige of Napoleon III. being thereby greatly impaired.

The "cackle" of Du Maurier's picture in No. 17 is:—

NATURE WILL OUT AT LAST.

Well-Intentioned but Incautious Stable-Boy (in temporary disguise), to the rustic and plunging blanc-mange: "Wo-ko, there! Wo-o-o-s!"

This is a funny picture, and the stable-boy (acting for the first time as a dinner-table-servant), who is in difficulties with the large and wobbling blanc-mange, is specially well done.

A remarkable incident is mentioned by Mr. Spielmann in his "History of *Punch*" with reference to this picture No. 17.



NATURE WILL OUT AT LAST.

Well-Intentioned, but Incautious Stable-Boy (in temporary disguise), to the rustic and plunging blanc-mange: "Wo-ko, there! Wo-o-o-s!"

17.—BY DU MAURIER. 1866.

By a curious coincidence, as I have heard from the lips of a member of one of the great brewing firms, on the very day before the appearance of Mr. du Maurier's drawing the identical incident had occurred in his own house, and it was hard to believe on the following morning (when No. 17 was published.—J.H.S.) that the subject of his plunging *blanc-mange*, similarly apostrophized, had not been imported by some sort of magic into *Punch's* page.



PLEASANT—VERY!

Tradesman (knocked up at 3 a.m.): "What do you mean, Sir, by making the disturbance at this time of night? breaking people's night's rest?"

Wanderer (wondering): "What do I do? I have got a fish! Strike him hard. May—what fish, shewer—I—shewer—your way out of house?"

ILL.—THE FISHING TACKLE SHOP. 1861.

The legend of No. 18 is:—

PLEASANT—VERY!

Enraged Tradesman (knocked up at 3 a.m.): "What do you mean, Sir, by making this disturbance at this time of night? breaking people's night's rest?"

Inebriated Wanderer: "How—oh!—You've got a bit! Strike him hard. May—what fish, shewer—I—shewer—your way out of house?"

The hanging fish, the sign of the fishing-tackle shop, which attracted the notice of this Inebriated Wanderer, still hangs, I believe, where it did in 1861 when this joke was published.

The coming of the British ironclad war-ship is depicted in No. 19. Brawny John Bull stands firm as Neptune,



VULCAN ARMING NEPTUNE.

19.—THE IRONCLAD WAR-SHIP. 1862.

the sea-god, while Vulcan, the fire-god who is the patron of all who work in metals, arms Neptune with his iron plates. Mermaids put the iron crown on Neptune's head.

This cartoon was published in 1862, only thirty-seven years ago, and yet since that time our Navy has more than once been entirely remodelled from the primitive form of ironclads, whose advent is so well impressed

upon us of to-day by this *Punch*-cartoon of April 19, 1862.

No. 20 is a funny drawing by Leech of a Frenchman, who does not quite understand English hunting:—

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a fox should stop hunting): "Ah! no Hunt is Morning—Mon Dieu!—Zen are is no Dog! Met to-day!"



A HUNTING APPOINTMENT—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Perplexed Foreigner (who does not understand why a fox should stop hunting): "Ah! no Hunt is Morning—Mon Dieu!—Zen are is no Dog! Met to-day!"

20.—BY LEECH. 1862.

The patent extinguisher, shown in No. 21, is certainly effective in its application to the preacher, who is seen in full swing at 12.30 by the clock on the front of the pulpit, and who, two hours later, has received the hint to stop, given by the automatic descent of the extinguisher.

The Playgoer in No. 22 says to the boy selling playbills:—

"Twopenny? Oh! then I won't have a bill; I've only got a penny."



22.—THE POLITE PLAYBILL-BUY. 1865.

Boy: "Then pray don't mention it, Sir. Never mind the *huxton* penny. I respects gentler poverty."

No. 23 refers to the backsliding of a



23.—A BACKSLIDING. 1865.



24.—AN INVENTION FOR STOPPING LONG SERMONS. 1866.



25.—1865.

expression of timorous and fearful expectancy is well shown. The small print below the picture reads:—

BURGLED!—"Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is blowing into the Keyhole now."



BURGLED!

"Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is blowing into the Keyhole now."

26.—A TALK AT MID. 1866.

temperance-medallist of 1863:—

Cabbys: "This won't do, Sir; it's a Temperance Medallist; 'tain't a Shillist."

Intoxicated: "Good 't'hillist! worth of shiver; no further use I've, Cabby!"

The legend of No. 24 is:—

Ancient Mariner (to Blowne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it): "Nice Row or Sail this evening, Sir?"

Look at the old gentleman's face in No. 25—the

In Volume XLIV., covering the first half of the year 1863, Mr. Punch commenced a series of "NURSERY RHYMES (*To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised*),"

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



There was a Young Lady of Ayr,
And she had such very long hair,
When she crossed the Auld Brig,
People said "It is a wig,
Which an speckle loon would wear."

There was a Young Lady of Galloway,
Who said "so the watter is widdy,
It's aye at brack, maw,
And so here on the rig,
And quatty meel, Lasse Matarn."

There was a Young Lady of Dundee,
Who says to her mamma, "O E,
don't ask to try
to be married, and I,
But where can the eye of the sea be?"

There was a Young Lady of Berwick,
Who street would talk in a hurry,
Being called by her Pa,
She asked "Ere I go,
And to ask, "Oo and meel, Bannan Maw."

25.—ONE OF A SERIES OF NURSERY RHYMES BY MR. PUNCH, 1863.

and one of these, relating to the town of Ayr, is reproduced in No. 26.

No. 27 gives us an idea of the



27.—A POOR FOR THE RAILWAY PORTER 253.



BRITANNIA DISCOVERING THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

28.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. BY TENNIEL, 1863.

railway carriages of 1863; notice the little window high up in the door. The wording is:—

Railway Porter: "Dogs not allowed inside the Carriages, Sir!"

Countryman: "I'fhat not a little Tray Terrier? Well, tho'd better tak' me out then, young Man."

Tenniel's cartoon in No. 28 records the discovery of the source of the Nile; it is a cleverly conceived drawing, and the expression of Mr. Nilus, as Britannia pulls aside the rushes and looks at him in his quiet and



29.—"If it's nothing of the kind, I'll show you, that I can attract you, but I have unfortunately entangled my foot in my Crinoline, and can't get it out!" 255.

shady retreat, is particularly good. This was published June 6, 1863, it having been announced at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on May 25, 1863, that "the Nile was Settled." And, in 1864, was published the book, "What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," by Captain John Speke, the African explorer.

No. 29 is rather funny. A piece of the crinoline which has caused the policeman's scandalous



30.—1855.

suggestion is shown with the poor old lady's foot well through it.

The illustration of "Professional Reciprocity" in No. 30 is really very natural, and it was based, probably, upon real life, as are so many of the jokes in *Punch*. The Country Parson says to the butcher, "Robins,



31.—1855.

I'm sorry I don't see you at Church more regularly." The Conscientious Butcher replies, "Well, Sir, I know as I did ought to come to Church oftener than I do—the lots o' meat you has o' me."

The legend of No. 31 is:—

Lady: "What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that dog; he is dripping with water!"

Mary: "It's all Master Tom; he's been and had him to the end of a Pole, and cleaned the Windows with him!"

In No. 32 the Omnibus Conductor says to the "swell" walking alongside:—

"Fitskapel or Mlle. End, Sir?"

(Swell takes no notice of the insult.)

Conductor: "Deaf and Dumb 'Orpington, Sir?"

A smart conductor this, but not a bit more smart than many of the present-day generation of omnibus men, although I fancy the introduction of the garden-seat on the top of omnibuses has to some extent lessened the activity in roadside repartee of the omnibus driver, for he no longer has sitting on each side of him (as in the days of the box-seat omnibus) one or two passengers to whom the driver looks for special appreciation of his smartness in repartee. At any rate, the following incident happened to me lately, and the hansom-cabman who scored the point did so without a shot fired back by the driver of my omnibus.



32.—1855.

One rather cold day in the autumn I was on the outside of a Brompton omnibus sitting on the garden-seat just behind the driver—I was without an overcoat and felt rather cold and, I dare say, looked cold.



33.—BY N. T. PRITCHETT. 1854.

There was a block at Earl's Court, and a hansom pulled up just by us. The cabman glanced up at me and then, with a nod of his head to the driver of my omnibus, remarked, "Say, Bill, you've got some 'ungry 'uns up there."

It was distinctly smart, but, as I say, the omnibus driver let the quip pass without a counter-stroke of repartee, and as I did not know what to say, the cabman scored, and whipped up his horse, while my



fighting Irishman, Leech put life and actuality into his work, and when he died it was predicted that Leech's death would be the death of *Punch*—so closely was he associated in the public mind with the rise and growth of *Punch*, since he joined the paper in its first Volume. Leech's first drawing was published in the fourth number of *Punch*, August 7, 1841; I showed this first picture by Leech in Part I. of this article, and now we have his last picture, twenty-three years later.



A STREET FIGHT.

34.—THE LAST PICTURE BY JOHN LEECH. NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

fellow-passengers sniggered at my expense—that's why I suggest that the present-day omnibus driver is not so smart as he was in the year 1863, when No. 32 was published.

No. 33 shows a cat in a difficulty, who has been mistaken for a burglar.

No. 34 is the last picture by John Leech. Although there are in this part of "A Peep into *Punch*" two or three other drawings by Leech (Nos. 35 and 37) which, for convenience, are here printed later than this No. 34, these other pictures were published in *Punch* earlier than this last picture, which was in the issue for November 5, 1864; John Leech died October 29, 1864, at the early age of forty-six, just a week before No. 34 was published in *Punch*.

Up to the last, as we see by looking at this picture of the



THE FIGHT AT ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

35.—BY TENNIEL. 1864.



35—THE LITTLE BOY. 1854.

The words below No. 35 are:—
Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling): "But why, my good man, do you put that cloth over the horse's head?"

Cab-Driver: "Share, yer Honour, thin—I shouldn't like him to see how little ye pay for such a hard day's work!"

In No. 36 we see the result of a political fight between Mr. Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli (afterwards Lord Beaconsfield).



INCORRIGIBLE.

Placed (Cousin) (who is a bit of a snob): "What's that?"
Disraeli: "Bless 'em!"
A loud (Cousin): "What's that?"
Disraeli: "The same as that, yer Honour."

36—A NATIONAL MISTAKE. 1854.

NOTE.—In Part I. of this article, published last January, I stated in picture No. 35, "A joke by Thackeray, the point of which has never been discovered." Many readers have sent me their solutions of this joke by Thackeray—some readers having lashed their arguments, opinions with letters—but as all the solutions received are different, and as they are all possible, this joke must still be considered unsolved.—J. H. S.

This fight took place over an important matter of foreign politics in connection with a Dano-German question which was then to the front. Disraeli, in Opposition, thought he saw an opportunity of making a damaging attack upon the Government, and Gladstone

(then Chancellor of the Exchequer) was put up by Palmerston (the Premier) to reply to Disraeli's onslaught—with the result so humorous shown in No. 36.

No. 37 illustrates a small boy's inference from an observed fact. In No. 38, the boy "Biler" replies to the Clerical Examiner's question, "Who gave you that Name?"—"The Boys in our Court, Sir."

No. 39 is an amusing example

of hatters' etiquette in the matter of the depth of mourning hat-bands, and No. 40 shows how easily a foreigner may make a grave mistake as regards the customs of a country he visits.



39—AN ALTHORP'S, OR, REPLYING. 1854.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

Disraeli: "I am very sorry to hear of the death of the Duke of Wellington."
Disraeli: "I am very sorry to hear of the death of the Duke of Wellington."
Disraeli: "I am very sorry to hear of the death of the Duke of Wellington."
Disraeli: "I am very sorry to hear of the death of the Duke of Wellington."

40—THE WIND-FAULTS UNDER THE GROUND. 1854.

(To be continued.)

Hilda Wade.

By GRANT ALLEN.

II.—THE EPISODE OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD FAILED FOR EVERYTHING.



ONE day, about those times, I went round to call on my aunt, Lady Tepping. And lest you accuse me of the vulgar desire to flaunt my fine relations in your face, I hasten to add that my poor dear old aunt is a very ordinary specimen of the common Army-widow. Her husband, Sir Malcolm, a crusty old gentleman of the ancient school, was knighted in Burma, or thereabouts, for a successful raid upon naked natives, on something that is called the Shan frontier. When he had grown grey in the service of his Queen and country, besides earning himself incidentally a very decent pension, he acquired goat, and went to his long rest in Kensal Green Cemetery. He left his wife with one daughter, and the only pretence to a title in our otherwise blameless family.

My cousin Daphne is a very pretty girl, with those quiet, sedate manners which often develop later in life into genuine self-respect and real depth of character. Fools do not admire her; they accuse her of being "heavy." But she can do without fools; she has a fine, strongly-built figure, an upright carriage, a large and broad forehead, a firm chin, and features which, though well-marked and well-moulded, are yet delicate

in outline and sensitive in expression. Very young men seldom take to Daphne: she lacks the desired inanity. But she has mind, repose, and womanly tenderness. Indeed, if she had not been my cousin, I almost think I might once have been tempted to fall in love with her.

When I reached Gloucester Terrace, on this particular afternoon, I found Hilda Wade there before me. She had lunched at my aunt's, in fact. It was her "day out" at St. Nathaniel's, and she had come round to spend it with Daphne Tepping. I had introduced her to the house some time before, and she and my cousin had struck up a close acquaintance immediately. Their temperaments were sympathetic: Daphne admired Hilda's depth and reserve, while Hilda admired Daphne's grave grace and self-control, her perfect freedom from current affectations. She neither giggled, nor aped Hecsenism.

A third person stood back in the room



"SHE AND MY COUSIN HAD STRUCK UP A CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE."

when I entered—a tall and somewhat jerry-built young man, with a rather long and solemn face, like an early stage in the evolution of a Don Quixote. I took a good look at him. There was something about his air that impressed me as both lugubrious and humorous: and in this I was right, for I learned later that he was one of those rare people who can sing a comic song with immense success, while preserving a sour countenance like a Puritan preacher's. His eyes were a little sunken, his fingers long and nervous: but I fancied he looked a good fellow at heart, for all that, though foolishly impulsive. He was a punctilious gentleman, I felt sure; his face and manner grew upon one rapidly.

Daphne rose as I entered, and waved the stranger forward with an imperious little wave: I imagined, indeed, that I detected in the gesture a faint touch of half-unconscious proprietorship. "Good morning, Hubert," she said, taking my hand, but turning towards the tall young man. "I don't think you know Mr. Cecil Holsworthy."

"I have heard you speak of him," I answered, drinking him in with my glance. I added internally, "Not half good enough for you."

Hilda's eyes met mine and read my thought. They flashed back word, in the language of eyes, "I do not agree with you."

Daphne, meanwhile, was watching me closely. I could see she was anxious to discover what impression her friend Mr. Holsworthy was making on me. Till then, I had no idea she was fond of anyone in particular: but the way her glance wandered from him to me, and from me to Hilda, showed clearly that she thought much of this gawky visitor.

We sat and talked together, we four, for some time: I found the young man with the lugubrious countenance improved immensely on closer acquaintance. His talk was clever. He turned out to be the son of a politician high in office in the Canadian Government, and he had been educated at Oxford: the father, I gathered, was rich, but he himself was making an income of nothing a year just then as a briefless barrister, and he was hesitating whether to accept a post of secretary that had been offered him in the colony, or to continue his negative career at the Inner Temple, for the honour and glory of it.

"Now, which would *you* advise me, Miss Tepping?" he inquired, after we had discussed the matter together some minutes.

Daphne's face flushed up. "It is so hard to decide," she answered. "To decide to your best advantage, I mean, of course. For naturally all your English friends would wish to keep you as long as possible in England."

"No, do you think so?" the gawky young man jerked out with evident pleasure. "Now, that's awfully kind of you. Do you know, if *you* tell me I ought to stay in England, I've half a mind . . . I'll cable over this very day and refuse the appointment."

Daphne flushed once more. "Oh, please don't," she exclaimed, looking frightened. "I shall be quite distressed if a—a stray word of mine should debar you from accepting a good offer of a secretaryship."

"Why, your least wish——" the young man began, then checked himself hastily—"must be always important," he went on, in a different voice, "to everyone of your acquaintance."

Daphne rose hurriedly. "Look here, Hilda," she said, a little tremulously, biting her lip, "I have to go out into Westbourne Grove to get those gloves for to-night, and a spray for my hair; will you all excuse me for half an hour?"

Holsworthy rose too. "Mayn't I go with you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, if you like: how very kind of you," Daphne answered, her cheek a blush rose. "Hubert, will you come too? and you, Hilda?"

It was one of those invitations which are given to be refused. I did not need Hilda's warning glance to tell me that my company would be quite superfluous: I felt those two were best left together.

"It's no use, though, Dr. Camberledge!" Hilda put in, as soon as they were gone. "He *won't* propose, though he has had every encouragement. I don't know what's the matter; but I've been watching them both for weeks, and somehow things seem never to get any forwarder."

"You think he's in love with her?" I asked.

"In love with her! Well, you have eyes in your head, I know: where could they have been looking? He's madly in love—a very good kind of love, too: he genuinely admires and respects and appreciates all Daphne's sweet and charming qualities."

"Then what do you suppose is the matter?"

"I have an inkling of the truth: I imagine Mr. Cecil must have let himself in for a prior attachment."

"If so, why does he hang about Daphne?"

"Because—he can't help himself. He's a

good fellow, and a chivalrous fellow: he admires your cousin; but he must have got himself into some foolish entanglement elsewhere, which he is too honourable to break off; while at the same time he's far too much impressed by Daphne's fine qualities to be able to keep away from her. It's the ordinary case of love versus duty."

"Is he well off? Could he afford to marry Daphne?"

"Oh, his father's very rich: he has plenty of money. A Canadian millionaire, they

ing about her, and arranging her black lace shawl.

"She has just run out into Westbourne Grove to get some gloves and a flower for the *fête* this evening," Hilda answered. Then she added, significantly, "Mr. Holsworthy has gone with her."

"What? That boy's been here again?"

"Yes, Lady Tepping. He called to see Daphne."

My aunt turned to me with an aggrieved tone. It is a peculiarity of my aunt's—I

have met it elsewhere—that if she is angry with Jones, and Jones is not present, she assumes a tone of injured asperity on his account towards Brown or Smith or any other innocent person whom she happens to be addressing.

"Now, this is really too bad, Hubert," she burst out, as if I were the culprit. "Disgraceful! Abominable! I'm sure I can't make out what the young fellow means by it. Here he comes dangling after

Daphne every day and all day long—and never once says whether he means anything by it or not. In my young days, such conduct as that would not have been considered respectable."

I nodded and beamed benignity.

"Well, why don't you answer me?" my aunt went on, warming up. "Do you mean to tell me you think his behaviour respectful to a nice girl in Daphne's position?"

"My dear aunt," answered, "you confound the persons. I am not Mr. Holsworthy. I decline responsibility for him. I meet him here, in your house, for the first time this morning."

"Then that shows how often you come to see your relations, Hubert!" my aunt burst out, obliquely. "The man's been here, to my certain knowledge, every day this six weeks."

"Really, Aunt Fanny," I said: "you must recollect that a professional man——"

"Oh, yes. *That's* the way! Lay it all down to your profession, do, Hubert!



"IS HE WELL OFF?"

say. That makes it all the likelier that some undesirable young woman somewhere may have managed to get hold of him. Just the sort of romantic, impressionable bobbledoxy such women angle for."

I drummed my fingers on the table. Presently Hilda spoke again. "Why don't you try to get to know him, and find out precisely what's the matter?"

"I *know* what's the matter—now you've told me," I answered. "It's as clear as day. Daphne is very much smitten with him, too. I'm sorry for Daphne! Well, I'll take your advice: I'll try to have some talk with him."

"Do, please; I feel sure I have hit upon it. He has got himself engaged in a hurry to some girl he doesn't really care about, and he is far too much of a gentleman to break it off, though he's in love quite another way with Daphne."

Just at that moment the door opened and my aunt entered.

"Why, where's Daphne?" she cried, look-

Though I *know* you were at the Thorntons' on Saturday—saw it in the papers—the *Morning Post*—‘among the guests were Sir Edward and Lady Burnes, Professor Sebastian, Dr. Hubert Cumberledge,’ and so forth, and so forth. *You* think you can conceal these things: but you can't. I get to know them!”

“Conceal them! My dearest aunt! Why, I danced twice with Daphne.”

“Daphne! Yes, Daphne. They all run after Daphne,” my aunt exclaimed, altering the venue once more. “But there's no respect for age left. I expect to be neglected. However, that's neither here nor there. The point is this: you're the one man now living in the family. You ought to behave like a brother to Daphne. Why don't you board this Holsworthy person and ask him his intentions?”



“WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM HIS INTENTIONS?”

“Goodness gracious!” I cried: “most excellent of aunts, that epoch has gone past. The late lamented Queen Anne is now dead. It's no use asking the young man of to-day to explain his intentions. He will refer you to the works of the Scandinavian dramatists.”

My aunt was speechless. She could only gurgle out the words: “Well, I can safely say that of all the monstrous behaviour—” then language failed her and she relapsed into silence.

However, when Daphne and young Holsworthy returned, I had as much talk with him as I could, and when he left the house I left also.

“Which way are you walking?” I asked, as we turned out into the street.

“Towards my rooms in the Temple.”

“Oh! I'm going back to St. Nathaniel's,” I continued. “If you'll allow me I'll walk part way with you.”

“How very kind of you!”

We strode side by side a little distance in silence. Then a thought seemed to strike the lugubrious young man. “What a charming girl your cousin is!” he exclaimed, abruptly.

“You seem to think so,” I answered, smiling.

He flushed a little; the lantern jaw grew longer. “I admire her, of course,” he answered. “Who doesn't? She is so extraordinarily handsome.”

“Well, not exactly handsome,” I replied, with more critical and kinsmanlike deliberation. “Pretty, if you will; and decidedly pleasing and attractive in manner.”

He looked me up and down, as if he found me a person singularly deficient in taste and appreciation. “Ah, but then, you are her cousin,” he said at last, with a compassionate tone. “That makes a difference.”

“I quite see all Daphne's strong points,” I answered, still smiling, for I could perceive he was very far gone. “She is good-looking, and she is clever.”

“Clever!” he echoed. “Profound! She has a most unusual intellect. She stands alone.”

“Like her mother's silk dresses,” I murmured, half under my breath.

He took no notice of my flippant remark, but went on with his rhapsody. “Such

depth; such penetration! And then, how sympathetic! Why, even to a mere casual acquaintance like myself, she is so kind, so discerning."

"Are you such a casual acquaintance?" I inquired, with a smile. (It might have shocked Aunt Fanny to hear me; but *that* is the way we ask a young man his intentions nowadays.)

He stopped short and hesitated. "Oh, quite casual," he replied, almost stammering. "Most casual, I assure you . . . I have never ventured to do myself the honour of supposing that . . . that Miss Tepping could possibly care for me."

"There is such a thing as being *too* modest and unassuming," I answered. "It sometimes leads to unintentional cruelty."

"No, do you think so?" he cried, his face falling all at once. "I should blame myself bitterly if that were so. Dr. Camberledge, you are her cousin. Do you gather that I have acted in such a way as to—lead Miss Tepping to suppose I felt any affection for her?"

"It is," I responded, with my best paternal manner, gazing blankly in front of me.

He stopped short again. "Look here," he said, facing me. "Are you busy? No? Then come back with me to my rooms, and—I'll make a clean breast of it."

"By all means," I assented. "When one is young—and foolish, I have often noticed, as a medical man, that a drachm of clean breast is a magnificent prescription."

He walked back by my side, talking all the way of Daphne's many adorable qualities. He exhausted the dictionary for laudatory adjectives. By the time I reached his door it was not *his* fault if I had not learned that the angelic hierarchy were not in the running with my pretty cousin for graces and virtues. I felt that Faith, Hope, and Charity ought to resign at once in favour of Miss Daphne Tepping, promoted.

He took me into his comfortably-furnished rooms—the luxurious rooms of a rich young bachelor, with taste as well as money—and



"HE SAT DOWN OPPOSITE ME."

I laughed in his face. "My dear boy," I answered, laying one hand on his shoulder, "may I say the plain truth? A blind bat could see you are madly in love with her."

His mouth twitched. "That's very serious," he answered, gravely; "very serious."

offered me a partaga. Now, I have long observed, in the course of my practice, that a choice cigar assists a man in taking a philosophic outlook on the question under discussion: so I accepted the partaga. He sat down opposite me, and pointed to a

photograph in the centre of his mantelpiece. "I am engaged to that lady," he put in, shortly.

"So I anticipated," I answered, lighting up.

He started and looked surprised. "Why, what made you guess it?" he inquired.

I smiled the calm smile of superior age—I was some eight years or so his senior. "My dear fellow," I murmured, "what else could prevent you from proposing to Daphne—when you are so undeniably in love with her?"

"A great deal," he answered. "For example: the sense of my own utter unworthiness."

"One's own unworthiness," I replied, "though doubtless real—*pif, pif*—is a barrier that most of us can readily get over, when our admiration for a particular lady waxes strong enough. So *this* is the prior attachment!" I took the portrait down and scanned it.

"Unfortunately, yes. What do you think of her?"

I scrutinized the features. "Seems a nice enough little thing," I answered. It was an innocent face, I admit. Very frank and girlish.

He leaned forward eagerly. "That's just it. A nice enough little thing! Nothing in the world to be said against her. While Daphne—Miss Tepping, I mean——" His silence was ecstatic.

I examined the photograph still more closely. It displayed a lady of twenty or thereabouts, with a weak face, small, vacant features, a feeble chin, a good-humoured, simple mouth, and a wealth of golden hair that seemed to strike a keynote.

"In the theatrical profession?" I inquired at last, looking up.

He hesitated. "Well, not exactly," he answered.

I pursed my lips and blew a ring. "Music-hall stage?" I went on, dubiously.

He nodded. "But a girl is not necessarily any the less a lady because she sings at a music-hall," he added, with warmth, displaying an evident desire to be just to his betrothed, however much he admired Daphne.

"Certainly not," I admitted. "A lady is a lady; no occupation can in itself unladify her. . . . But on the music-hall stage, the odds, one must admit, are on the whole against her."

"Now, *there* you show prejudice!"

"One may be quite unprejudiced," I

answered, "and yet allow that connection with the music-halls does not, as such, afford clear proof that a girl is a compound of all the virtues."

"I think she's a good girl," he retorted, slowly.

"Then why do you want to throw her over?" I inquired.

"I don't. That's just it. On the contrary, I mean to keep my word and marry her."

"*In order to keep your word?*" I suggested.

He nodded. "Precisely. It is a point of honour."

"That's a poor ground of marriage," I went on. "Mind, I don't want for a moment to influence you, as Daphne's cousin. I want to get at the truth of the situation. I don't even know what Daphne thinks of you. But you promised me a clean breast. Be a man, and bare it."

He bared it instantly. "I thought I was in love with this girl, you see," he went on, "till I saw Miss Tepping."

"That makes a difference," I admitted.

"And I couldn't bear to break her heart."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried. "It is the one unpardonable sin. Better anything than that." Then I grew practical. "Father's consent?"

"My father's? Is it likely? He expects me to marry into some distinguished English family."

I hummed a moment. "Well, out with it!" I exclaimed, pointing my cigar at him.

He leaned back in his chair and told me the whole story. A pretty girl: golden hair: introduced to her by a friend: nice simple little thing: mind and heart above the irregular stage on to which she had been driven by poverty alone: father dead: mother in reduced circumstances: "to keep the home together, poor Sissie decided——"

"Precisely so," I murmured, knocking off my ash. "The usual self-sacrifice! Case quite normal! Everything *en règle*!"

"You don't mean to say you doubt it?" he cried, flushing up, and evidently regarding me as a hopeless cynic. "I do assure you, Dr. Cumberledge, the poor child—though miles, of course, below Miss Tepping's level—is as innocent, and as good——"

"As a flower in May. Oh, yes, I don't doubt it. How did you come to propose to her, though?"

He reddened a little. "Well, it was almost accidental," he said, sheepishly. "I called there one evening, and her mother had a headache and went up to bed. And when we two were left alone, Sissie talked a great



"SHE BROKE DOWN AND BEGAN TO CRY."

deal about her future, and how hard her life was. And after a while she broke down and began to cry. And then——"

I cut him short with a wave of my hand. "You need say no more," I put in, with a sympathetic face. "We have all been there."

We paused a moment, while I puffed smoke at the photograph again. "Well," I said at last, "her face looks to me really simple and nice. It is a good face. Do you see her often?"

"Oh, no; she's on tour."

"In the provinces?"

"Myes: just at present, at Scarborough."

"But she writes to you?"

"Every day."

"Would you think it an unpardonable impertinence if I made bold to ask whether it would be possible for you to show me a specimen of her letters?"

He unlocked a drawer and took out three or four. Then he read one through, carefully. "I don't think," he said, in a deliberative voice, "it would be a serious breach of confidence in me to let you look through this one. There's really nothing in it, you know—just the ordinary average everyday love-letter."

I glanced through the little note. He was right. The conventional hearts-and-darts epistle. It sounded nice enough. Longing to see you again: so lonely in this place: your dear sweet letter: looking forward to the time: your ever-devoted Sissie.

"That seems straight," I answered. "However, I am not quite sure. Will you allow me to take it away, with the photograph? I know I am asking much. I want to show it to a lady in whose tact and discrimination I have the greatest confidence."

"What, Daphne?"

I smiled. "No, not Daphne," I answered. "Our friend Miss Wade. She has extraordinary insight."

"I could trust

anything to Miss Wade. She is true as steel."

"You are right," I answered. "That shows that you too are a judge of character."

He hesitated. "I feel a brute," he cried, "to go on writing every day to Sissie Montague—and yet calling every day to see Miss Tepping. But still—I do it."

I grasped his hand. "My dear fellow," I said, "nearly ninety per cent. of men, after all—are human!"

I took both letter and photograph back with me to Nathaniel's. When I had gone my rounds that night, I carried them into Hilda Wade's room, and told her the story. Her face grew grave. "We must be just," she said, at last. "Daphne is deeply in love with him; but even for Daphne's sake, we must not take anything for granted against the other lady."

I produced the photograph. "What do you make of that?" I asked. "I think it an honest face, myself, I may tell you."

She scrutinized it long and closely with a magnifier. Then she put her head on one side and mused very deliberately. "Madeline Shaw gave me her photograph the other day, and said to me, as she gave it, 'I do so like these modern portraits: they show one *what might have been*.'"

"You mean, they are so much touched up?"

"Exactly. That, as it stands, is a sweet, innocent face—an honest girl's face—almost babyish in its transparency; but . . . the

innocence has all been put into it by the photographer."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Look here at those lines just visible on the cheek. They disappear, nowhere, at impossible angles. And the corners of that mouth. They couldn't go so, with that nose and those puckers. The thing is not real. It has been atrociously edited. Part is nature's; part, the photographer's; part, even possibly paint and powder."

"But the underlying face?"

"Is a minx's."

I handed her the letter. "This next?" I asked, fixing my eyes on her as she looked.

She read it through. For a minute or two she examined it. "The letter is right enough," she answered, after a second reading, "though its guileless simplicity is perhaps, under the circumstances, just a little overdone; but the handwriting—the handwriting is duplicity itself: a cunning, serpentine hand: no openness or honesty in it. Depend upon it, that girl is playing a double game."

"You believe, then, there is character in handwriting?"

"Undoubtedly; when we know the character, we can see it in the writing. The difficulty is, to see it and read it *before* we know it: and I have practised a little at that. There is character in all we do, of course—our walk, our cough, the very wave of our hands: the only secret is, not all of us have always skill to see it. Here, however, I feel pretty sure. The curls of the g's and the tails of the y's—how fall they are of wile, of low, underhand trickery!"

I looked at them as she pointed. "That is true!" I exclaimed. "I see it when you show it. Lines meant for effect. No straightness or directness in them!"

Hilda reflected a moment. "Poor Daphne," she murmured. "I would do anything to help her. . . . I'll tell what might be a good plan." Her face brightened. "My holiday comes next week. I'll run down to Scarborough—it's as nice a place for a holiday as any—and I'll observe this young lady. It can do no harm—and good may come of it."

"How kind of you!" I cried.

"But you are always all kindness."

Hilda went to Scarborough, and

came back again for a week before going on to Bruges, where she proposed to spend the greater part of her holidays. She stopped a night or two in town to report progress, and finding another nurse ill, promised to fill her place till a substitute was forthcoming. "Well, Dr. Cumberlandge," she said, when she saw me alone, "I was right! I have found out a fact or two about Daphne's rival!"

"You have seen her?" I asked.

"Seen her? I have stopped for a week in the same house. A very nice lodging-house on the Spa front, too. The girl's well enough off. The poverty plea fails. She goes about in good rooms, and carries a mother with her."

"That's well," I answered. "That looks all right."

"Oh, yes, she's quite presentable: has the manners of a lady—whenever she chooses. But the chief point is this: she laid her letters every day on the table in the passage outside her door for post—laid them all in a row, so that when one claimed one's own one couldn't help seeing them."

"Well, that was open and above-board," I continued, beginning to fear we had hastily misjudged Miss Sissie Montague.

"Very open—too much so, in fact; for I was obliged to note the fact that she wrote



"TO MY TWO HUSBANDS," SHE EXPLAINED.

two letters regularly every day of her life—"to my two mashes," she explained one afternoon to a young man who was with her as she laid them on the table. One of them was always addressed to Cecil Holsworthy, Esq."

"And the other?"

"Wasn't."

"Did you note the name?" I asked, interested.

"Yes; here it is." She handed me a slip of paper.

I read it: "Reginald Nettcraft, Esq., 427, Staples Inn, London."

"What, Reggie Nettcraft!" I cried, amused. "Why, he was a very little boy at Charterhouse when I was a big one; he afterwards went to Oxford and got sent down from Christ Church for the part he took in burning a Greek bust in Tom Quad—an antique Greek bust—after a bump supper."

"Just the sort of man I should have expected," Hilda answered, with a suppressed smile. "I have a sort of inkling that Miss Montague likes *him* best; he is nearer her type; but she thinks Cecil Holsworthy the better match. Has Mr. Nettcraft money?"

"Not a penny, I should say. An allowance from his father, perhaps, who is a Lincolnshire parson; but otherwise, nothing."

"Then, in my opinion, the young lady is playing for Mr. Holsworthy's money; failing which, she will decline upon Mr. Nettcraft's heart."

We talked it all over. In the end, I said abruptly, "Nurse Wade, you have seen Miss Montague, or whatever she calls herself. I have not. I won't condemn her unheard. I have half a mind to run down one day

next week to Scarborough and have a look at her."

"Do. That will suffice. You can judge then for yourself whether or not I am mistaken."

I went; and what is more, I heard Miss Sissie sing at her hall—a pretty domestic song, most childish and charming. She impressed me not unfavourably, in spite of what Hilda said. Her peach-blossom cheek might have been art, but looked like nature. She had an open face, a baby smile; and there was a frank girlishness about her dress and manner that took my fancy. "After all," I thought to myself, "even Hilda Wade is fallible."

So that evening, when her "turn" was over, I made up my mind to go round and call upon her. I had told Cecil Holsworthy my intentions beforehand, and it rather shocked him. He was too much of a gentleman to wish to spy upon the girl he had promised to marry. However, in my case, there need be no such scruples. I found the house, and asked for Miss Montague. As I mounted the stairs to the drawing-room floor, I heard a sound of voices—the murmur of laughter: idiotic guffaws, suppressed giggles, the masculine and feminine varieties of tomfoolery.

"You'd make a splendid woman of business, *you* would!" a young

man was saying. I gathered from his drawl that he belonged to that sub-species of the human race which is known as the Chappie.

"Wouldn't I just?" a girl's voice answered, tittering: I recognised it as Sissie's. "You ought to see me at it! Why, my brother set up a place once for mending bicycles; and I used to stand about at the door, as if I had just returned from a ride: and when



"MOST CHILDREN AND CHARMING"

fellows came in with a nut loose or something. I'd begin talking with them while Bertie tightened it. Then, when they weren't looking, I'd dab the business end of a darning-needle, so, just plump into their tyres; and of course, as soon as they went off, they were back again in a minute to get a puncture mended! I call *that* business."

A roar of laughter greeted the recital of this brilliant incident in a commercial career. As it subsided, I entered. There were two men in the room, besides Miss Montague and her mother, and a second young lady.

"Excuse this late call," I said, quietly, bowing. "But I have only one night in Scarborough, Miss Montague, and I wanted to see you. I'm a friend of Mr. Holsworthy's. I told him I'd look you up, and this is my sole opportunity."

I felt rather than saw that Miss Montague darted a quick glance of hidden meaning at her friends the chappies: their faces, in response, ceased to snigger, and grew instantly sober.

She took my card: then, in her alternative manner as the perfect lady, she presented me to her mother. "Dr. Cumberledge, mamma," she said, in a faintly warning voice. "A friend of Mr. Holsworthy's."

The old lady half rose. "Let me see," she said, staring at me. "Which is Mr. Holsworthy, Siss?—is it Cecil or Reggie?"

One of the chappies burst into a fatuous laugh once more at this remark. "Now, you're giving away the whole show, Mrs. Montague!" he exclaimed, with a chuckle. A look from Miss Sissie immediately checked him.

I am bound, to admit, however, that after these untoward incidents of the first minute, Miss Montague and her friends behaved throughout with distinguished propriety. Her manners were perfect—I may even say, demure. She asked about "Cecil" with



"I USED TO STAND ABOUT AT THE DOOR."

charming naïveté. She was frank and girlish. Lots of innocent fun in her, no doubt—she sang us a comic song in excellent taste, which is a severe test—but not a suspicion of double-dealing. If I had not overheard those few words as I came up the stairs, I think I should have gone away believing the poor girl an injured child of nature.

As it was, I went back to London the very next day, determined to renew my slight acquaintance with Reggie Nettcraft.

Fortunately, I had a good excuse for going to visit him. I had been asked to collect among old Carthusians for one of those endless "testimonials" which pursue one through life, and are, perhaps, the worst nemesis which follows the crime of having wasted one's youth at a public school: a testimonial for a retiring master, or professional cricketer, or washerwoman, or something; and in the course of my duties as collector, it was quite natural that I should call upon all my fellow-victims. So I went to his rooms in Staples Inn and re-introduced myself.

Reggie Nettcraft had grown up into an unwholesome, spotty, indeterminate young

man, with a speckled necktie, and cuffs of which he was inordinately proud, and which he insisted on "flashing" every second minute. He was also evidently self-satisfied, which was odd, for I have seldom seen anyone who afforded less cause for rational satisfaction. "Hullo," he said, when I told him my name. "So it's you, is it, Cumberland?" He glanced at my card. "St. Nathaniel's Hospital! What rot! Why, blow me tight if you haven't turned sawbones!"

"That is my profession," I answered, unashamed. "And you?"

"Oh, I don't have any luck, you know, old man. They turned me out of Oxford because I had too much sense of humour for the authorities there—beastly set of old fogeys! Objected to my 'chucking' oyster-shells at the tutors' windows—good old English custom, fast becoming obsolete. Then I crammed for the Army: but, bless your heart, a *gentleman* has no chance for the Army nowadays: a pack of blooming cads, with what they call 'intellect,' read up for the exams., and don't give us a look-in; I call it sheer piffle. Then the Guv'nor set me on electrical engineering—electrical engineering's played out—I put no stock in it; besides, it's such beastly fog; and then, you get your hands dirty. So now I'm reading for the Bar, and if only my coach can put me up to tips enough to dodge the examiners, I expect to be called some time next summer."

"And when you have failed for everything?" I inquired, just to test his sense of humour.

He swallowed it like a roach. "Oh, when I've failed for everything, I shall stick up to the Guv'nor. Hang it all, a *gentleman* can't be expected to earn his own livelihood. England's going to the dogs, that's where it is: no snug little sinecures left for chaps like you and me: all this beastly competition. And no respect for the feelings of gentlemen, either! Why, would you believe it, Cumberland—ground we used to call you Cumberland at Charterhouse, I remember, or was it Fig Tree?—I happened to get a bit lively in the Haymarket last week, after a rattling good supper, and the chap at the police-court—old cove with a squint—positively proposed to send me to prison, *without the option of a fine!*—I'll trouble you for that—send me to prison—just for knocking down a common brute of a hobby. There's no mistake about it, England's *not* a country now for a gentleman to live in."

"Then why not mark your sense of the fact by leaving it?" I inquired, with a smile.

He shook his head. "What? Emigrate? No, thank you! I'm not taking any. None of your colonies for me, if you please. I shall stick to the old ship. I'm too much attached to the Empire."

"And yet imperialists," I said, "generally gush over the colonies—the Empire on which the sun never sets."

"The Empire in Leicester Square!" he responded, gazing at me with unspoken contempt. "Have a whisky and soda, old chap? What, no? 'Never drink between meals?' Well, you *do* surprise me! I suppose that comes of being a sawbones, don't it?"

"Possibly," I answered. "We respect our livers." Then I went on to the ostensible reason of my visit—the Charterhouse testimonial. He slapped his thighs metaphorically, by way of suggesting the depleted condition of his pockets. "Stony broke, Cumberland," he murmured; "stony broke! Honour bright! Unless Bluebird pulls off the Prince of Wales's Stakes, I really don't know how I'm to pay the Benchers."

"It's quite unimportant," I answered. "I was asked to ask you, and I *dares* asked you."

"So I twig, my dear fellow. Sorry to have to say so. But I'll tell you what I can do for you: I can put you upon a straight thing——"

I glanced at the mantelpiece. "I see you have a photograph of Miss Sissie Montague," I broke in casually, taking it down and examining it. "With an autograph, too. 'Reggie, from Sissie.' You are a friend of hers?"

"A friend of hers? I'll trouble you. She is a clinker, Sissie is! You should see that girl smoke. I give you my word of honour, Cumberland, she can consume cigarettes against any fellow I know in London. Hang it all, a girl like that, you know—well, one can't help admiring her! Ever seen her?"

"Oh, yes; I know her. I called on her, in fact, night before last at Scarborough."

He whistled a moment, then broke into an imbecile laugh. "My gum," he cried, "this *is* a start, this is! You don't mean to tell me *you* are the other Johnnie?"

"What other Johnnie?" I asked, feeling we were getting near it.

He leaned back and laughed again. "Well, you know that girl Sissie, she's a clever one, she is," he went on after a minute, staring at me. "She's a regular clinker! Got two strings to her bow: that's where the trouble



"ONE CAN'T TELL ADVISING HIM."

comes in : Me, and another fellow. She likes Me for love, and the other fellow for money. Now, don't you come and tell me that *you* are the other fellow."

"I have certainly never aspired to the young lady's hand," I answered, cautiously. "But don't you know your rival's name, then?"

"That's Sissie's blooming cleverness. She's a caulker, Sissie is : you don't take a rise out of Sissie in a hurry. She knows that if I knew who the other bloke was, I'd blow upon her little game to him, and put him off her. And I *would*, s'ep me taters : for I'm nuts on that girl : I tell you, Cumberledge, she *is* a clinker!"

"You seem to me admirably adapted for one another," I answered, truthfully. I had not the slightest compunction in handing Reggie Nettcraft over to Sissie, nor in handing Sissie over to Reggie Nettcraft.

"Adapted for one another? That's just it. There, you hit the right nail plump, on the cocoa-nut, Cumbeground ! But Sissie's an artful one, she is. She's playing for the other Johnnie. He's got the dibs, you know ; and Sissie wants the dibs even more than she wants yours truly."

"Got what?" I inquired, not quite catching the phrase.

"The dibs, old man ; the chink ; the oof ; the ready rhino. He rolls in it, she says. I can't find out the chap's name, but I know

his Guv'nor's something or other in the millionaire trade somewhere across in America."

"She writes to you, I think?"

"That's so : every blooming day : but how the dummy did you come to know it?"

"She lays letters addressed to you on the hall table at her lodgings in Scarborough."

"The dickens she does ! Careless little beggar ! Yes, she writes to me—pages. She's awfully gone on me, really. She'd marry me if it wasn't for the Johnnie with the dibs. She doesn't care for *him* ; she wants his money. He dresses badly, don't you see : and after all, the clothes make the man ! I'd like to get at him. I'd spoil his pretty face for him." And he assumed a playfully pugilistic attitude.

"You really want to get rid of this other fellow?" I asked, seeing my chance.

"Get rid of him? Why, of course. Chuck him into the river some nice dark night if I could once get a look at him!"

"As a preliminary step, would you mind letting me see one of Miss Montague's letters?" I inquired.

He drew a long breath. "They're a bit affectionate, you know," he murmured, stroking his heedless chin in hesitation. "She's a hot 'un, Sissie is. She pitches it pretty warm on the affection-stop, I can tell you. But if you really think you can give the other Johnnie a cut on the head with her

letters—well, in the interests of true love, which never *does* run smooth, I don't mind letting you have a squint, as my friend, at one of her charming billy-does."

He took a bundle from a drawer, ran his eye over one or two with a maudlin air, and then selected a specimen not wholly unsuitable for publication. "*There's* one in the eye for C.," he said, chuckling. "What would C. say to that, I wonder? She always calls him C., you know: it's so jolly non-committing. She says, 'I only wish that beastly old bore C. were at Halifax—which is where he comes from: and then, I would fly at once to my own dear Reggie! But, hang it all, Reggie boy, what's the good of true love if you haven't got the dibs? I *must* have my comforts. Love in a cottage is all very well in its way, but who's to pay for the fizz, Reggie?' That's her refinement, don't you see: Sissie's awfully refined: she was brought up with the tastes and habits of a lady."

"Clearly so," I answered. "Both her

tion. If Miss Sissie had written it on purpose in order to open Cecil Holsworth's eyes she couldn't have managed the matter better or more effectually. It breathed ardent love, tempered by a determination to sell her charms in the best and highest matrimonial market.

"Now, I know this man, C.," I said when I had finished. "And I want to ask whether you will let me show him Miss Montague's letter. It would set him against the girl, who, as a matter of fact, is wholly unwor—I mean totally unfitted for him."

"Let you show it to him? Like a bird! Why, Sissie promised me herself that if she couldn't bring 'that solemn ass, C.,' up to the scratch by Christmas she'd chuck him and marry me. It's here, in writing." And he handed me another gem of epistolary literature.

"You have no compunctions?" I asked again, after reading it.

"Not a blessed compunction to my name."

"Then neither have I," I answered.



"I DON'T NEED EYEING YOU, HAD A SQUINT AT ONE OF HER BILLY-DOES."

literary style and her liking for champagne abundantly demonstrate it!" His acute sense of humour did not enable him to detect the irony of my observation. I doubt if it extended much beyond oyster-shells.

He handed me the letter. I read it through with equal amusement and gratifica-

I felt they both deserved it. Sissie was a miss, as Hilda rightly judged; while as for Nettlecraft—well, if a public school and an English University leave a man a cad, a cad he will be, and there is nothing more to be said about it.

I went straight off with the letters to Cecil

Holworthy. He read them through half incredulously at first: he was too honest-natured himself to believe in the possibility of such double-dealing—that one could have innocent eyes and golden hair and yet be a trickster. He read them twice; then he compared them word for word with the simple affection and childlike tone of his own last letter received from the same lady. Her versatility of style would have done honour to a practised literary craftsman. At last he handed them back to me. "Do you think," he said, "on the evidence of these, I should be doing wrong in breaking with her?"

"Wrong in breaking with her!" I exclaimed. "You would be doing wrong if you didn't. Wrong to yourself: wrong to your family: wrong, if I may venture to say so, to Daphne: wrong even in the long run to the girl herself, for she is not fitted for you, and she *is* fitted for Reggie Nettlecraft. Now do as I bid you. Sit down at once and write her a letter from my dictation."

He sat down and wrote, much relieved that I took the responsibility off his shoulders.

"DEAR MISS MONTAGUE," I began, "the inclosed letters have come into my hands without my seeking it. After reading them, I feel that I have absolutely no right to stand between you and the man of your real choice. It would not be kind or wise of me to do so. I release you at once, and consider myself released. You may therefore regard our engagement as irrevocably cancelled."

"Faithfully yours,

"CRED. HOLWORTHY."

"Nothing more than that?" he asked, looking up and biting his pen. "Not a word of regret or apology?"

"Not a word," I answered. "You are really too lenient."

I made him take it out and post it, before he could invent conscientious scruples. Then he turned to me irresolutely. "What shall I do next?" he asked, with a comical air of doubt.

I smiled. "My dear fellow, that is a matter for your own consideration."

"But—do you think she will laugh at me?"

"Miss Montague?"

"No! Daphne."

"I am not in Daphne's confidence," I answered. "I don't know how she feels.

But on the face of it, I think I can venture to assure you that at least she won't laugh at you."

He grasped my hand hard. "You don't mean to say so!" he cried. "Well, that's really very kind of her! A girl of Daphne's high type! And I, who feel myself so utterly unworthy of her!"

"We are all unworthy of a good woman's love," I answered. "But, thank Heaven, the good women don't seem to realize it."

That evening, about ten, my new friend came back in a hurry to my rooms at St. Nathaniel's. Nurse Wade was standing there, giving her report for the night when he entered. His face looked some inches shorter and broader than usual. His eyes beamed. His mouth was radiant.

"Well, you won't believe it, Dr. Cumberland," he began, "but——"

"Yes, I *do* believe it," I answered. "I know it. I have read it already."

"Read it!" he cried. "Where?"

I waved my hand towards his face. "In a special edition of the evening papers," I answered, smiling. "Daphne has accepted you!"

He sank into an easy chair, beside himself with rapture. "Yes, yes: that angel! thanks to jaw, she has accepted me!"

"Thanks to Miss Wade," I said, correcting him. "It is really all *her* doing. If *she* had not seen through the photograph to the face, and through the face to the woman and the base little heart of her, we might never have found her out."

He turned to Hilda, with eyes all gratitude. "You have given me the dearest and best girl on earth," he cried, seizing both her hands.

"And I have given Daphne a husband who will love and appreciate her," Hilda answered, flushing.

"You see," I said, maliciously: "I told you they never find us out, Holworthy!"

As for Reggie Nettlecraft and his wife, I should like to add that they are getting on quite as well as could be expected. Reggie has joined his Sissie on the music-hall stage: and all those who have witnessed his immensely popular performance of the Drunken Gentleman before the Bow Street Police Court acknowledge without reserve that, after "failing for everything," he has dropped at last into his true vocation. His impersonation of the part is said to be "nature itself." I see no reason to doubt it.

Two Railway Sensations.

I.—A GREAT RAILWAY RACE.

By JEREMY BROOME.

(Illustrations from photos. specially taken for *George Noyes, Ltd.*, by C. M. Hobart, Omaha, Nebraska.)



HIS is to do with the railway race that recently took place between Chicago and Omaha. Our photographer was on the spot. The result is shown in these pages, and the photographs are the only ones yet published, either in the United States or Great Britain, showing the actual trains in their fleet contest against time.

Now, there is rarely a race without a stake. In this case, the stake was a mail contract valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. For some time, it appears, this subsidy has been granted to two competing lines between Chicago and Omaha—the

San Francisco by thirteen hours, aroused anew the rivalry between the Burlington and North-Western, and it was understood that the contract would be awarded to the company which could show the fastest service for a week between Chicago and Omaha.

Behold, then, the opportunity for a genuine encounter between rival "fliers." For seven days, beginning with January 2nd of this year, the fast mail trains of each line rushed back and forth between the two points already named, often on time, sometimes ahead of time, and always without an accident to mar the success of the trips, and bring down upon the companies the retribution of an indignant public. The Press of two Continents



[From a]

THE BURLINGTON "FLYER" APPROACHING COUNCIL BLUFFS AT 73 MILES AN HOUR.

[Photo.

Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Chicago and North-Western, and the major portion has been given to the former company. A new arrangement, however, made by the postal authorities, aiming at the reduction of the time between New York and

watched the outcome with interest, and described, through its special reporters, the events of each journey; and the public, always on the alert for a race, did not fail to follow the movements of the mails with keen enjoyment. They cared little whether Uncle



From left

THE BURLINGTON DELIVERING THE MAILS TO THE UNION PACIFIC (ON LEFT)
AFTER THE RACE.

[Photo]

Sam's schedule between East and West was carried out. They cared only about the contest between the Burlington and North-Western.

The first real heat in this great contest took place during the night of January 2nd. At 8.28 o'clock p.m. the competing trains were awaiting in Chicago the arrival of the Lake Shore Express, carrying a huge cargo of mail, which had been dispatched from New York and Boston the previous night at 9.15 p.m. Promptly on time the mails arrived, and in forty-five minutes the bags were on the Burlington train, ready for the second stage of their journey to Omaha and the Far

West. At 9.30 the "flier" was due to start, and promptly on time she rolled out of the station on her westward run of 500 miles. A half-hour later the North-Western left Chicago, with 492 miles to be covered in the night.



[From left]

THE NORTH-WESTERN LEAVING CHICAGO TO START.

[Photo]

It was, indeed, a stirring contest, and the Press teemed with stories of the trips. Hot boxes figured prominently. The heroism and skill of the engineers were detailed at length. The onward rush in the darkness was described by vivid pens. A thousand and one trifling incidents were recorded to show that a railway race is one of the most thrilling of existing contests. At times the "fliers" nearly jumped the tracks in their impetuosity, and it was humorously hinted by the Press that in the thick of the struggle several Chicago reporters had lost their nerve. The excitement, in fact, was enough to stir the most phlegmatic, and the danger of a

mile record, including a record of a mile in 32sec. made in 1893, was broken on the trip, and the distance between Siding to Arion, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was covered in 1min. 20sec., or at the rate of 110 miles per hour. These exceptional records in themselves bespeak a night of excitement and constant danger.

When the Burlington train was approaching Council Bluffs, the mail transfer station near Omaha, she ran at a speed of seventy-three miles an hour, and it was at this moment that one of our photographs was taken. She arrived at Council Bluffs eight minutes ahead of schedule time, having made her 500 miles with twelve



FROM A.]

THE NORTH-WESTERN (LEADING IN A SNOW-STORM)

[Photo.

headlong flight in the darkness enough to daunt the strongest heart.

Thus the battle between giants took place, and several times the battle was drawn. Both trains, during the first night, ran at various times at a speed of eighty miles an hour, while the lowest rate of speed was 49.5 miles an hour. On the Burlington the best time was made between Chicago and Burlington, where several stretches were covered at the rate of ninety miles an hour. On a straight level track of fifteen miles between Arion and Arcadia, Iowa, the North-Western left the mile-posts behind at the rate of one every 35sec. Every fast-

stops in 10hrs. 7min. The North-Western "flier" arrived in a snow-storm seventeen minutes ahead of schedule time, having covered 492 miles, with eighteen stops, in 9hrs. 58min. The trains had a head wind all the way. The honours of the night were slightly with the North-Western.

At Council Bluffs a scene of excitement ensued. The men at the station rushed to and fro preparing to shift the mails from one train to the other with the least possible loss of time. Haste was imperative, else the struggle against time, which the "fliers" had made, would have gone for naught. As we may see in our illustration, the Union Pacific

*From a*

THE BURLINGTON AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNION PACIFIC WITH THE EAST-BOUND MAIL.

(Photo

train on the left drew up alongside of the Burlington cars, so that the doors of the mail cars were side by side. Amid excitement the bags were tossed from one car to the other. In a few minutes the Burlington fast mail was empty, the Union Pacific was disappearing in the West, and the great

locomotive which had made its noteworthy run in the night stood alone, ready for its well-earned rest in the "round-house."

The contests between Omaha and Chicago, with the East-bound mails taken from the Union Pacific, were likewise full of interest, and on this page we show two photographs

*From a*

THE BURLINGTON OFF ON ITS 900-MILE BACK TO CHICAGO

(Photo

representing the Burlington train a few moments before it started, and as it was when Council Bluffs had been left behind. The public interest in the Eastward race had been fired by a remarkable preliminary canter taken by the Burlington on January 2nd. Owing to delays in the West, the mails were 1hr. 20min. late at Council Bluffs, yet the whole distance between that place and Chicago—500·2 miles,—excluding stops, was made in 523½min.

The last 206 miles were covered in 213min., or 200min. of actual running time. It was a remarkable trip, and notwithstanding the delay at the start, the train arrived punctually on time. The officials, it is reported, were satisfied with having made the fastest time on record between the two cities, and the contract for which the race was so keenly fought is now understood to remain with this well-known company.

II.—A RAILWAY SMASH TO ORDER.

[The photographs which illustrate this article were taken by Mr. Fred. A. Westland, of Denver, Colorado, under extraordinary difficulties, and in one instance, at least, at the risk of his life.]



RAILWAY collision as a public spectacle! The idea could have occurred to no human being but an enterprising Yankee showman, with an eye to business of the most colossal kind. A train-wrecking scene, pre-arranged, and witnessed by forty thousand people, is a notion which beats Barnum on his own ground. Yet such a "show" is an accomplished fact. The collision, which was between two powerful railway locomotives, took place some time ago near Denver, Colorado.

The instigators of the scheme were a number of "free silver" agitators, who represented the majority of the residents in the Western States. They were intrusted with the duty of raising funds to defray expenses.

A suitable site was selected and inclosed with fencing, solid and high enough to prevent the "show" from being witnessed by

anyone not paying an entrance fee of fifty cents.

The engines were of great power, and, though not new, were by no means obsolete. A track somewhat over a mile in length was laid in the centre of the arena. On the day of the great event the engines were decorated with flags and bunting. In our first picture we see the two mighty foes face to face; the engine-drivers are receiving their instructions, and are duly photographed, together with some of the officials and promoters of the scheme.

It was decided that one of the engines should be called "Bill McKinley," the other "Mark Hanna." Now, there is a deal of humour in the selection of these names. For the namesakes of these doomed monsters were the two great statesmen whose political policy the "free silver" organizers of the smash were engaged in fighting.

The opposing engines, standing in the



position shown in the illustration, saluted each other with their whistles. Then each was backed half a mile from the mid-way spot at which they were to meet in the colossal crash.

At a given signal the drivers again turned on the whistles, threw open the throttles, and jumped for their lives.

Away went "Bill McKinley" and "Mark Hanna"—slowly at first, but with ever-gathering speed. Puffing, snorting, their whistles screaming like two fiends in fury, the terrific monsters bore down upon each other. There came a crash, a sound like thunder, the sharp crackling of steel rods and iron plates, the fierce hiss of steam, and clouds of smoke that hung above the ruins like a funeral pall—and the "show" was at an end.

It was a scene that will never be forgotten by the forty thousand silent and awe-struck witnesses, many of whom were

The "crash" was voted perfect, however, except by the spectators on the side nearest to the unexpected meeting-place, who at the moment were seeking shelter in flight. Indeed, the spectacle of twenty thousand souls rushing to safety was in itself an appalling one.

It is marvellous to record, however, that no one was seriously hurt. Our plucky photographer was not more than a hundred feet from the very place where these monsters met, yet he had sufficient nerve to open the shutter as though he were snapping a mere honeymoon couple on their wedding day. The result of his extraordinary courage under such exceptional circumstances is shown in our second photograph, which probably beats the record of anything of the kind which has ever been attempted. To give an instance of the risk incurred, we may recall



From a)

THE CRASH.

[Photo.

heard to say that on no account would they ever consent to witness such a sight again. The fact is that the show turned out to be by no means so free from danger as the spectators anticipated. It happened that the "Bill McKinley" was much the better engine of the two, and, starting earlier than his opponent, upset the careful calculations made as to the exact spot where the collision should take place. The faster engine reached a speed of forty miles per hour to the other's twenty-five or thirty. The consequence was that the engines, instead of meeting in the open space left clear of spectators for the purpose, collided at a point round which a great crowd was assembled, and only a panic-stricken stampede prevented a terrible disaster.

the fact that, on another occasion, when a somewhat similar "performance" took place, the photographer received injuries from which he was never expected to recover. An iron bolt two inches long struck him and embedded itself in the left eye. The patient, we are glad to add, escaped with his life.

On inspection of the first picture it will be observed that in the "cab" of the "Mark Hanna" is seated what appears to be the fireman or stoker at his post. Indeed, he sat there throughout the fatal ride, and was not even seen to tremble. The trembling was all on the spectators' side. He died as he had lived, a mere dummy of rags and straw.

Our third photograph, taken about twenty minutes after the crash, shows the excited



[From N.]

BELLICONTEN.

[Photo]

mass of humanity who have made the wreck their own. They were photographed in the act of removing every portable particle of the *débris* as mementos of such a sight as they would probably never witness again. Even the bells, which weighed more than 100 lb. apiece, were carried away while still warm.

The last photograph, taken the day after the occurrence, shows what destruction can be accomplished in a fraction of a second, and the danger to which the drivers of engines are exposed by the telescoping of the cab and tender. The two rods projecting from the front of the locomotive on the right were each fastened to a pilot, the object being to pierce the antagonist's boiler. At the crash they were both driven into one boiler, with the result that the other boiler

had only the open whistle to exhaust the steam.

It will be noticed in the first illustration that the locomotives are twins, except in the style of funnels with which they are equipped, and a few minor points. In the second photograph they appear to be hugging each other; but a few moments after having been photographed, the locomotives settled down to the earth, and curiously enough at some distance from each other. The sun had disappeared some minutes before the collision actually took place, and the process of photographing became, therefore, a matter of great difficulty.

Everybody was satisfied, however—even the collision promoters, who had a balance over expenses of about ten thousand dollars, or in plain £ s. d., something over £2,000!



[From N.]

THE DAY AFTER.

[Photo]



A GENTLE CUSTOM.

BY ARTHUR L. DURRANT.

Author of "Yussuf," "The Hidden Harmony," etc.

HAR, stranger, if you care to look over thar you'll see a small specimen of what this country can do in the mountain line," said Rube Waydon, in a casual sort of way, as he turned to his companion and waved his hand indifferently towards the horizon on his left.

Ralph Westwood did care to look, and the sight almost took away his breath. Not that he had much to spare just then, however, for he had been toiling for some time up the steep side of the Pink Mushroom, the name given locally to one of the lesser peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

The view of the two travellers had been hitherto confined by the sloping walls of rock between which Forked Lightning Pass zig-zagged its way over the mountain to Pioneer City, a rapidly-growing town of some thousands of inhabitants.

Ralph Westwood, it should be said, was on a visit to a friend of his father's, a Mr. Marland, who possessed a large estate on the outskirts of Pioneer City. Rube Waydon was Mr. Marland's overseer, and had met Ralph at East Peaksville on the other side of the range, in order to conduct him on foot to Pioneer. As Ralph had missed that morning's coach a day would be thus saved.

"You see it?" queried Rube, pointing to a far-distant summit, that rose like a pyramid of purple shadow above the vaporous clouds encircling the rest of the mountains.

"I do, and a glorious sight it is, too," replied Ralph, fervently.

"Well," continued Rube, with a somewhat patronizing air, "that peak is one of the 'Three Goblins,' end it's fourteen thousand feet high if it's an inch. End thar's a river running down the slope we're on now that is calc'lated to make you sit up. Yes, sirc, that river mayn't be much to brag about in regard to width, but it scoops the pool every time in the matter of depth. That river, sir, is only fifty feet wide, but its depth is a quarter of a mile!" The words came very slowly, in order to allow the stranger to fully grasp the significance of the figures. "And I may add thet the water slides between those rocks so swiftly as to *boil*, sir! Yes, sir, *boil*!"

"Ah!" was all Ralph could gasp.

"Thet's so," resumed Rube, warming to his work; "thet current is no slouch. You might heave a matter of half a ton of rock into thet stream, sir, end it wouldn't have time to sink till it struck the valley two miles down. You'd see it floating on the surface all the time. But I warn you, stranger, against heaving rocks into thet river when there's any person around, because it kinder got to be a popular amusement awhile back, end the rocks accumulated in the valley and nearly choked up the channel. End if you're caught at it now you're taxed a hundred dollars towards fishing out some of those rocks."

Rube paused to take breath, and glanced

at Ralph to note the effect of his fluent oratory. "I guess you can't enumerate many rivers like that in Great Britain, eh, stranger?" he concluded, unctuously.

"You are right," answered Ralph; "we can't boast of anything to equal that." The look of amazement on his face seemed to satisfy even Rube, and for the next few minutes the mighty wonders of Nature escaped further advertisement.

Presently, however, when he thought Ralph had somewhat recovered from his previous attack, he again opened fire.

"In about ten minutes, stranger, you'll see something that'll prop up your eyelids. Just before we get on the straight track for Pioneer there's a bit of a drop clear down to the river—two thousand four hundred feet. Nothing out of the ordinary, that, of course," he added, apologetically, "but the peculiarity is that it's a sheer drop, without the sign of a crack or crevice from top to bottom of the rock face on either side. It's called 'Blue Beard's Gallows.'"

"What on earth for?" asked Ralph, whose curiosity was fully aroused by the startling title.

"Well, of course, you've heard of Blue Beard?"

"Not since I left the nursery—that is, only in the pantomimes," interjected Ralph.

"Not heard of Blue Beard!" cried Rube, incredulously. "Why," he went on, compassionately, "you haven't begun to live yet. Blue Beard, sir, is the all-firedest, dog gondest road-agent in this eternal continent. That's Blue Beard's kind of man."

"What, a highwayman? But why 'Blue Beard'?"

"He calls himself Road-Agent, and he was christened Blue Beard when he was dipped in a vat of blue dye. Maybe I'll tell you that tale later. Anyhow, he operates around these parts."

"Nowadays?" questioned Ralph. "Surely not?"

"Right now," said Rube, decisively. "Once or twice a year he waits down by the road in the valley, just where we shall strike it. Hope he won't annex your traps when they're being conveyed around to-morrow, because that's his scheme. He runs a matter of five or six assistants. Say the coach from East Peakville or Morningmist City comes waltzing gaily along, and the whole universe peering right down saturated with peace and harmony. Then, from the centre of nowhere come a couple of little streaks of light, and pop! pop! end the

leaders subside gracefully in their tracks. Then half-a-dozen gentlemen saunter up and the decorated one draws, 'Your chips, pard,' quite pleasant like. End they hand them over pretty sly, you may gamble on that. You see, they know that if they don't it'll be checks instead of chips they'll hand over."

"That means——" commenced Ralph, inquiringly.

"That if they don't pass out their valuables, they take a little journey over the ridge."

"Over the ridge? Where to? Whatever are you driving at?" exclaimed Ralph, mystified and perhaps a little irritated by Rube's highly symbolical language.

"Well, stranger," returned Rube, leisurely, "don't kick your boots off. You haven't learnt the American language yet. You only know English, which is a trifle too antique for practical use in this country. Translated into your effete tongue, what I said meant that if the passengers don't accede to Blue Beard's polite request for their cash, they—die," and Rube screwed the corners of his mouth up in a significant manner, adding shortly the word "variously."

"Variously?" repeated Ralph. "I suppose you mean they have a choice of routes 'over the ridge'?"

"He has the choice," corrected Rube; "they don't have much to say in the matter."

"This Blue Beard fellow must be a unique specimen of a road-agent," smilingly remarked Ralph.

"Well, yes," responded Rube, with great gusto. "He *is* a thought masterful in his ways. He's an ingenious cuss, too, and what's more, he's got a considerable amount of humour in his indigo skull."

"Ah," said Ralph, "in what way?"

Rube settled into a steady stride, and was evidently in the mood to spin a yarn.

"Two winters ago, when Blue Beard held up the 'Bonaventure' coach, one of the passengers showed fight. Of course, it was simply throwing away his hand—Blue Beard took care of that. Well, by his orders that fool passenger was hitched on the tail of a long rope, and histed over Blue Beard's Gallows, which is how it came by its name."

"If you've a lively imagination, stranger, you may have a slight idea of how that passenger felt, dangling around over a sheer drop of two thousand four hundred feet, with short notice to quit, and a nice, soft bed of spiky crags waiting for him at the edge of the river. Likewise of his feelings when Blue Beard and his pet lambkins strolled round

to the other side and started taking pot-shots at the rope a couple of feet above that fool passenger's head. End he looking at them all the while, mind. Now, wasn't he a fool?

"They do say," he continued, with evident relish, "that Blue Beard's crew couldn't have been very brilliant with their artillery, because they fired forty-nine shots before they cut the rope. End they do say, too, that at the twenty-second shot that fool passenger burst out laughing, end simply howled with laughter till the finish of the show. Stark, staring crazy, I reckon," Rube concluded, laconically.

"What a monster!" ejaculated Ralph.

"Myes, he might answer to that description. But the idea so tickled his monster-ship that it's got to be a regular custom with him now. And the hangees, I'm told, always start laughing before the thirtieth shot. Sorter cotton to the humour of the thing. Oh, he's humorsome, is B. B. He's a daisy, he is."

"Got to be a custom!" cried Ralph; "why, in the name of all that is civilized, don't they stop him at the game?"

"Huh!" replied Rube, contemptuously, "why don't you stop this little breeze that's playing around now? Its game would likelier be easier to stop than Blue Beard's."

They had now arrived at the edge of Blue Beard's Gallows, and further conversation on the subject of the eccentric robber's iniquities was cut short by Rube's asking Ralph whether he would like to look down.

"I should, indeed," said Ralph, eagerly, "but how? It looks to me as if the rock slopes down towards the edge."

"We'll soon fix that," answered Rube. "We'll join hands end lay ourselves flat on the rock so that you can hike your head over, and look all you want to—that is, if your head isn't loose."

"Oh, I think it is screwed on fairly tight," responded Ralph, smilingly.

Without further ado they threw themselves down and clasped hands, Ralph near the edge and Rube with one foot planted against a slight projection. By dint of a little wriggling, Ralph soon managed to reach the extremity of the little slope and look over into the depths below. It was well that Ralph's head was not loose, for the sight beneath him made his every nerve tingle.

That side of the cañon where Ralph lay was curved inwards from its summit, and there was in consequence absolutely nothing between his eyes and the rocks and river. And the latter were so far below him that the rocks, huge as they must have been, looked like mere pebbles, and the swiftly flowing river like a silver ribbon fringed with floss silk where the water dashed



"THE SIGHT BENEATH HIS HEAD FERTY NERVE TINGLE."

itself into foam against the boulders lining the channel on either side.

Ralph was fascinated by the spectacle. Forgetting the peril of his position, he began to squirm himself nearer still to the edge in the endeavour to obtain a better view.

"Hold on, stranger, we'll go down by the usual track this trip," suddenly exclaimed Rube, and Ralph found the grip on his hand tighten like a vice.

"Come on, stranger," Rube continued; "I guess you've had enough of this show for one performance." And with that he hauled on Ralph's hand so vigorously, that, whether he would or not, he was obliged to comply with his guide's command.

"Well, now," queried Rube, with a self-satisfied air, "it's a dainty little gallows, eh?"

"Dainty!" echoed Ralph; "it's grand, it's sublime! But—gallows—ugh! I had forgotten Blue Beard. I don't wonder at his wretched victims going mad."

Resuming the track, they settled down into a steady pace, and in less than an hour Ralph was taking tea with Mr. Marland and his daughter, and was chatting away with them as easily and familiarly as if he had known them for years. Rube was also one of the party, for he was thought so much of by all, that he was considered one of the family.

That meal was an exceedingly pleasant one for Ralph. Not only was a most hearty welcome extended to him by his host, but what was even more gratifying to the Englishman, his host's daughter was evidently graciously disposed towards him.

Lurly Marland, the young lady in question, was the delightful product of all that is best in the influences which mould the character of the American woman. In her, the school and society culture of the East and the mountain and prairie freshness of the West were blended in the happiest proportions. Her real name, Lurling, was given to her by her father, for she was only a few days old when her mother died. That was nearly fourteen years before he had to leave his banking business in New York to go West in search of health. But "Lurline" was, of course, an impossible name in Pioneer City, and so everyone called her "Lurly."

Lurly's charms of person and manner seemed to incite the Englishman to make the most of his conversational powers, which were of no mean order. Indeed, Rube, for one, would have been sorry to dispute the fact, for before the meal was over he found to his chagrin that Ralph was far from being

gulled by the absurdly exaggerated descriptions with which he had been bombarded on the way from East Peakville. The wily fellow, in fact, having read up a recently published account of the State, possessed more technical knowledge of the locality than Rube himself. And some of Ralph's comments on that worthy's ideas of measurement and on his tale of Blue Beard created so much amusement that Rube heartily regretted his eagerness to take a rise out of the visitor.

Lurly in particular railed at Rube right merrily for allowing himself to be, as she quaintly put it, "rendered microscopical" by a mere Britisher.

The next morning, as they were finishing breakfast, Mr. Marland announced his intention of riding to West Point, a small township some distance away, and gave Ralph the option of either accompanying him or staying behind and making himself acquainted with the immediate neighbourhood.

Ralph glanced at Lurly. She was regarding him with a demure smile. The idea of inducing her to become his guide settled the question.

"Well, there's a good deal that's pleasant hertabouts," remarked Mr. Marland, as he said "good-bye." Ralph acquiesced, perhaps a little too emphatically. Anyhow, as Lurly leaned towards her father to kiss him, she shot a mischievous glance over his shoulder at Ralph which considerably perturbed that young man's equanimity.

As Mr. Marland and Rube reached the door, however, the former turned back, and drawing a small package from his pocket, handed it to Lurly, saying:—

"See, Lurly, I guess I will leave these notes with you. They are the eight thousand dollars I had from New York this morning. I don't want to carry them around with me all day."

"Right, Popper," replied Lurly, as she took the notes. "I daresay," she went on, turning to Ralph, "you would like to explore with Rube?" There was an exasperating twinkle in her eyes, and Ralph saw it. He was completely nonplussed, and could only stutter:—

"Er—I shouldn't like to interfere with Rube's duties, you know. I thought—I would infinitely rather—"

"Oh," laughed Lurly, "why didn't you say so? We don't experimentalize much in thought-reading here—we speak out."

Ralph recovered himself. "I beg your pardon," he said, with feigned humility, "may I have the pleasure of—"

"No, I think I will sit this one out," she interrupted, mockingly. "Come, now," she continued, laughingly, "we are not running a dancing academy. Yes, I will come with you. But I've lots to do, and can only spare you—say, half an hour."

Ralph's face fell.

"But," she resumed, quietly, "if you like to amuse yourself about the place for an hour or two, I might," she hesitated, and then said, cooly, "find that I could postpone the rest of my duties—till to-morrow."

Ralph brightened up wonderfully. "Thank you," he cried, gratefully; "I won't hinder you any more. I will be back in an hour's time."

When he reached the door, however, he could not refrain from glancing round at Lurly's retreating figure, and in doing so he blundered against the door-post, nearly flying headlong to the ground. He was muttering objurgations on his stupidity when he ran plump into the arms of Rube.

"Ah," said Rube, calmly, "I guessed you wouldn't have gone very far. What do you say to a look around?"

"I should like it," replied Ralph, "so long as I can get back soon."

"Oh," returned Rube, "I guess it won't take long to show you what I want to," and they started off up the road to which Rube had, the day before, alluded as the coach track.

They had gone, perhaps, a mile, when they heard a slight scuffling behind them, and a gruff voice growl peremptorily:—

"Hands up, pards!"

Ralph and Rube sprang round simultaneously to find themselves gazing into the muzzles of five revolvers levelled point-blank at their heads. And behind the revolvers were five as bloodthirsty-looking ruffians as ever the Farthest West could show in its wildest days of turbulence and anarchy.

But the aspect of one of the men surpassed that of all the rest by its ferocious grotesqueness. His whole head—face, beard, and all—was *blue*, a deep, coarse, unmistakable blue!

Rube's veracity was vindicated. Here was Blue Beard himself, with a vengeance.

Ralph was bewildered. "Up with your hands, you fool!" ejaculated Rube, whose hands were already high above his head. Ralph mechanically obeyed.

"Go over 'em," said Blue Beard to two of his band; and in less than a minute the contents of the pockets of the two victims were handed to him.

A muttered curse broke from him, and he turned savagely on his prisoners.

"What's them notes old man Marland pouched this morning?"

"Got them on him," answered Rube, sullenly.

"You lie! We've just been through him."

"What, killed him?" cried Ralph, horrified beyond measure.

"Killed him!" returned Blue Beard, mincingly, "no, we ain't killed him! He knows his Bible—skinned out right smart and told us all we asked ex politely ex a boarding-school miss. So we let him flit. Said he'd conveyed them notes to you two to hold," and he turned to Rube threateningly.

"He didn't give them to me," said Rube, hurriedly.

The vision of Lurly's laughing face rose before Ralph's eyes. "He gave them to me," he said, boldly, "and I've hidden them where you won't find them."

Blue Beard made no reply to Ralph, but turned on his heel to the rest of the gang, saying, quietly:—

"I guess we'll have a little gun practice this forenoon."

Gun practice! Rube's tale of the gallows came back to Ralph with a shock. Better, a thousand times better, sudden death than that. With one bound he sprang on Blue Beard, struck him a terrific blow between the eyes, and, as he was falling, snatched his revolver from his hand. Quick as Ralph was, however, the other four had recovered from their astonishment at the sudden onslaught and were upon him. Before he could use his weapon it was torn from his grasp, and, despite his frantic struggles, he was soon overpowered, bound, and gagged.

By this time, Blue Beard had picked himself up and was tenderly caressing his bruised forehead and swelling eyes. He grunted a word or two, and Ralph was, for some reason he could not divine, blindfolded.

Exhausted by his exertions, and daunted with rage and apprehension, Ralph was dragged to the foot of the pass. Every now and then, in the hope that his captors might be exasperated into shooting him, he threw himself on the ground and offered as much obstruction to his warders as he could. It was in vain. They were evidently determined to make Ralph pay the full penalty of his fruitless resistance.

They began to ascend the pass. Up and ever up, struggling and stumbling, they forced their unhappy prisoner. At last they stopped: they had reached the spot where the dread sentence would be carried out.

Up to this time Ralph's consciousness had

been almost entirely concentrated on the contest with his foes. Now he began to realize his fate. Less than an hour ago he was with his newly found, bright-eyed little friend—with Lurly—she was laughing at him merrily . . . now, death, hideous, terrible, grinned in his face. As the rope was being knotted under his arms, he thought also of his parents, his friends, England, of numberless things. Suddenly, like a blow, came in gruff, vindictive tones:—

"Sling him over!"

The rope was jerked up, nearly tearing his arms off; someone gave him a push, and he was swinging in mid-air. He could feel a cold sweat gathering on his forehead. He heard as in a dream a muttering of voices footsteps receding from the cliffs above him. Then . . . silence.

He was not so much afraid now. He had shown these brutal Yankees that he was an Englishman. His love of life, intense though it was, had not induced him for an instant to think of betraying his trust. There was comfort in that. But now a horrible thought darted through his mind. Suppose he went mad, as the others had done, and divulged his secret in his ravings! That thought was the supremest torture. He would, he *must*, for Lurly's sake, keep cool. Thank God, the ruffians had forgotten to remove the bandage from his eyes. That gave him a better chance. He would fix his mind on the mental picture of Lurly's face. He would not—

Crack!

A thrill flashed through him like an electric shock. The end had begun.

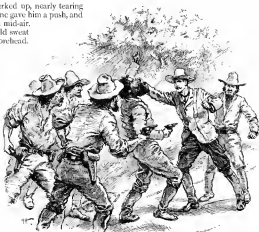
Crack! Crack! Crack!

He could hear the bullets pattering against the rock at his back. The rope was sawing his chest in two. His brain was getting fiery hot. God! he *must* keep calm. All he prayed for now was a true shot. The

breeze swayed him to and fro. He cursed it with all the bitterness of his heart as he cursed his tormentors for not shooting straight. His brain was catching fire—he fancied that he could see his will slipping and sliding away from him, and he tried to clutch it with both hands—but they were bound to his sides. It was all useless, he was going mad—mad!

Tch-k-k!

Ab! at last. A bullet had cut half



"WITH A BOUND HE SPRANG ON BLUE BEARD."

through the rope. The remaining strands parted with a crackle. A strange, momentary feeling of gratitude that the end had come in time, and then, as consciousness flickered out, Ralph felt himself falling—falling—

The subdued hum of a million bees, the drowsy murmur of little waves lipping a shallow shore, and many curious and unknown sounds, muffled by vast distances, greeted Ralph back to life.

He opened his eyes. He was lying on his back, and he must be in Heaven, for the first thing he saw was—Lurly's face! No, it could not be Heaven, for her features were clouded with wrath, and she was rating, in most unmeasured terms, several men whom Ralph now discerned to be standing round,



"YOU ARE A PACK OF COWARDLY RUFFIANS."

"You are a pack of cowardly ruffians; and as for you, Rube Waydon—yon, who, I thought, did possess some of the instincts of a gentleman—you are a low-down skunk!"

"There's no harm done, Miss Lurly," replied Rube, penitently. "We shouldn't have carried it so far, only look what he did for Lake," and Rube nodded towards one of the bystanders.

Ralph had, in the meantime, fully returned to his senses. He found that he was no longer bound or gagged, nor were his eyes bandaged. He could see that he was lying in the path, while on an overhanging ledge some ten feet above him dangled a yard of rope with the end frayed. He had fallen twelve or fourteen inches. The whole thing was a practical joke!

At Rube's words, Ralph turned and glanced at the individual indicated. It was the erstwhile Blue Beard, but a sorrier looking road-agent was sorely never seen. Ralph's blow had been a most effective one. Lake's eyes were hardly visible, and there was a huge swelling on his forehead. The blue on his face was partly smeared off, and the bruise showed purple through what remained. As he stood hanging his head dejectedly, he looked such a pitiable object that the indignant Lurly was somewhat mollified by the sight.

"Go home, scarecrow!" she cried, "and put your head in a plaster. It's a great pity you weren't all served alike."

Turning to Ralph she continued, but in a very different tone, "Do you feel nicer now?

Do you think you can walk home—with me?" she added, archly.

Ralph looked his feelings, and started to his feet. "A trifle stiff," he said, "that is all, I think. I was a perfect idiot to be taken in so easily."

"Well," broke in Rube, "you might have known you were being hazed. For example, look at Lake's face and then at your knuckles. Dye, I guess, can't be wiped off so. That's one reason why we wound that bandanna round your head. Another was——" Lurly made a little gesture of impatience. "Anyhow," resumed Rube, taking the hint, "I do admire your grit. You ought'er been an American. It was darned rough on you, I allow. Will you shake?" and he held out his hand to Ralph.

It was a very handsome apology for a native of the States to make, and Ralph knew it. He grasped Rube's hand and shook it warmly. "We shall be the better friends for it," he cried.

"You bet!" was the hearty response.

"Now clear," said Lurly, waving them off. "I want to walk with a gentleman," and the discomfited band trooped back to tasks more useful, if less congenial, than the one they had just been engaged upon.

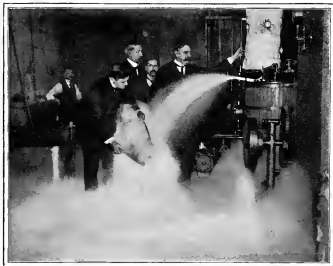
And Ralph Westwood has since declared that, though the ordeal through which he had passed was indeed a terrible one, he would cheerfully undergo it a dozen times over for another such walk as that which followed it. Only, he might add, there is now no need.

Liquid Air.

A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL AND ICE AND GUNPOWDER, AT NEXT TO NO COST.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Illustrated from Photographs taken expressly for this Article.



MR. TRIPLER ALLOWING THE LIQUID AIR TO FLOW FROM THE LIQUEFIER.

On striking the warm outer atmosphere, part of the liquid air instantly vaporizes, and flows out upon the floor in thick, billowy clouds.



HARLES E. TRIPLER, of New York, reduces the air of his laboratory to a clear, sparkling liquid that boils on ice, freezes pure alcohol, and burns steel like tissue paper. And yet Mr. Tripler dips up this astounding liquid in an old tin saucepan and pours it about like so much water. Although fluid, it is not wet to the touch, but it burns like a white-hot iron, and when exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it vanishes in a cold, grey vapour, leaving only a bit of white frost.

All this is wonderful enough, but it is by no means the most wonderful of the inventor's achievements. I saw Mr. Tripler

admit a quart or more of the liquid air into a small engine. A few seconds later the piston began to pump vigorously, driving the fly-wheel as if under a heavy head of steam. The liquid air had not been forced into the engine under pressure, and there was no perceptible heat under the boiler; indeed, the tube which passed for a boiler was soon shaggy with white frost. Yet the little engine stood there in the middle of the room running apparently without motive power, making no noise and giving out no heat or smoke, and producing no ashes. And that is something that can be seen nowhere else in the world—it is a new and almost inconceivable marvel.

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"If I can make little engines run by this power, why not big ones?" asks Mr. Tripler. "And if I can produce liquid air practically without cost—and I will show you that I really can—why shouldn't we be able soon to do entirely away with coal and wood and all other fuel?"

"And run entirely with air?"

"Yes, with liquid air in place of the water now used in steam boilers, and the ordinary heat of the air instead of the coal under the boilers. Air is the cheapest material in the world, but we have only begun learning how to use it. We know little about compressed air, but almost nothing about utilizing the heat of the air. For centuries men have been digging their source of heat out of the earth at enormous expense, and then wasting 90 per cent. of it in burning. Coal is only the sun's energy stored up. What I do is to use the sun's energy direct.

"It is really one of the simplest things in the world," Mr. Tripler continues, "when you understand it. In the case of a steam engine, you have water and coal. You must take heat enough out of the coal and put it into the water to change the water into a gas—that is, steam. The expansion of this gas produces power. And the water will not give off any steam until it has reached the boiling point of 212deg. Fahrenheit.

"Now, steam bears the same relation to water that air bears to liquid air. Air is a liquid at 312deg. below zero—a degree of cold that we can hardly imagine. If you raise it above 312deg. below zero it boils, just as water boils above 212deg. Now, then, we live at a temperature averaging, say, 70deg. above zero—about the present temperature of this room. In other words, we are 382deg. warmer than liquid air. Therefore, compared with the cold of liquid air, we are living in a burning fiery furnace. A race of people who could live at 312deg. below zero would shrivel up as quickly in this room as we should if we were shut up in a baking-oven. Now, then, you have liquid air—a liquid at 312deg. below zero. You expose it to the heat of this furnace in which we live, and it boils instantly, and throws off a vapour which expands and produces power. That's simple, isn't it?"

It did seem simple; and you remembered, not without awe, that Mr. Tripler was the first man who ever ran an engine with liquid air, as he was also the first to invent a machine for making liquid air in quantities, a machine which has, by the way, been

passed as original by the Patent Office in Washington. But these two achievements, extraordinary as they are, form merely the basis for more surprising experiments.

MANNER AND COST OF PRODUCING LIQUID AIR.

It is easy enough, after obtaining a supply of liquid air, to run an engine with it; but where is there any practical advantage in using steam power to make liquid air and then using the liquid air for running engines? Why not use steam power direct, as at present?

Mr. Tripler always anticipates this question after explaining his engine—which is still running smoothly before our eyes.

"You have seen how I run this engine with liquid air," he says. "Now, if I can produce power by using liquid air in my engine, why not use that power for producing more liquid air? A liquid-air engine, if powerful enough, will compress the air and produce the cold in my liquefying machine exactly as well as a steam engine. Isn't that plain?"

You look at the speaker hard and a bit suspiciously. "Then you propose making liquid air with liquid air?"

"I not only propose doing it, but this machine actually does it."

"You pour liquid air into your engine, and take more liquid air out of your liquefier?"

"Yes; it is merely an application of the power produced by my liquid-air engine."

This all but takes your breath away. "That is perpetual motion," you object.

"No," says Mr. Tripler, sharply, "no perpetual motion about it. The heat of the atmosphere is boiling the liquid air in my engine and producing power just exactly as the heat of coal boils water and drives off steam. I simply use another form of heat. I get my power from the heat of the sun; so does every other producer of power. Coal, as I said before, is only a form of the sun's energy stored up. The perpetual motion crank tries to utilize the attraction of gravitation, not the heat of the sun."

Then Mr. Tripler continues, more slowly: "But I go even further than that. If I could produce only two gallons of liquid air from my liquefying machine for every two gallons I put into my engine, I should gain nothing at all; I should only be performing a curious experiment that would have no practical value. But I actually find that I can produce, for every two gallons of liquid air that I pour into my engine, a larger

quantity of liquid air from my liquefier. This seems absolutely unbelievable, and it is hard to explain; you will understand it better after I show you exactly my process of making liquid air. Briefly, the liquefaction of air is caused by intense cold, not by compression, although compression is a part of the process. After once having produced this cold, I do not need so much pressure on the air which I am forcing into the liquefying machine. Indeed, so great does the cold actually become that the external air, rushing in under ordinary atmospheric pressure to fill the vacuum caused by liquefaction, itself becomes liquefied. That is, my liquefying machine will keep on producing as much liquid air as ever, while it takes very much less liquid air to keep the compressor engine going. This difference I save. It is hard to understand just how this comes about, for you must remember that we are dealing with intensely low temperatures—an unfamiliar domain, the influences and effects of which are not yet well understood—and not with pressures.

"I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air in my liquefier by the use of about three gallons in my engine. There is, therefore, a surplusage of seven gallons that has cost me nothing, and which I can use elsewhere as power."

"And there is no limit to this production; you can keep on producing this surplusage indefinitely?"

"I think so. I have not yet finished my experiments, you understand, and I don't want to claim too much. I believe I have

discovered a great principle in science, and I believe I can make practical machinery do what my experimental machine will do."

What if Mr. Tripler can build a successful "surplusage machine"? It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal-bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smoke-stacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her! Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or fireman, or without need of water,

tanks or coal-chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aerial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage batteries, no coal—but I will take up these possibilities later. If one would practise his imagination on high flights, let him ruminate



CHARLES L. TRIPLER

on the question, "What will the world be when power costs nothing?"

It is not until you begin to speculate upon the changes that such a machine as Mr. Tripler's, if successful, will work, that you begin to doubt and waver and feel the total improbability of it all. The announcement fairly shocks the hearer out of his hammock, and turns his well-regulated world all topsy-turvy. And yet it is not difficult to remember what people said when Morse sent words by telegraph from Washington

to Baltimore, and when Bell spoke miles over a copper wire.

"We have just begun discovering things about the world," says Mr. Tripler.

Then he begins at the beginning of liquid air, and builds up his wonders step by step until they have almost assumed the familiar garb of present-day realities.

PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS TO LIQUEFY AIR.

Until twenty years ago, scientists thought that air was a permanent gas—that it never would be anything but a gas. They had tried compressing it under thousands of pounds of pressure to the square inch; they had tried heating it in reverberatory furnaces and cooling it to the greatest known depths of chemical cold; but it remained air—a gas. But, one day in 1877, Raoul Pictet submitted oxygen gas to enormous pressure combined with intense cold. The result was a few precious drops of a clear, bluish liquid that bubbled violently for a few seconds and then passed away in a cold, white mist. M. Pictet had proved that oxygen was not really a permanent gas, but merely the vapour of a mineral, as steam is the vapour of ice. Fifteen years later, Olzewski, a Pole, of Warsaw, succeeded in liquefying nitrogen, the other constituent of air. About the same time Professor Dewar, exploring independently in the region of the North Pole of temperature, not only liquefied oxygen and nitrogen, but produced liquid air in some quantity, and then actually froze it into a mushy ice—air ice. The first ounce that he made cost more than \$3,000. A little later he reduced the cost to \$500 a pint, and the whole scientific world rang with the achievement. Yesterday, in Mr. Tripler's laboratory, I saw five gallons of liquid air poured out like so much water. It was made at the rate of fifty gallons a day, and it cost, perhaps twenty cents a gallon.

Not long ago Mr. Tripler performed some of his experiments before a meeting of distinguished scientists at the University of the City of New York. It so happened that among those present was M. Pictet, the same who first liquefied oxygen. When he saw the prodigal way in which Mr. Tripler poured out the precious liquid, he rose solemnly, extended his arm across the table, and shook Mr. Tripler's hand. "It is a grand exhibition," he exclaimed, in French; "the grandest exhibition I ever have seen."

The principle involved in air liquefaction is exceedingly simple, although its application has sorely puzzled more than one wise man. When a gas is compressed, it gives out its

heat. Anyone who has inflated a bicycle tyre has felt the pump grow warm under his hand. When the pressure is removed and the gas expands, it must take back from somewhere the heat which it gave out. That is, it must produce cold.

Professor Dewar applied this simple principle in all his experiments. He compressed nitrous oxide gas and ethylene gas, and by expanding them suddenly in a specially constructed apparatus, he produced a degree of cold which liquefied air almost instantly. But nitrous oxide and ethylene are exceedingly expensive and dangerous, and the product that Professor Dewar drew off was worth more than its weight in gold; indeed, he could hardly afford enough of it for his experiments.

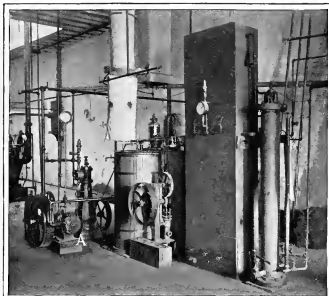
At the earliest announcement of the liquefaction of air, Mr. Tripler had seen with the quick imagination of the inventor its tremendous possibilities as a power-generator, and he began his experiments immediately. That was eight years ago. After futile attempts to utilize various gases for the production of the necessary cold, it suddenly occurred to him that air also was a gas. Why not produce cold with it?

"The idea was so foolishly simple that I could hardly bring myself to try it," he said; "but I finally fitted up an apparatus, turned on my air, and drew it out a liquid."

And thus Mr. Tripler makes liquid air with compressed air.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE ACTUAL MAKING.

Mr. Tripler's work-room has more the appearance of a machine shop than a laboratory. It is large and airy, and is filled with the litter of the busy inventor. The huge steam boiler and compressor engine in one end of the room strike one at first as oddly disproportionate in size to the other machinery. Apparently there is nothing for all this power—it is a fifty-horse-power plant—to work upon; it is hard to realize that the engine is drawing its raw material from the very room in which we are walking and breathing. Indeed, the apparatus by which the air is actually liquefied is nothing but a felt-and-canvas-covered tube about as large around as a small barrel and perhaps fifteen feet high. The lower end is set the height of a man's shoulders above the floor, and there is a little spout below from which, upon opening a frosty valve, the liquid air may be seen bursting out through a cloud of icy mist. I asked the old engineer who has been with Mr. Tripler for years what was inside of this mysterious swathed tube.



VACUUM PUMP, COMPRESSOR, AND LIQUEFIER USED BY MR. TRIPLER FOR MAKING LIQUID AIR BY THE USE OF LIQUID AIR. About three gallons of liquid air, used in the engine, will produce ten gallons of liquid air from the liquefier, a surplusage of seven gallons, produced without expense. A is the vacuum engine; the cylinder next on the right is the condenser, and the tall box with the steel cylinder next to it contains the liquefying apparatus. The canvas-covered pipe above the condenser is the liquefier used when steam power furnishes the means of compression.

"It's full of pipes," he said.

I asked Mr. Tripler the same question.

"Pipes," was his answer; "pipes and coils with specially constructed valves for the air to go in, and pipes and coils for it to go out—that's all there is to it."

So I investigated the pipes. Two sets led back to the compressor engine, and Mr. Tripler explained that they both carried air under a pressure of about 2,500lb. to the square inch. The heat caused by the compression had been removed by passing the pipes through coolers filled with running water, so that the air entered the liquefier at a temperature of about 50deg. Fahrenheit.

"The first of these pipes contains the air to be liquefied," explained Mr. Tripler; "the other carries the air which is to do the liquefying. By turning this valve at the bottom of the apparatus, I allow the air

to escape through a small hole in the second pipe. It rushes out over the first pipe, expanding rapidly and taking up heat. You see, the liquefier is so tall that it acts as a chimney, and the icy-cold air is drawn up to the top, following the first pipe all the way and greedily extracting its heat. This process continues until such a degree of cold prevails in the first pipe that the air is liquefied and drips down into a receptacle at the bottom. Then all I have to do is to turn a valve, and the liquid air pours out, ready for use."

Mr. Tripler says that it takes only ten or fifteen minutes to get liquid air after the compressor engine begins to run. Sometimes the cold air in the liquefier becomes so intense that the liquid air actually freezes hard, stopping the pipes. Mr. Tripler has never tried, but he says he believes he could get



LIQUID AIR BOILING IN A BLOCK OF ICE.

Compared with liquid air, the temperature of which is 32deg. below zero, ice at 32deg. F. is as hot as a furnace, and it produces the same effect on liquid air that a hot fire would on water. The tea-kettle is covered with white frost, moisture condensed from the atmosphere.

a degree of cold in his liquefier sufficient to reduce hydrogen gas to liquid form.

This very simple process has given rise to some curious questions on which future scientists may work at their pleasure.

"I've been puzzling myself a good deal," said Mr. Tripler, "over the question as to what becomes of all the heat that I take out of the air in the process of liquefaction. The air goes in at a temperature of this room, say, 70deg. Fahrenheit. At liquefaction it is 32deg. below zero. It has lost 382deg. of heat in fifteen minutes, and you would expect that the air which rises from the top of my apparatus would be red hot; but it isn't, it's cold. Now, where did all that heat go? A little of it, I know, becomes electricity, because the liquid air is always more or less charged when it comes out, but that only accounts for a small part of the whole."

And then Mr. Tripler, who has the true speculative imagination of the scientist, which so often thrills the layman with its sudden reaches into the deep things of Nature, asked suddenly: "Where does heat go to, anyway? Did you ever think of that? Every transfer of energy tends to lower temperature. Every time that heat, for instance, is transferred into electricity, every time that electricity is transferred into heat, there is a loss—a leakage. Scientists used to think that there could be no real loss of energy—

that it was all conserved, although changed in form. They have given up that theory, at least so far as this earth is concerned. We are gradually cooling off, and some time the cold will be so great that the air will all fall in liquid drops like rain and freeze into a quartz-like mineral. Then the hydrogen gas will liquefy and freeze; then helium gas, and the world will be nothing but a dead, inert block of mineral, without a vestige of the vibrations which cause heat. Now, where does all this heat go?

"And when you come to think of it," Mr. Tripler continued, "we're a good deal nearer the cold end of the thermometer than we are to the hot end. I suppose that once we had a temperature equal to that of the sun, say 10,000deg. Fahrenheit. We have fallen to an average of about 60deg. in this latitude: that is, we have lost 9,940deg. We don't yet know just how cold the absolute cold really is—the final cold, the cold of interstellar space—but Professor Dewar thinks it is about 451deg. below zero, Fahrenheit. If it is, we have only a matter of 52deg. yet to lose, which is small compared with 9,940. Still, I don't think we have any cause to worry; it may take a few billion years for the world to reach absolute cold."

Mr. Tripler handles his liquid air with a freedom that is awe-inspiring. He uses a battered saucepan in which to draw it out of the liquefier, and he keeps it in a double iron can, not unlike an ice-cream freezer, covering the top with a wad of coarse felting to keep out as much heat as possible. "You can handle liquid air with perfect safety," he said; "you can do almost anything with it that you can with water, except to shut it up tight."

This is not at all surprising when one remembers that a single cubic foot of liquid air contains 800 cubic feet of air at ordinary pressure—a whole bedroom full reduced

to the space of a large pail. Its desire to expand, therefore, is something quite irrepressible. But so long as it is left open, it simmers contentedly for hours, finally disappearing whence it came.

Mr. Tripler showed me a Dewar bulb—an odd glass apparatus invented by Professor Dewar—in which liquid air in small quantities can be kept safely for some time. It consists of two vessels of glass, one within the other, having a high vacuum between the walls and joined in a common neck at the top. The vacuum prevents the passage of heat, so that the evaporation of the liquid air in the inner tube is reduced to a minimum. The neck of the bulb is, of course, left open to the air, although the cold, heavy mist of evaporation acts somewhat as a stopper. Mr. Tripler has sent liquid air in open cans to Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. "But it is my belief," says he, "that there will be little need of transporting it; it can be made quickly and cheaply anywhere on earth."

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF LIQUID AIR.

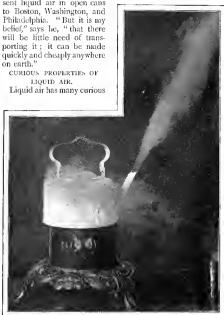
Liquid air has many curious

properties. It is nearly as heavy as water, and quite as clear and limpid, although, when seen in the open air, it is always muffled in the dense white mist of evaporation that wells up over the edge of the receptacle in which it stands, and rolls out along the floor in beautiful billowy clouds. (See the illustration on the first page of this article.) No other substance in the world, unless it be liquid hydrogen, is as cold as liquid air, and yet Mr. Tripler dips his hand into it fearlessly, taking care, however, to remove it instantly. A few drops retained on a man's hand will sear the flesh like a white-hot iron; and yet it does not burn—it merely kills. For this reason it is admirably adapted to surgical uses where cauterization is necessary: it will eat out diseased flesh

much more quickly and safely than caustic potash or nitric acid, and it can be controlled absolutely. Indeed, Mr. Tripler has actually furnished a well-known New York physician with enough to sear out a cancer and entirely cure a difficult case. And it is cheaper than any cauterizing chemical in use.

It is difficult to conceive of the cold of liquid air. Mr. Tripler performs a number of striking experiments to illustrate its low temperature. He partially fills a tin tea-kettle with it and sets it on a cake of ice, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page, where the air at once begins to boil violently, throwing off a fierce white vapour. The temperature of the ice is about 32deg. Fahrenheit, while the temperature of the liquid air is 312deg. below zero. In other words, ice is 344deg. warmer than liquid air; consequently it makes the air boil.

Mr. Tripler set the tea-kettle over a hot gas-flame, but it boiled only a shade more vigorously than it did on the ice, and a thick sheet of frost actually formed on the bottom



LIQUID AIR OVER ICE.

Liquid air is so cold that, when placed over a hot gas-flame, frost not only coats the entire receptacle in which it is contained, but a thick sheet of frost gathers on the bottom directly over the flame.

of the kettle where the flame played most fiercely.

Alcohol freezes at so low a temperature—202deg. below zero—that it is used in thermometers to register all degrees of cold.

But it will not measure the fearful cold of liquid air. I saw a cup of liquid air poured into a tumbler partly filled with alcohol. Mr. Tripler stirred it up with a glass rod. It boiled violently for a few minutes, and then it thickened up suddenly until it looked like sugar syrup; then it froze solid, and Mr. Tripler held it up in a long steaming icicle. Mercury is frozen until it is as hard as granite. Mr. Tripler made a little paste-board box the shape of a hammer-head, filled it with mercury, suspended a rod in it for a handle, and then placed it in a pan of liquid air.

In a few minutes it was frozen so solid that it could be used for driving nails into a hardwood block. What would the scientists of twenty-five years ago have said if anyone had predicted the use of a mercury hammer for driving nails?

Liquid air freezes other metals just as thoroughly as it freezes mercury. Iron and steel become as brittle as glass. A tin cup which has been filled with liquid air for a few minutes will, if dropped, shatter into a hundred little fragments like thin glass. Copper, gold, and all precious metals, on the other hand, are made more pliable, so that even a thick piece can be bent readily between the fingers.

I saw an egg boiled—or frozen—in

liquid air. It came out so hard that a sharp blow of a hammer was required to crack it, and the inside of it had the peculiar crystalline appearance of quartz—a kind of mineral egg.

"The time is certainly coming," says Mr. Tripler, "when every great packing-house, every market, every hospital, every hotel, and many private houses will have plants for making liquid air. The machinery is not expensive, it can be set up in a tenth part of the space occupied by an ammonia ice-machine, and its product can be easily handled and placed where it is most needed. Ten years from now hotel guests will call for cool rooms in summer with as much certainty of getting them as they now call for warm rooms in winter.

"And think of what unspeakable value the liquid air will be in hospitals. In the first place it is absolutely pure air; in the second place the proportion of oxygen is very large, so that it is vitalizing air. Why, it will not be necessary for the tired-out man of the future to make his usual summer trip to the mountains. He can have his ozone and his cool heights served to him in his room. Cold is always a disinfectant; some disease germs, like yellow fever, it kills outright. Think of the value of a 'cold ward' in an hospital, where the air could be kept absolutely fresh, and where nurses and friends could visit the patient without fear of infection."

Suppose, also, as Mr. Tripler does, that every war-ship could have a liquid



AN ICICLE OF FROZEN ALCOHOL.

An alcohol thermometer is supposed to measure all degrees of cold, but liquid air freezes alcohol in a few seconds to a hard lump of ice.



DRIVING A NAIL WITH A HAMMER HANDLE OF MERCURY FROZEN BY LIQUID AIR.

air plant. It would not only operate the ship's propellers, but it would be absolutely invaluable in cooling off the guns after firing, in saving the lives of the sailors in the sweltering sick bay, and, indeed, in firing the cannon.

Air is composed of twenty-two parts of oxygen and seventy-eight of nitrogen. Oxygen liquefies at 300deg. below zero, and nitrogen at 320deg. Consequently, when in the form of liquid air, nitrogen evaporates the more rapidly. This difference is shown by Mr. Tripler by pouring a quantity of the liquid air into a large glass vessel, partly filled with water. For a moment it floats, boiling with great violence, liquid air being slightly lighter than water. When, however, the nitrogen has all boiled away, the liquid oxygen, being heavier than water, sinks in beautiful, silvery bubbles which boil violently until they disappear. A few drops of liquid air thrown into water will instantly freeze for themselves little boats of ice, which sail around merrily until the liquid air boils away.

In this way liquid air left exposed becomes stronger in proportion of oxygen—and oxygen in such a concentrated form is a very wonderful substance. For instance, ordinary woollen felt can hardly be persuaded to burn even in a hot fire, but if it is dipped in this concentrated oxygen, or even in liquid air, and lighted, it will explode and burn with all the terrible violence of gun-cotton. Indeed, liquid air will burn steel itself. Mr. Tripler demonstrates this most strikingly by making a tumbler of ice, and filling it half full of liquid oxygen. Then he fastens a burning match to a bit of steel spring and dips it into the liquid air, where the steel

burns exactly like a greasy bit of pork rind—spattering, and giving out a glare of dazzling brilliancy, as may be seen in the following illustration.

The property of liquid oxygen to promote rapid combustion will make it invaluable, Mr. Tripler thinks, for use as an explosive. A bit of oily waste, soaked in liquid air, was placed inside of a small iron tube, open at both ends. This was laid inside of a larger and stronger pipe, also open at both ends. When

the waste was ignited by a fuse, the explosion was so terrific that it not only blew the smaller tube to pieces, but it burst a great hole in the outer tube. Mr. Tripler thinks that by the proper mixture of liquid air with cotton, wool, glycerine, or any other hydrocarbon, an explosive of enormous power could be made. And unlike dynamite or nitro-glycerine, it could be handled like so much sand, there being not the slightest danger of explosion from concussion, although, of course, it must be kept away from fire. It will take many careful experiments to ascertain the best method for making this new explosive, but think of the reward for its successful application! The expense of heavy ammunition and its difficult transportation and storage



LIQUID AIR IN WATER.

Liquid air is slightly lighter than water. When a small quantity of it is poured into a tall flask of water, it floats for a few seconds; and then the nitrogen boils away, leaving the liquid oxygen, which, being slightly heavier than water, sinks in big silvery bubbles.

would be entirely done away with. No more would war-ships be loaded down with cumbersome explosives, and no more could there be terrible powder explosions on ship-board, because the ammunition could be made for the guns as it was needed, a liquid-air plant on ship-board furnishing all the necessary materials. But all other uses of liquid air fade into insignificance when compared with its utilization as power for running machinery, of which I have already spoken.

"My greatest object is the production of a power-giving substance," says Mr. Tripler; "if you can get cheap power, all other problems are solved."

And that is why Mr. Tripler has spent so much time on the little engine in his labora-

tory which runs by liquid air. The reasons for the supremacy of this strange liquid over steam are exceedingly simple. In the first place, liquid air has about a hundred times the expansive power of steam. In the second place, it begins to produce power the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere. In making steam, water has first to be raised to a temperature of 212deg. Fahrenheit. That is, if the water as it enters the boiler has a temperature of 50deg., 162deg. of heat must be put into it before it will yield a single pound of pressure. After that every additional degree of heat produces one pound of pressure, whereas every degree of heat applied to liquid air gives twenty pounds of pressure.

"Liquid air can be applied to any engine," says Mr. Tripler, "and used as easily and as safely as steam. You need no large boiler, no water, no coal, and you have no waste. The heat of the atmosphere, as I have said before, does all the work of expansion."

The advantages of compactness and the ease with which liquid air can be made to

produce power at once suggested its use in all kinds of motor vehicles, and a firm in Philadelphia is now making extensive experiments looking to its use. A satisfactory application will do away with the present huge, misshapen, machinery-laden automo-

biles, and make possible small, light, and inexpensive motors.

Mr. Tripler believes firmly that liquid air makes aerial navigation a distinct probability. The great problem in the past has been the immense weight of the steam or electrical machinery necessary to operate the air screws. With liquid air no heat of any kind save that of the sun would be required; the boiler could be made of light tubing, and much of the other machinery of aluminum, so that the weight would be scarcely noticeable.

Much has yet to be done before liquid air

becomes the revolutionizing power which Mr. Tripler prophesies. This much is certain: A machine has been built which will make liquid air in large quantities at small expense, and an engine has been successfully run by liquid air. Beyond these two actual accomplishments, Mr. Tripler has yet to perfect his machinery for producing liquid air without expense. When this is accomplished, liquid air must certainly take its place as the foremost source of the world's power-supply.



HEATING STEEL IN AN ICE TUBES OR PARTLY FILLED WITH LIQUID AIR. A point of interest in this experiment is the contrast in temperatures; steel is burning at 3,500deg. F. in an ice receptacle containing liquid air at 310deg. below zero.

MR. BRISHER'S TREASURE



BY
H. G. WELLS.

YOU can't be *too* careful *when* you marry," said Mr. Brisher, and pulled thoughtfully with a fat-wristed hand at the lank moustache that hides his want of chin.

"That's why——" I ventured.

"Yes," said Mr. Brisher, with a solemn light in his bleary, blue-grey eyes, moving his head expressively and breathing intimately at me. "There's lots as 'ave 'ad a try at me—many as I could name in *this* town—but none 'ave done it—none."

I surveyed the flushed countenance, the equatorial expansion, the masterly carelessness of his attire, and heaved a sigh to think that by reason of the unworthiness of women he must needs be the last of his race.

"I was a smart young chap when I was younger," said Mr. Brisher. "I 'ad my work cut out. But I was very careful—very. And I got through . . ."

He leant over the taproom table and thought visibly on the subject of my trustworthiness. I was relieved at last by his confidence.

"I was engaged once," he said at last, with a reminiscent eye on the shu-a'peany board.

"So near as that?"

He looked at me. "So near as that. Fact is——" He looked about him, brought his face close to mine, lowered his voice, and fensed off an unsympathetic world with a grimy hand. "If she ain't dead or married to someone else or anything - I'm engaged still. Now." He confirmed this statement with nods and facial contortions. "*Still*," he said, ending the pantomime, and broke into a reckless smile at my surprise. "*Me!*"

"Run away," he explained further, with coruscating eyebrows. "Come 'ome."

"That ain't all."

"You'd 'ardly believe it," he said, "but I found a treasure. Found a regular treasure."

I fancied this was irony, and did not, perhaps, greet it with proper surprise. "Yes," he said, "I found a treasure. And come 'ouse. I tell you I could surprise you with things that has happened to me." And for some time he was content to repeat that he had found a treasure—and left it.

I made no vulgar clamour for a story, but I became attentive to Mr. Brisher's bodily needs, and presently I led him back to the deserted lady.

"She was a nice girl," he said—a little sadly, I thought. "*And* respectable."

He raised his eyebrows and tightened his

mouth to express extreme respectability—beyond the likes of us elderly men.

"It was a long way from 'ere. Essex, in fact. Near Colchester. It was when I was up in London—in the buiklin' trade. I was a smart young chap then, I can tell you. Slim. 'Ad best clo'es 's good as anybody. 'At—*silk* 'at, mind you." Mr. Brisher's hand shot above his head towards the infinite to indicate a silk hat of the highest. "Umbrella—nice umbrella with a 'orn handle. Savin's. Very careful I was. . . ."

He was pensive for a little while, thinking, as we must all come to think sooner or later, of the vanished brightness of youth. But he refrained, as one may do in taprooms, from the obvious moral.

"I got to know 'er through a chap what was engaged to 'er sister. She was stopping in London for a bit with a nautnt that 'ad a 'um an' beef shop. This aunt was very particular—they was all very particular people, all 'er people was—and wouldn't let 'er sister go out with this feller except 'er other sister, *my* girl that is, went with them. So 'e brought me into it, sort of to ease the crowding. We used to go walks in Battersea Park of a Sunday afternoon. Me in my topper, and 'im in 'is; and the girls—well—stylish. There wasn't many in Battersea Park 'ad the lurf of us. She wasn't what you'd call pretty, but a nicer girl I never met. I liked 'er from the start, and, well—though I say it who shouldn't—she liked me. You know 'ow it is, I dessay?"

I pretended I did.

"And when this chap married 'er sister—'im and me was great friends—what must 'e do but ast me down to Colchester, close by where She lived. Naturally I was introjuced to 'er people, and well, very soon, her and me was engaged."

He repeated "engaged."

"She lived at 'ome with 'er father and mother, quite the lady, in a very nice little 'ouse with a garden—and remarkable respectable people they was. Rich you might call 'em a'most. They owned their own 'ouse—got it out of the Building Society, and cheap because the chap who had it before was a bunglar and in prison—and they 'ad a bit of free'old land, and some cottages and money 'invested—all nice and tight: they was what you'd call snug and warm. I tell you, I was On. Furniture too. Why! They 'ad a pianer. Jane 'er name was Jane—used to play it Sundays, and very nice she played too. There wasn't 'ardly a 'im toon in the book she *couldn't* play. . . .

"Many's the evenin' we've met and sung 'ims there, me and 'er and the family.

"'Er father was quite a leadin' man in chapel. You should ha' seen him Sundays, interruptin' the minister and givin' out 'ims. He had gold spectacles, I remember, and used to look over 'em at you while he sang hearty—he was always great on singing 'arty to the Lord—and when *he* got out o' toon 'arf the people went after 'im—always. 'E was that sort of man. And to walk be'ind 'im in 'is nice black clo'es—is 'at was a brimmer—made one regular proud to be engaged to such a father-in-law. And when the summer came I went down there and stopped a fortnight.

"Now, you know there was a sort of litch," said Mr. Brisher. "We wanted to marry, me and Jane did, and got things settled. But 'E said I 'ad to get a proper position first. Consequently there was a litch. Consequently, when I went down there, I was anxious to show that I was a good useful sort of chap like. Show I could do pretty nearly everything like. See?"

I made a sympathetic noise.

"And down at the bottom of their garden was a bit of wild part like. So I says to 'im, 'Why don't you 'ave a rockery 'ere?' I says. 'It 'ud look nice.'

"Too much expense," he says.

"Not a penny," says I. "I'm a dab at rockeries. Lemme make you one." You see, I'd 'elped my brother make a rockery in the beer garden be'ind 'is tap, so I knew 'ow to do it to rights. 'Lemme make you one,' I says. 'It's 'olidays, but I'm that sort of chap, I 'ate doing nothing,' I says. 'I'll make you one to rights.' And the long and the short of it was, he said I might.

"And that's 'ow I come on the treasure."

"What treasure?" I asked.

"Why!" said Mr. Brisher, "the treasure I'm telling you about, what's the reason why I never married."

"What! a treasure—dog up?"

"Yes—buried wealth—treasure trove. Come out of the ground. What I kept on saying—regular treasure. . . ." He looked at me with unusual disrespect.

"It wasn't more than a foot deep, not the top of it," he said. "I'd 'ardly got thirsty like, before I come on the corner."

"Go on," I said. "I didn't understand."

"Why! Directly I 'it the box I knew it was treasure. A sort of instinct told me. Something seemed to shout inside of me. 'Now's your chance—lie low.' It's lucky I knew the laws of treasure trove or I'd 'ave

been shoutin' there and then. I daresay you know——?"

"Crown bags it," I said, "all but one per cent. Go on. It's a shame. What did you do?"

"Uncovered the top of the box. There wasn't anybody in the garden or about like Jane was 'elping 'er mother do the 'ouse. I was excited—I tell you. I tried the lock and then gave a whack at the hinges. Open it came. Silver coins—full! Shining. It made me tremble to see 'em. And jest then—I'm blessed if the dustman didn't come round the back of the 'ouse. It pretty nearly gave me 'art disease to think

so to speak, was laughing on its own account till I had it hid. I tell you I was regular scared like at my luck. I jest thought that it 'ad to be kep' close and that was all. 'Treasure,' I kep' whisperin' to myself, 'Treasure' and 'undreds of pounds, 'undreds, 'undreds of pounds.' Whispering to myself like, and digging like blazes. It seemed to me the box was regular sticking out and showing, like your legs do under the sheets in bed, and I went and put all the earth I'd got out of my 'ole for the rockery slap on top of it. I rear in a sweat. And in the midst of it all out toddles 'er father. He didn't say anything to me, jest stood



"IT PRETTY NEARLY GAVE ME 'ART DISEASE."

what a fool I was to 'ave that money showing. And directly after I 'eard the chap next door—'e was 'olidaying too—I 'eard him watering 'is beans. If only 'e'd looked over the fence!"

"What did you do?"

"Kicked the lid on again and covered it up like a shot, and went on digging about a yard away from it—like mad. And my face,

behind me and stared, but Jane tole me afterwards when he went indoors, 'e says, 'That there jackanapes of yours, Jane'—he always called me a jackanapes some'ow—'knows 'ow to put 'is back into it after all.' Seemed quite impressed by it, 'e did."

"How long was the box?" I asked, suddenly.

"Ow long?" said Mr. Brisher.

"Yes—in length?"

"Oh! 'bout so—by so." Mr. Brisher indicated a moderate-sized trunk.

"*Fell?*" said I.

"Full up of silver coins—arf-crowns, I believe."

"Why!" I cried, "that would mean hundreds of pounds."

"Thousands," said Mr. Brisher, in a sort of sad calm. "I calculated it out."

"But how did they get there?"

"All I know is what I found. What I thought at the time was this. The chap who's owned the 'ouse before 'er father 'd been a regular slap-up burglar. What you'd call a 'igh-class criminal. Used to drive 'is trap like Peace did." Mr. Brisher meditated on the difficulties of narration and embarked on a complicated parenthesis. "I don't know if I told you it 'd been a burglar's 'ouse before it was my girl's father's, and I knew 'e'd robbed a mail train once, I did know that. It seemed to me——"

"That's very likely," I said.

"But what did you do?"

"Sweated," said Mr. Brisher.

"Regular run off me. All that morning," said Mr. Brisher.

"I was at it, pretending to make that rockery and wondering what I should do. I'd 'ave told 'er father p'raps, only I was doubtful of 'is honesty—I was afraid he might rob me of it like, and give it up to the authorities—and besides, considering I was marrying into the family, I thought it would be nicer like if it came through me. Put me on a better footing, so to speak. Well, I 'ad three days before me left of my 'olidays, so there wasn't no hurry, so I covered it up and

went on digging, and tried to puzzle out 'ow I was to make sure of it. Only I couldn't."

"I thought," said Mr. Brisher, "and I thought. Once I got regular doubtful whether I'd seen it or not, and went down to it and 'ad it uncovered again, just as her ma came out to 'ang up a bit of washin' she'd done. Jumps again! Afterwards I was just thinking I'd 'ave another go at it, when Jane comes to tell me dinner was ready. 'You'll want it,' she said, 'seeing all the 'ole you've dug.'"

"I was in a regular daze all dinner, wondering whether that chap next door wasn't

over the fence and filling 'is pockets. But in the afternoon I got easier in my mind—it seemed to me it must 'ave been there so long it was pretty sure to stop a bit longer—and I tried to get up a bit of a discussion to dror out the old man and see what 'e thought of treasure trove."

Mr. Brisher paused, and affected amusement at the memory.

"The old man was a scorcher," he said; "a regular scorcher."

"What!" said I; "did he——?"

"It was like this," explained Mr. Brisher, laying a friendly hand on my arm and breathing into my face to calm me. "Just to dror

'im out, I told a story of a chap I said I knew—pretendin', you know—who'd found a sopping in a nowercoat 'e'd borrowed. I said 'e stuck to it, but I said I wasn't sure whether that was right or not. And then the old man began. Lor! 'e *did* let me 'ave it!" Mr. Brisher affected an insincere amusement. "E was, well—— what you might call a rare 'and at snacks. Said that was the sort of friend 'e'd naturally expect me to 'ave.



"'E DID LET ME 'AVE IT."

Said 'e'd naturally expect that from the friend of a out-of-work loafer who took up with daughters who didn't belong to 'im. There! I couldn't tell you 'arf 'e said. 'E went on most outrageous. I stood up to 'im about it, just to dror 'im out. 'Wouldn't you stick to a arf-sov, 'or if you found it in the street?' I says. 'Certainly not,' 'e says; 'certainly I wouldn't.' 'What! not if you found it as a sort of treasure?' 'Young man,' 'e says, 'there's 'er 'thority than mine—Render unto Caesar—what is it? Yes. Well, he fetched up that. A rare 'and at 'itting you over the 'ed with the Bible, was the old man. And so he went on. 'E got to such Snacks about me at last I couldn't stand it. I'd promised Jane not to answer 'im back, but it got a bit too thick. I—I give it 'im . . ."

Mr. Brisher, by means of enigmatical face-work, tried to make me think he had had the best of that argument, but I knew better.

"I went out in a 'aff at last. But not before I was pretty sare I 'ad to lift that treasure by myself. The only thing that kep' me up was thinking 'ow I'd take it out of 'im when I 'ad the cash . . ."

There was a lengthy pause.

"Now, you'd 'ardly believe it, but all them three days I never 'ad a chance at the blessed treasure, never got out not even a 'arf-crown. There was always a Somethink—always.

"'Stonishing thing it isn't thought of more," said Mr. Brisher. "Finding treasure's no great shakes. It's gettin' it. I don't suppose I slep' a wink any of those nights, thinking where I was to take it, what I was to do with it, 'ow I was to explain it. It made me regular ill. And days I was that dull, it made Jane regular 'uffy. 'You ain't the same chap you was in London,' she says, several times. I tried to lay it on 'er father and 'is Snacks, but bless you, she knew better. What must she 'ave but that I'd got another girl on my mind! Said I wasn't True. Well, we had a bit of a row. But I was that set on the Treasure, I didn't seem to mind a bit Anything she said.

"Well, at last I got a sort of plan. I was always a bit good at planning, though carrying out isn't so much in my line. I thought it all out and settled on a plan. First, I was going to take all my pockets full of these 'ere 'arf-crowns—see?—and afterwards—as I shall tell.

"Well, I got to that state I couldn't think of getting at the Treasure again in the daytime, so I waited until the night before I had to go, and then, when everything was still, up I gets and slips down to the back

door, meaning to get my pockets full. What must I do in the scullery but fall over a pail? Up gets 'er father with a gun—'e was a light sleeper was 'er father, and very suspicious—and there was me: 'ad to explain I'd come down to the pump for a drink because my water-bottle was bad. 'E didn't let me off a Snack or two over that bit, you lay a bob."

"And you mean to say—" I began.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Brisher. "I say, I'd made my plan. That put the kybosh on one bit, but it didn't 'urt the general scheme not a bit. I went and I finished that rockery next day, as though there wasn't a Snack in the world; cemented over the stones, I did, dabbed it green and everythink. I put a dab of green just to show where the box was. They all came and looked at it, and said 'ow nice it was—even 'e was a bit softer like to see it, and all he said was, 'It's a pity you can't always work like that, then you might get something definite to do,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says—I couldn't 'elp it—'I put a lot in that rockery,' I says, like that. See? 'I put a lot in that rockery'—meaning—"

"I see," said I—for Mr. Brisher is apt to over-elaborate his jokes.

"'E didn't," said Mr. Brisher. "Not then, anyhow.

"Ar'ever—after all that was over, off I set for London. . . . Orf I set for London. . . ."

Pause.

"On'y I wasn't going to no London," said Mr. Brisher, with sudden animation, and thrusting his face into mine. "No fear! What do yow think?

"I didn't go no further than Colchester—not a yard.

"I'd left the spade just where I could find it. I'd got everything planned and right. I 'ired a little trap in Colchester, and pretended I wanted to go to Ipswich and stop the night, and come back next day, and the chap I 'ired it from made me leave two soverings on it right away, and off I set.

"I didn't go to no Ipswich neither.

"Midnight the 'orse and trap was 'itched by the little road that ran by the cottage where 'e lived—not sixty yards off, it wasn't—and I was at it like a good 'un. It was jest the night for such games—overcast—but a trifle too 'ot, and all round the sky there was summer lightning and presently a thunderstorm. Down it came. First big drops in a sort of fizzle, then 'ail. I kep' on.

I whacked at it—I didn't dream the old man would 'ear. I didn't even trouble to go quiet with the spade, and the thunder and lightning and 'ail seemed to excite me like. I shouldn't wonder if I was singing. I got so 'ard at it I clean forgot the thunder and the 'orse and trap. I precious soon got the box showing, and started to lift it . . ."

"Heavy?" I said.

"I couldn't no more lift it than fly. I was sick. I'd never thought of that! I got regular wild—I tell you, I cursed. I got sort of outrageous. I didn't think of dividing it like for the minute, and even then I couldn't 'ave took money about loose in a trap. I hoisted one end sort of wild like, and over the whole show went with a

think what I was doing. I never stopped—not even to fill my pockets. I went over the fence like a shot, and ran like one o'clock for the trap, cussing and swearing as I went. I was in a state. . . .

"And will you believe me, when I got to the place where I'd left the 'orse and trap, they'd gone. Orf! When I saw that I 'asn't a cuss left for it. I jest danced on the grass, and when I'd danced enough I started off to London. I was done."

Mr. Brisher was pensive for an interval. "I was done," he repeated, very bitterly.

"Well?" I said.

"That's all," said Mr. Brisher.

"You didn't go back?"

"No fear. I'd 'ad enough of *that* blooming



"THERE WAS THE OLD MAN COMING DOWN THE GARDEN."

tremenjous noise. Perfect smash of silver. And then right on the heels of that, Flash! Lightning like the day! and there was the back door open and the old man coming down the garden with 'is blooming old gun. He wasn't not a 'undred yards away!

"I tell you I was that upset—I didn't

treasure, any'ow for a bit. Besides, I didn't know what was done to chaps who tried to collar a treasure trove. I started off for London there and then. . . ."

"And you never went back?"

"Never."

"Bat about Jane? Did you write?"

"Three times, fishing like. And no answer. We'd parted in a bit of a 'uff on account of 'er being jealous. So that I couldn't make out for certain what it meant.

"I didn't know what to do. I didn't even know whether the old man knew it was me. I sort of kep' an eye open on papers to see when he'd give up that treasure to the Crown, as I hadn't a doubt 'e would considering 'ow respectable 'e'd always been."

"And did he?"

Mr. Brisher pursed his mouth and moved his head slowly from side to side. "Not 'im," he said.

"Jane was a nice girl," he said, "a thorough nice girl mind you, if jealous, and there's no knowing I mightn't 'ave gone back to 'er after a bit. I thought if he didn't give

up the treasure I might 'ave a sort of 'old on 'im . . . Well, one day I looks as usual under Colchester—and there I saw 'is name. What for d'y'er think?"

I could not guess.

Mr. Brisher's voice sank to a whisper, and once more he spoke behind his hand. His manner was suddenly suffused with a positive joy. "Issuing counterfeit coins," he said. "Counterfeit coins!"

"You don't mean to say——?"

"Yes—It. Bad. Quite a long case they made of it. But they got 'im, though he dodged tremenjous. Traced 'is 'aving passed, oh!—nearly a dozen bad 'arf-crowns."

"And you didn't——?"

"No fear. And it didn't do 'im much good to say it was treasure trove."



From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

L.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THERE is a general impression that Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership in 1894 was directly and absolutely due to Mr. Gladstone's nomination. The fact is the appointment was made on the personal initiative of the Queen. The selection of the Prime Minister remains, even in these democratic days, the absolute prerogative of the Sovereign. But the prerogative is not now enforced in antagonism to the obvious drift of popular feeling.

The last time it was exercised in anything approaching autocratic manner happened sixty-five years ago, when William IV. was King. When Lord Althorpe (of whom we had in the House of Commons a singularly close replica in the person of Lord Hartington) went to the House of Lords it became necessary to appoint a successor to the leadership in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell seemed inevitable. But it was known that the King did not like him, distrusting the Radical element he represented. Lord Melbourne cheerily undertook to put the matter through. He drove down to Brighton, where the King was staying, suggested the appointment, and was dumfounded by the reply. The King commanded him to give up the seals of office, and intrusted to his care, on the return journey to London, a letter commanding the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry.

THE BED-CHAMBER WOMEN.

In the second year of the Queen's reign a procedure only less arbitrary took place in connection with the Premiership. Lord Melbourne, defeated on the Jamaica Bill, resigned. The Queen, like her uncle, turned to the Duke of Wellington, who recommended Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert insisted as a condition of his undertaking the Government that the Whig Ladies-in-Waiting, who

surrounded the Queen, should be dismissed. Her Majesty resented this dictation, with the result that Lord Melbourne came back with foredoomed endeavour to carry on an impossible Government.

On the eve of the twentieth in 1880, century neither King nor Queen would think of pitting preference for Bedchamber women against the claims to the Premiership of a popular statesman. That the tendency to enforce the prerogative in spite of popular feeling is nevertheless ineradicable in the Royal breast was testified so recently as 1880. The General Election had been won for the Liberals by the magic of one name, the tireless energy, the bound-



LORD ALTHORPE (AFTER H.M.E.).



WILLIAM IV. (AFTER H.M.E.).

less genius of one man. Lord Beaconsfield overthrown, Mr. Gladstone was inevitable. But the Queen did not disguise her hankering after another. She sent for Lord Hartington, and invited him to form a Ministry. He pointed out the impossibility of ignoring Mr. Gladstone's claims, but,

loyally yielding to pressure, went back to town and spent a day in endeavour to meet the Queen's wishes. The result was to confirm him in his earliest conviction.

Even then Her Majesty, with womanly persistence, fought against the inevitable. Lord Granville was sent for, and the command to form a Ministry transferred to him. He, like Lord Hartington, pleading the hopelessness of such endeavour, Mr. Gladstone was reluctantly summoned, and an interval that had filled the political world with marvel and disquiet happily closed.

WHAT FOURTEEN years later Her Majesty MIGHT HAVE BEEN. was more fortunate in finding her preference for Lord Rosebery coincide not only with popular opinion, but with the personal predilections of the retiring Minister. A year or two before he withdrew from the Parliamentary stage, Mr. Gladstone publicly nominated Lord Rosebery as his successor. To that circumstance is attributable the impression, which still obtains, that it was Mr. Gladstone who selected Lord Rosebery. It was well known in the Cabinet of 1894 that what proved to be a crown of thorns was placed on Lord Rosebery's head by the Queen's own hands. Another arrangement privately talked of at the time, had it been regarded favourably by Her Majesty, would have pleasantly varied subsequent events as regarded from the point of view of the interests of the Liberal Party. It proposed Lord Spencer as Premier, Lord Rosebery as Foreign Secretary, Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary and Leader of the Commons. In such case we should not have had the Death Duties Budget. But the circumambient atmosphere in Downing Street would have been more placid, and the example of discord in high places would not have spread through humbler party tracts.

MOMENTS TALKING OF THE TROUBLESOME FOR times between 1892 and RESIGNA- 1895, a member who tion. sat through both Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Rosebery's Cabinets is of opinion that two opportunities were lost for the sorely beset Liberal Government to retrieve its position by a General Election. Sustained by the advantage of reviewing the situation with full knowledge of subsequent events, this high authority

insists that Mr. Gladstone should have straightway gone to the country when the Lords threw out the Home Rule Bill. For him later to descend to the level of the Parish Councils Bill was to fritter away a great opportunity; whilst keeping members with their nose to the grindstone up to Christmas Eve, with prospect of resumption of the sittings in January, was a waste of priceless energy and endurance that would have been much better directed on the field of battle at the polls.

Mr. Gladstone was personally in favour of immediate resignation, counting upon the resentment created in the popular mind by the action of the Lords. It will be remembered with what persistence he, in the last speech delivered in the House of Commons, piled up the account against the Lords in the long Session then drawing to its close. He was out-voted by colleagues in the Cabinet, who did not think that even the joy of battering the doors of the House of Lords would counteract the apathy, verging on distaste, possessing the mind of the British elector in view of the Home Rule question.

A LIGHT THAT FAILED. The other fortunate moment for resignation that promised to present itself during Lord Rosebery's Premiership flashed on the question of the Indian Cotton Duties. When Sir Henry James, backed by the full strength of the Unionist party temporarily recruited by some Liberals represent-



SIR HENRY JAMES AND THE COTTON DUTIES TRIUMPH.

ing cotton districts, brought forward his motion in the interests of British cotton spinners trading in India, defeat of the Government seemed inevitable. In Cabinet Council Lord Rosebery was insistent that, immediately on the blow falling, Ministers should resign and an appeal be made to the country. He was confident that the answer of the electors to the commercial heresy of the Opposition would be highly satisfactory to sound Liberals.

It was Sir Henry Fowler who spoiled this



SIR HENRY FOWLER'S CHARGE.

promising game. He replied to Sir Henry James in a speech which completely knocked the bottom out of his case, and turned a threatened rout into a brilliant victory. Thus Lord Rosebery's Government had no luck. At a particular moment when disaster in the division lobby might have proved the herald of permanent access of strength in the country, they found themselves flushed with victory. This was the more aggravating as instances of a set speech in a party debate influencing votes are exceedingly rare.

LADIES IN THE HOUSE.

Mention of the presence of ladies in the House of Commons made by the Prussian traveller in England, quoted last month, is the more remarkable as it is generally understood that at the date of his visit, 1782, the presence of ladies was prohibited. Access to the House was forbidden them under circumstances interesting to consider in connection with the modern question of women's rights.

On the 2nd of February, 1778, the House was densely crowded in anticipation of debate on the state of the nation. It was to be raised upon a motion by Mr. Fox declaring that "no more of the Old Corps be sent out or the kingdom."

What happened is set forth in the current issue of the *London Chronicle*. "This day," it is written, "a vast multitude assembled in the lobby and environs of the House of Commons, but not being able to gain admission by either entreaty or interest, they forced their way into the gallery in spite of the doorkeepers. The House considered the intrusion in a heinous light, and a motion was directly made for clearing the gallery. A partial clearing only took place; the gentlemen were obliged to withdraw; the ladies, through complaisance, were suffered to remain; but Governor Johnstone observing that if the motive for clearing the House was a supposed propriety, to keep the state of the nation concealed from our enemies, he saw no reason to indulge the ladies so far as to make them acquainted with the arcana of the State, as he did not think them more capable of keeping secrets than the men. Upon which, they were likewise ordered to leave the House. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Norton, and nearly sixty other ladies were obliged to obey the mandate."

Referring to Hansard of the date I find it recorded that, the scene over, Mr. Fox rose, and after an apology for the trouble he was about to give the Committee, extolled his own personal good fortune in having his audience reduced, "being persuaded he should not have answered the great expectations which had brought them there."

The learned Hatsell thus discourses on the incident:—

THE LAW ON THE MATTER.

"When a member in his place takes notice to the Speaker of strangers being in the House or gallery, it is the Speaker's duty immediately to order the Serjeant to execute the orders of the House, and

to clear the House of all but members, and this without permitting any debate or question to be moved upon the execution of the order. It very seldom happens that this can be done without a violent struggle from some quarter of the House, that strangers may remain. Members often move for the order to be read, endeavour to explain it, and debate upon it, and the House as often runs into great heats upon this subject; but in a short time the confusion subsides, and the dispute ends by clearing the House, for if any one member insists upon it, the Speaker must enforce the order, and the House must be cleared."

"The most remarkable instance of this that has occurred in my memory," Hatsell writes, "was at a time when the whole gallery and the seats under the front gallery were filled with ladies. Captain Johnstone, of the Navy (commonly called Governor Johnstone), being angry that the House was cleared of all the 'men strangers,' amongst whom were some friends he had introduced, insisted that 'all strangers' should withdraw. This produced a violent ferment for a long time; the ladies showing great reluctance to comply with the order of the House; so that by their perseverance business was interrupted for nearly two hours. But at length they were compelled to submit. Since that time ladies, many of the highest rank, have made several powerful efforts to be again admitted. But Mr. Cornwall and Mr. Addington have as constantly declined to permit them to come in. Indeed, were this privilege allowed to any one individual, however high her rank, or respectable her character and manners, the galleries must soon be open to all women, who from curiosity, amusement, or any other motive, wish to hear the debates. And this to the exclusion of many young men, and of merchants and others, whose commercial interests render their attendance necessary to them, and of real use and importance to the public."

A
FACETIOUS
SPEAKER.

The earliest reference to the presence of ladies in the House of Commons is to be found in Grey's Debates: "During a debate on the 1st of June, 1675," says this precursor of Hansard, "some ladies were in the gallery, peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker spying them, called out, 'What borough do those ladies serve for?' to which Mr. William Coventry replied, 'They serve for the Speaker's Chamber!' Sir Thomas Littleton said, 'The Speaker might mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies.' Says the Speaker, 'I am sure I saw petticoats.'"

THE
DECEASED
WIFE'S
SISTER.

Sir John Hay, whose handsome presence long decorated the bench behind the Conservative leaders, used to tell a charming story about ladies in the House. Debate coming on on the still perennial subject of the Deceased Wife's Sister, Mr. Henley, thinking the question was not one to be discussed with fullest freedom in presence of ladies, induced the Speaker to order the

Serjeant-at-Arms to have the gallery cleared. This was done with one exception. A strong-minded female announced her readiness to sit it out however disquieting the ordeal might be.

Mr. Henley, looking up to see if the Speaker's order had been obeyed, caught a glimpse of an angular and bonneted visage peering through the bars. He called the Speaker's attention to the defiance of his rule, and a messenger was dispatched with peremptory repetition of the order. The lady declined to move, threatening to scream if she were touched. This difficulty being communicated to Mr. Denison, then

Speaker, he beckoned Sir John Hay to the Chair.

"Tell Henley," he said, "I have twice sent the Serjeant-at-Arms up to clear the gallery. He reports all gone but one, and she won't budge. I believe her to be the deceased wife's sister. Better take no notice and go on with the debate."



THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

At the time of his death Mr. Christopher Sykes was not a member of the House of Commons. But he lived there through many Sessions, and has left behind him deathless memories. Few men equally silent gave the House larger measure of delight. To behold him was a liberal education in deportment. Perhaps no one could be so proper or so wise as he habitually looked. But it is something for mortals to have at hand a model, even if it be unattainably high.

One night in the Session of 1884 Mr. Christopher Sykes startled the House by bringing in a Bill. If any member boldly imaginative had in advance associated the Yorkshire magistrate with such an undertaking, he would instinctively have conjured up a question of enormous gravity—say the repeal of the Union, or the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. When it was discovered that Mr. Sykes's bantling was a Bill to amend the Fisheries (Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters) Act, 1877, the House shook with Homeric laughter.

Circumstances were favourable to the high comedy that followed. Ordinary members bring in Bills in the prosaic opening hour of a sitting. Mr. Sykes selected the alternative opportunity presented at its close. At that hour the House is always ready for a lark. The discovery of Mr. Sykes standing behind the empty Front Opposition Bench, grave, white-waist-coated, wearing in the buttonhole of his dinner-coat the white flower of a blameless life, promised sport. He held a paper in his hand, but said never a word, staring blankly at the Speaker, who was also on his legs, running through the Orders of the Day. For a member to remain on his feet whilst the Speaker is upstanding is a breach of order of which Mr. Sykes was riotously reminded. For all answer, he looked around with the air of a stolid man surveying, without understanding, the capering of a cage of monkeys.

The Speaker, charitably concluding that the hon. member was moving for leave to bring in the Bill, put the question. Sir Wilfrid Lawson observed that the Bill was evidently one of great importance. It was usual in such circumstances for the member in charge to explain its scope. Would Mr. Sykes favour the House with a few observations?

Mr. Sykes took no notice of this appeal or of the uproarious applause with which it was sustained. Leave being given to bring in the Bill, Christopher, who had evidently carefully rehearsed the procedure, rose and with long stride made his way to the Bar. Members in charge of Bills, having obtained

leave to introduce them, stand at the Bar till the list completed, the Speaker calls upon them by name to bring up their Bill, which they hand to the Clerk at the table. To the consternation of the Speaker and the uncontrollable amusement of the House, Mr. Sykes, having reached the Bar, straightway turned about, walked up the floor, Bill in hand, and stood at the table solemnly gazing on the Speaker. As nothing seemed to come of this, he, after a while, retired a few paces, bowed to the Mace, again advanced, halted at the foot of the table, and again stared at the Speaker. The Solicitor-General and another Minister who happened to be on the Treasury Bench took him by each arm, gently but firmly leading him back to the Bar, standing sentry beside him in preparation for any further unauthorized movement.

Other business disposed of, the Speaker called him by name. Mr. Sykes, whose unruffled visage and attitude of funereal gravity were in striking contrast with the uproarious merriment that prevailed on both sides, again advanced, handed the Bill to the waiting Clerk, and forthwith departed. This was a fresh and final breach of Parliamentary rules. It is ordered that a member, having brought in a Bill, shall stand at the table whilst the Clerk reads out its title. In reply to a question from the Speaker he names a day for the second reading. Swift messengers caught Mr. Sykes as he was crossing the Bar and haled him back to the table, where at



"THE AIR OF A STOLID MAN
SERVING THE CAPERING OF
A CAGE OF MONKEYS."

last, preserving amid shouts of laughter his impregnable air of gravity, he completed his work.

But he never brought in another Bill, and, though he did not immediately retire from Parliamentary life, he withdrew more

by no means always coming off worst in the encounter of wit.

There is one important particular in which Mr. Johnston can claim common ground with Irish members in the opposite camp. He has been in prison. The event happened long ago, and Mr. Johnston being then of only local fame did not loom large in the newspapers. Consequently it passed from recollection, the House being startled when, one night last Session, in Committee on the Irish Local Government Bill, Mr. Dillon, whose memory for such matters is fresher, made passing allusion to it.

It was one of the incidents consequent on the glorious celebration in the year 1867 of the Twelfth of July in County Down. There was at that time in existence a statute known as the Party Processions Act, which prohibited street demonstrations in Ireland. Mr. Johnston thought he observed that whilst the Act was negligently administered when there was question of Catholic or Nationalist street processions, no two or three Orangemen wearing harmless ribbons, beating the peaceful drum, and roaring "To — with the Pope!" might parade the streets of Belfast without straightway being haled to prison. He resolved to offer himself as a martyr to the cause of truth. Accordingly, on this 12th of July, now more than twenty-one years past, he arrayed himself in full fig, and placed himself at the head of an Orange procession. He was arrested, and committed for trial. Brought before the genial judge now (through the London season) an exile from his country under the style of Lord Morris, he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

It was intimated to him that, if he pleased,

he might go forth from prison on his own recognisances. As that involved a pledge not to do it any more, he stoutly declined. He served his two months, and found in the discipline the making of his political fortunes. In 1868

came the General Election, pregnant with Mr. Gladstone's great boons for Ireland. The men of Belfast returned Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg at the head of the poll, and have since remained faithful to him.



MR. JOHNSTON IN PRISON.

closely in his shell, even as the perturbed periwinkle or the alarmed cockle shrink from the rude advance of man.

In some particulars the member for South Belfast fails to realize the popular idea of an Irish member. He is certainly not boisterous in his humour, and never emulates Sir Boyle Roche. Yet humour he has, rather of dour, Covenanting style, highly successful in tickling the fancy of the House. The highest tribute to his excellent qualities of heart and mind is found in the fact that though a typical Orangeman, on whom glimpse of the flutter of the skirt of the Scarlet Lady has the same effect as the waving of a red rag on an infuriate bull, he is on friendliest terms with his Catholic compatriots. To the delight of the House, they fence with each other at question-time, Ballykilbeg



BEATING THE ORANGE DRUM.



BY E. NESBIT.



HE Princess and the gardener's boy were playing in the back yard.

"What will you do when you grow up, Princess?" asked the gardener's boy.

"I should like to marry you, Tom," said the Princess. "Would you mind?"

"No," said the gardener's boy. "I shouldn't mind much. I'll marry you if you like—if I have time."

For the gardener's boy meant, as soon as he was grown-up, to be a general and a poet and a Prime Minister and an admiral and a civil engineer. Meanwhile he was top of all his classes at school, and tip-top of the geography class.

As for the Princess Mary Ann, she was a very good little girl, and everyone loved her. She was always kind and polite, even to her Uncle James and to other people whom she did not like very much; and though she was not very clever, for a Princess, she always tried to do her lessons. Even if you know perfectly well that you can't do your lessons, you may as well try, and sometimes you find that by some fortunate

accident they really *are* done. Then the Princess had a truly good heart: she was always kind to her pets. She never slapped her hippopotamus when it broke her dolls in its playful gambols, and she never forgot to feed her rhinoceroses in their little hutch in the back yard. Her elephant was devoted to her, and sometimes Mary Ann made her nurse quite cross by smuggling the dear little thing up to bed with her and letting it go to sleep with its long trunk laid lovingly across her throat, and its pretty head cuddled under the Royal right ear.

When the Princess had been good all through the week—for, like all real, live, nice children, she was sometimes naughty, but never bad—nurse would allow her to ask her little friends to come on Wednesday morning early and spend the day, because Wednesday is the end of the week in that country. Then, in the afternoon, when all the little dukes and duchesses and marquises and countesses had finished their rice-pudding, and had had their hands and faces washed after it, nurse would say:—

"Now, my dears, what would you like to do this afternoon?" just as if she didn't

know! And the answer would be always the same:—

"Oh, do let's go to the Zoological Gardens and ride on the big guinea-pig and feed the rabbits and hear the dormouse asleep."

So their pinafores were taken off and they all went to the Zoological Gardens—where twenty of them could ride at a time on the guinea-pig, and where even the little ones could feed the great rabbits if some grown-up person were kind enough to lift them up for the purpose. And



there always was some such person, because in Rotundia everybody was kind—except one.

Now that you have read as far as this you know, of course, that the Kingdom of Rotundia was a very remarkable place; and if you are a thoughtful child—as of course you are—you will not need me to tell you what was the most remarkable thing about it. But in case you are not a thoughtful child—and it is just possible of course that you are *not*—I will tell you at once what that most remarkable thing was. *All the animals were the wrong sizes!* And this was how it happened.

In old, old, olden times, when all our world was just loose earth and air and fire and water mixed up anyhow like a pudding, and spinning round like mad trying to get the different things to settle into their proper places, a round piece of earth got loose and

went spinning away by itself across the water which was just beginning to try to get spread out smooth into a real sea. And as the great round piece of earth flew away, going round and round as hard as it could, it met a long piece of hard rock that had got loose from another part of the pudding mixture, and the rock was so hard, and was going so fast, that it ran its point through the island and stuck out on the other side of it, so that the two together were like a very-very-much-too-big teetotum.

I am afraid all this is very dull, but you know geography is never quite lively, and after all I must give you a little

"THEY ALL WENT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

information even in a fairy tale—like the powder in jam.

Well, when the pointed rock smashed into the round bit of earth the shock was so great that it set them spinning together through the air—which was just getting into its proper place, like all the rest of the things—only, as luck would have it, they forgot which way round they had been going, and began to spin round the wrong way. Presently Centre of Gravity—a great giant who was managing the whole business—woke up in the middle of the earth and began to grumble.

"Harry up," he said: "come down and lie still, can't you?"

So the rock with the round piece of earth fell into the sea, and the point of the rock went into a hole that just fitted it in the stony sea-bottom, and there it spun round the wrong way seven times and then lay still. And that round piece of land became, after millions of years, the Kingdom of Rotundia.

This is the end of the geography lesson. And now for just a little natural history, so that we may not feel that we are quite wasting our time. Of course, the consequence of the island having spun round the wrong way was that when the animals began to grow on the island they all grew the wrong sizes. The guinea-pig, as you know, was as big as our elephants, and the elephant—dear little pet—was the size of the silly, tiny, black-and-tan dogs that ladies carry sometimes in their muffs. The rabbits were about the size of our rhinoceroses, and all about the wild parts of the island they had made their burrows as big as railway tunnels. The dormouse, of course, was the biggest of all the creatures. I can't tell you how big he was. Even if you think of elephants it will not help you at all. Luckily there was only one of him, and he was always asleep. Otherwise I don't think the Rotundians could have borne with him. As it was, they made him a house, and it saved the expense of a brass band, because no band could possibly have been heard when the dormouse was talking in his sleep.

The men and women and children in this wonderful island were quite the right size, because their ancestors had come over with the Conqueror long after the island had settled down and the animals grown on it.

Now the natural history lesson is over, and if you have been attending, you know more about Rotundia than anyone there did, except three people: the Lord Chief Schoolmaster, and the Princess's uncle—who was a magician, and knew everything without learning it—and Tom, the gardener's son.

Tom had learned more at school than anyone else, because he wished to take a prize. The prize offered by the Lord Chief Schoolmaster was a "History of Rotundia"—beautifully bound, with the Royal arms on the back. But after that day when the Princess said she meant to marry Tom, the gardener's boy thought it over, and he decided that the best prize in the world would be the Princess, and this was the prize Tom meant to take; and when you are

a gardener's son, and have decided to marry a Princess, you will find that the more you learn at school the better.

The Princess always played with Tom on the days when the little dukes and marquises did not come to tea—and when he told her he was almost sure of the first prize, she clapped her hands and said:—

"Dear Tom, dear good, clever Tom, you deserve all the prizes. And I will give you my pet elephant—and you can keep him till we're married."

The pet elephant was called Fido, and the gardener's son took him away in his coat-pocket. He was the dearest little elephant you ever saw—about six inches long. But he was very, very wise—he could not have been wiser if he had been a mile high. He lay down comfortably in Tom's pocket, and when Tom put in his hand, Fido curled his little trunk round Tom's fingers with an affectionate confidence that made the boy's heart warm to his new little pet. What with the elephant, and the Princess's affection, and the knowledge that the very next day he would receive the "History of Rotundia," beautifully bound, with the Royal arms on the cover, Tom could hardly sleep a wink. And, besides, the dog did bark so terribly. There was only one dog in Rotundia—the kingdom could not afford to keep more than one: he was a Mexican lap-dog of the kind that in most parts of the world only measures seven inches from the end of his dear nose to the tip of his darling tail—but in Rotundia he was bigger than I can possibly expect you to believe. And when he barked, his bark was so large that it filled up all the night and left no room for sleep or dreams or polite conversation, or anything else at all. He never barked at things that went on in the island—he was too large-minded for that; but when ships went blundering by in the dark, tumbling over the rocks at the end of the island, he would bark once or twice, just to let the ships know that they couldn't come playing about there just as they liked.

But on this particular night he barked, and barked, and barked—and the Princess said, "Oh dear, oh dear, I wish he wouldn't, I am so sleepy." And Tom said to himself: "I wonder whatever is the matter. As soon as it's light I'll go and see."

So when it began to be pretty pink-and-yellow daylight, Tom got up and went out. And all the time the Mexican lap-dog barked so that the houses shook, and the tiles on

the roof of the palace rattled like milk-cans in a cart whose horse is frisky.

"I'll go to the pillar," thought Tom, as he went through the town. The pillar, of course, was the top of the piece of rock that had stuck itself through Rotundia millions of years before, and made it spin round the wrong way. It was quite in the middle of the island, and stuck up ever so far, and when you were at the top you could see a great deal farther than when you were not.

As Tom went out from the town, and across the downs, he thought what a pretty sight it was to see the rabbits in the bright, dewy morning, frisking with their young ones by the mouths of their burrows. He did not go very near the rabbits, of course, because when a rabbit of that size is at play it does not always look where it is going, and it might easily have crushed Tom with its foot, and then

bells tinkled, and the chimney of the apple factory rocked again.

But when Tom got to the pillar, he saw that he would not need to climb to the top to find out what the dog was barking at.



"BY THE PILLAR LAY A VERY LARGE PURPLE DRAGON."

it would have been very sorry afterwards. And Tom was a kind boy, and would not have liked to make even a rabbit unhappy. Ear-wigs in our country often get out of the way when they think you are going to walk on them. They too have kind hearts, and they would not like you to be sorry afterwards.

So Tom went on, looking at the rabbits and watching the morning grow more and more red and golden. And the Mexican lap-dog barked all the time, till the church

For there, by the pillar, lay a very large purple dragon. His wings were like old purple

umbrellas that have been very much rained on, and his head was large and bald, like the top of a purple toad-stool, and his tail, which was purple too, was very, very, very long, and thin, and tight like the lash of a carriage whip.

It was licking one of its purple umbrella-y wings, and every now and then it moaned and leaned its head back against the rocky pillar as though it felt faint. Tom saw at once what had happened. A flight of purple dragons must have crossed the island in the night, and this poor one must have knocked its wing and broken it against the pillar.

Everyone is kind to everyone in Rotundia, and Tom was not afraid of the dragon, although he had never spoken to one before. He had often watched them flying across the sea, but he had never expected to get to know one personally.

So now he said :—

"I am afraid you don't feel quite well."

The dragon shook his large purple head. He could not speak, but like all other animals, he could understand well enough when he liked.

"Can I get you anything?" asked Tom, politely.

The dragon opened his purple eyes with an inquiring smile.

"A bun or two, now," said Tom, coaxingly; "there's a beautiful bun-tree quite close."

The dragon opened a great purple mouth and licked his purple lips, so Tom ran and shook the bun-tree, and soon came back with an armful of fresh currant buns, and as he came he picked a few of the Bath kind which grow on the low bushes near the pillar.

Because, of course, another consequence of the island's having spun the wrong way is that all the things we have to make—buns and cakes and shortbread—grow on trees and bushes, but in Rotundia they have to make their cauliflowers and cabbages and carrots and apples and onions, just as our cooks make puddings and turn-overs.

Tom gave all the buns to the dragon, saying :—

"Here, try to eat a little. You'll soon feel better then."

The dragon ate up the buns, nodded rather ungraciously, and began to lick his wing again. So Tom left him, and went back to the town with the news, and everyone was so excited at a real live dragon's being on the island—a thing which had never happened before—that they all went out to look at it, instead of going to the prize-giving, and the Lord Chief Schoolmaster went with the rest. Now, he had Tom's prize, the "History of Rotundia," in his pocket—the one bound in calf, with the Royal arms on the cover—and it happened to drop out, and the dragon ate it, so Tom never got the prize after

all. But the dragon, when he had got it, did not like it.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," said Tom. "I might not have liked that prize either, if I had got it."

It happened to be a Wednesday, so when the Princess's friends were asked what they would like to do, all the little dukes and marquises and earls said, "Let's go and see the dragon." But the little duchesses and marchionesses and countesses said they were afraid.

Then Princess Mary Ann spoke up royally, and said, "Don't be silly, because it's only in fairy stories and histories of England, and things like that, that people are unkind and want to hurt each other. In Rotundia everyone is kind, and no one has anything to be afraid of, unless they're naughty; and then we know it's for our own good. Let's all go and see the dragon. We might take him some acid-drops."

So they went. And all the titled children took it in turns to feed the dragon with acid-drops, and he seemed pleased and flattered,



"THE TITLED CHILDREN'S TASK IT IS TURN TO FEED THE DRAGON"

and wagged as much of his purple tail as he could get at conveniently; for it was a very, very long tail indeed. But when it came to the Princess's turn to give an acid-drop to the dragon, he smiled a very wide smile, and wagged his tail to the very last long inch of it, as much as to say, "Oh, you nice, kind, pretty little Princess." But deep down in his wicked purple heart he was saying, "Oh, you nice, *fat*, pretty little Princess, I should like to eat you instead of these silly acid-drops." But, of course, nobody heard him except the Princess's uncle, and he was a magician, and accustomed to listening at doors. It was part of his trade.

Now, you will remember that I told you there was *one* wicked person in Rotundia, and I cannot conceal from you any longer that this Complete Bad was the Princess's Uncle James. Now, magicians are always bad, as you know from your fairy books, and some uncles are bad, as you see by the "Babes in the Wood," or the "Norfolk Tragedy," and one James at least was bad, as you have learned from your English history. And when anyone is a magician, and is also an uncle, and is named James as well, you need not expect anything nice from him. He is a Three Fold Complete Bad—and he will come to no good.

Uncle James had long wanted to get rid of the Princess, and have the kingdom to himself. He did not like many things—a nice kingdom was almost the only thing he cared for—but he had never seen his way quite clearly, because everyone is so kind in Rotundia that wicked spells will not work there, but run off those blameless islanders like water off a duck's back. Now, however, Uncle James thought there might be a chance for him—because he knew that now there were two wicked

people on the island who could stand by each other—himself and the dragon. But he said nothing, only he exchanged a meaning glance with the dragon, and everyone went home to tea. And no one had seen the meaning glance, except Tom. And he went home, and told his elephant all about it. The intelligent little creature listened carefully, and then climbed from Tom's knee to the table, on which stood an ornamental calendar which the Princess had given Tom for a Christmas present. With its tiny trunk the elephant pointed out a date—the 15th of August—the Princess's birthday, and looked anxiously at its master.

"What is it, Fido—good little elephant—then?" said Tom, and the sagacious animal repeated its former gesture. Then Tom understood.

"Oh, something is to happen on her birthday? All right.



"BY-AND-BY HE BEGAN TO WANDER."

I'll be on the lookout," and he was.

At first the people of Rotundia were quite pleased with the dragon—who lived by the pillar and fed himself from the bun-trees, but by-and-by he began to wander. He would creep into the burrows made by the great rabbits; and excursionists, sporting on the downs, would see his long, tight, whip-like tail wriggling down a burrow and out of sight, and before they had time to say, "There he goes," his ugly purple head would

come poking out from another rabbit-hole—perhaps just behind them—or laugh softly to itself just in their ears. And the dragon's laugh was not a merry one. This sort of hide-and-seek amused people at first, but by-and-by it began to get on their nerves: and if you don't know what that means, ask mother to tell you next time you are playing hide-and-seek when she has a headache. Then the dragon got into the habit of cracking his tail, as people crack whips, and this also got on people's nerves. Then, too, little things began to be missed. And you know how unpleasant that is, even in a private school, and in a public kingdom it is, of course, much worse. The things that were missed were nothing much at first—a few little elephants, a hippopotamus or two, and some giraffes, and things like that. It was nothing much, as I say—but it made people feel uncomfortable. Then one day a favourite rabbit of the Princess's called Frederick mysteriously disappeared, and then came a terrible morning when the Mexican lap-dog was missing. He had barked ever since the dragon came to the island, and people had grown quite used to the noise. So when his barking suddenly ceased it woke everybody up—and they all went out to see what was the matter. And the lap-dog was gone!

A boy was sent to wake the army, so that it might look for him. But the army was gone too! And now the people began to be frightened. Then Uncle James came out on to the terrace of the palace, and he made the people a speech. He said:—

"Friends—fellow-citizens—I cannot disguise from myself or from you that this purple dragon is a poor penniless exile—a helpless alien in our midst, and, besides, he is a—is no end of a dragon."

The people thought of the dragon's tail and said, "Hear, hear."

Uncle James went on: "Something has happened to a gentle and defenceless member of our community. We don't know what has happened."

Everyone thought of the rabbit named Frederick and groaned.

"The defences of our country have been swallowed up," said Uncle James.

Everyone thought of the poor army.

"There is only one thing to be done." Uncle James was warming to his subject. "Could we ever forgive ourselves if by neglecting a simple precaution we lost more rabbits—or even, perhaps, our navy, our police, and our fire brigade? For I warn

you that the purple dragon will respect nothing, however sacred."

Everyone thought of themselves—and they said, "What is the simple precaution?"

Then Uncle James said:—

"To-morrow is the dragon's birthday. He is accustomed to have a present on his birthday. If he gets a nice present he will be in a hurry to take it away and show it to his friends, and he will fly off and never come back."

The crowd cheered wildly—and the Princess from her balcony clapped her hands.

"The present the dragon expects," said Uncle James, cheerfully, "is rather an expensive one. But, when we give, it should not be in a grudging spirit, especially to visitors. What the dragon wants is a Princess. We have only one Princess, it is true; but far be it from us to display a miserly temper at such a moment. And the gift is worthless that costs the giver nothing. Your readiness to give up your Princess will only show how generous you are."

The crowd began to cry, for they loved their Princess, though they quite saw that their first duty was to be generous and give the poor dragon what it wanted.

The Princess began to cry, for she did not want to be anybody's birthday present—especially a purple dragon's. And Tom began to cry because he was so angry.

He went straight home and told his little elephant—and the elephant cheered him up so much that presently the two grew quite absorbed in a tee-to-tum which the elephant was spinning with his little trunk.

Early in the morning Tom went to the palace. He looked out across the downs—there were hardly any rabbits playing there now—and then he gathered white roses and threw them at the Princess's window till she woke up and looked out.

"Come up and kiss me," she said.

So Tom climbed up the white rose bush and kissed the Princess through the window, and said:—

"Many happy returns of the day."

Then Mary Ann began to cry, and said:—

"Oh, Tom—how can you? When you know quite well—"

"Oh, don't," said Tom. "Why, Mary Ann, my precious, my Princess—what do you think I should be doing while the dragon was getting his birthday present? Don't cry, my own little Mary Ann! Fido and I have arranged everything. You've only got to do as you are told."

"Is that all?" said the Princess. "Oh—that's easy. I've often done *that*!"

Then Tom told her what she was to do. And she kissed him again and again. "Oh, you dear, good, clever Tom," she said; "how glad I am that I gave you Fido. You two have saved me. You dears!"

The next morning Uncle James put on his best coat and hat and the waistcoat with the gold snakes on it—he was a magician, and he had a bright taste in waistcoats—and he called with a cab to take the Princess out.

"Come, little birthday present," he said, tenderly, "the dragon *will* be so pleased. And I'm glad to see you're not crying. You know, my child, we cannot begin too young to learn to think of the happiness of others rather than our own. I should not like my dear little niece to be selfish, or to wish to deny a trivial pleasure to a poor, sick dragon, far from his home and friends."

And the Princess said she would try not to be selfish.

So presently the cab drew up near the pillar and there was the dragon, his ugly purple head shining in the sun, and his ugly purple mouth half open.

Then Uncle James said, "Good morning, sir. We have brought you a small present for your birthday. We do not like to let such an anniversary go by without some suitable testimonial, especially to one who is a stranger in our midst. Our means are small, but our hearts are large. We have but one Princess, but we give her freely—do we not, my child?"

The Princess said she supposed so, and the dragon came a little nearer.

Suddenly a voice cried: "Run!" and there was Tom, and he had brought the Zoological guinea-pig and a pair of Belgian hares with him.

"Just to see fair," said Tom.

Uncle James was furious. "What do you mean, sir," he cried, "by intruding on a State function with your common rabbits and things? Go away, naughty little boy, and play with them somewhere else."

But while he was speaking the rabbits had come up one on each side of him, their great sides towering ever so high, and now they pressed him between them so that he was hurried in their thick fur and almost choked. The Princess, meantime, had run to the other side of the pillar and was peeping round it to see what was going on. A crowd had followed the cab out of the town; now they reached the scene of the "State Function"—and they all cried out:—

"Fair play—play fair. We can't go back on our word like this. Give a thing and take a thing? Why, it's *never* done. Let the poor exiled stranger dragon have his birthday present." And they tried to get at Tom—but the guinea-pig stood in the way.

"Yes," Tom cried. "Fair play *is* a jewel. And your helpless exile

shall have the Princess: if he can catch her. Now then, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann looked round the big pillar and called to the dragon: "Bo! you can't catch me," and began to run as fast as ever she could, and the dragon after her. When the Princess had run half a mile she stopped, dodged round a tree, and ran back to the pillar and round it, and the dragon after her. You see, he was so long he could not turn as quickly as she



"THE DRAGON AFTER HER."

could. Round and round the pillar ran the Princess. The first time she ran round a long way from the pillar, and then nearer and nearer—with the dragon after her all the time; and he was so busy trying to catch her that he never noticed that Tom had tied the very end of his long, tight, whip-cord tail to the rock, so that the more the dragon ran round, the more times he twisted his tail round the pillar. It was exactly like winding a top—only the peg was the pillar, and the dragon's tail was the string. And the magician was safe between the Belgian hares, and couldn't see anything but darkness or do anything but choke.

When the dragon was wound on to the pillar, as much as he could possibly be, and as tight like cotton on a reel—the Princess stopped running, and though she had very little breath left, she managed to say, "Yah—who's won now?"

This annoyed the dragon so much that he put out all his strength—spread his great purple wings, and tried to fly at her. Of course this pulled his tail, and pulled it very hard, so hard that as he pulled the tail *had* to come, and the pillar *had* to come round with the tail, and the island had to come round with the pillar, and in another minute the tail was loose, and the island was spinning round exactly like a tee-to-tum. It spun so fast that everyone fell flat on their faces and held on tight to themselves, because they felt something was going to happen. All but the magician, who was choking between the Belgian hares, and felt nothing but fur and fury.

And something did happen. The dragon had sent the kingdom of Rotundia spinning the way it ought to have gone at the beginning of the world, and as it spun round all the animals began to change sizes. The guinea-pigs got small and the elephants got big, and the men and women and children would have changed sizes, too, if they had not had the sense to hold on to themselves, very tight indeed, with both hands; which, of course, the animals could not be expected to know how to do. And the best of it was that when the small beasts got big and the big beasts got small the dragon got small too, and fell at the Princess's feet—a little, crawling, purple newt with wings.

"Funny little thing," said the Princess,

when she saw it. "I will take it for a birthday present."

But while all the people were still on their faces, holding on tight to themselves, Uncle James, the magician, never thought of holding tight—he only thought of how to punish Belgian hares and the sons of gardeners; so when the big beasts grew small, he grew small with the other beasts, and the little purple dragon, when he fell at the Princess's feet, saw there a very small magician named Uncle James. And the dragon took him because it wanted a birthday present.

So now all the animals were new sizes—and at first it seemed very strange to everyone to have great lumbering elephants and a tiny little dormouse, but they have got used to it now, and think no more of it than we do.

All this happened several years ago, and the other day I saw in the *Rotundia Times* an account of the wedding of the Princess with Lord Thomas Gardener, K.C.D., and I knew she could not have married anyone but Tom, so I suppose they made him a Lord on purpose for the wedding—and K.C.D., of course, means Clever Conqueror of the Dragon. If you think that is wrong it is only because you don't know how they spell in Rotundia. The paper said that among the beautiful presents of the bridegroom to the bride was an enormous elephant, on which the bridal pair made their wedding tour. This must have been Fido. You remember Tom promised to give him back to the Princess when they were married. The *Rotundia Times* called the married couple "the happy pair." It was clever of the paper to think of calling them that—it is such a pretty and novel expression and I think it is truer than many of the things you see in papers.

Because, you see, the Princess and the gardener's son were so fond of each other they could not help being happy—and besides, they had an elephant of their very own to ride on. If that is not enough to make people happy, I should like to know what is. Though, of course, I know there are some people who could not be happy unless they had a whale to sail on, and perhaps not even then. But they are greedy, grasping people, the kind who would take four helps of pudding, as likely as not, which neither Tom nor Mary Ann ever did.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



Harry Furniss

MR. HARRY FURNISS ON "BLINDFOLD PIGS"

At the end of an article last month on pigs drawn blindfold by various celebrated people, we promised to give in this issue the very interesting letter and sketches by which Mr. Harry Furniss exemplified his method of drawing such pigs with almost as much accuracy as when the eyes are open. Mr. Furniss's letter runs as follows: "With pleasure, I inclose my first attempt for you, but it is by no means my best blind pig. I have a trick in drawing with my eyes shut. It is not a difficult one—perhaps you would like to try it. Simply use your left hand as a guide. In drawing a pig with your eyes shut, use the little finger of the left hand to



start from, by touch. (Keep the left hand on the paper firmly.) Begin with the ears of the pig, then the head, legs, tail—and you can then feel the pen traveling along the back till it comes over the little finger again. Then you have the eye a little lower. Don't give this away till you have your piggy full. Wishing you every success.—Believe me, yours sincerely, HARRY FURNISS."

GEORGE WASHINGTON ANDREW JACKSON IN PRISON.

George Washington Andrew Jackson, a celebrated but noisy juvenile of Dartmouth, has been taken in hand by the authorities, and is now doing penance for his misdeeds. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," but the wooden rings of an old-fashioned chair seem to be even more effective than iron bars. There is a laugh in such a photograph as this, and it would please us to receive any similar photographs showing the humorous side of child life, whether black or white.

THE CAPACIOUS ARMY MULE.

This funny photograph, showing an old army mule in North-Western United States with a brigade of "army kids" on his long-suffering back, is another of the sort which we should like. The number of "kids" that will take passage on one of these uncertain animals depends entirely on the length of the said animal. Here we have young America as he really is, snap-shotted at the very moment when all the fun and mischief in his banyan nature come out. In order that they may be specially considered, all such photographs may be addressed to Department A, STRAND MAGAZINE, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., London.

WAINWRIGHT'S FOLLY.

Such is the name locally given to the desolate looking tower depicted below, the sender of which is Mr. Fred Seigrist, 6, Eldon Place, Hop-



wood Lane, Halifax, Yorks. It is sited on Shideout Green, Halifax, and was originally intended for a chimney in order that the owner of some dyeworks near by might have an increased draught for his fires. But some disagreement arose between the dyer and the landowner whose estate adjoined the grounds in which the tower was stands, and instead of completing the structure as originally designed, he peremptorily suspended the old building operations and placed a decorative pediment upon the summit, his object being, it is said, to annoy his neighbour by overlooking his estate. The tower is 250 ft. in height, and was built in 1870 at a cost of £2,000. The original top piece was blown off some years ago, but it was replaced by a smaller one.

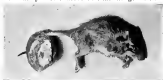


A TRAIN IN PERSPECTIVE.

This is a pocket kodak snap-shot taken by Mr. J. Hamilton, of Quetta, India, from the window of a train proceeding up the Belan Pass, India. The free-shortening of the train is extremely curious, and stands out in a telling black against the dry sandy waste of those desolate regions.

IN THE GRIP OF AN OYSTER.

Rats have more than their natural foe, man, to fear in a fishmonger's establishment. Here we have a photograph of a rodent whose death was primarily caused by the oyster that is to be seen fastened on to its tail. The sender of the photograph, Mr. Guy C. Morris, of Dunedin, New Zealand, states that the oyster and its victim were found one morning by a fishmonger in his shop. The rat had sought the protection of its hole in a dark corner of the premises, but was unable to drag the oyster in after it. In its exasperation it beat both itself and the oyster wildly against the wainscoting, and for some time the fishmonger was much puzzled to account for the strange noises.



A WRECKED POTATO-SQUEEZER.

Here we have the fragments of a potato-squeezer that exploded. Mr. A. Bentley, of Fishwood Park Villa, Durham, the sender of the photograph, says that after washing the squeezer his wife had it placed in the oven to dry. It was, however, forgotten, and the next morning, when the oven was heated for cooking purposes, there was a tremendous explosion, and the squeezer was found in the condition shown in the photograph. "The only reason I can give for the occurrence," adds Mr. Bentley, "is that the part of the implement that does the squeezing was hollow and air-tight, and the heat expanding the air in the chamber caused the thing to burst."



A MIRACULOUS SPRING.

This is not an optical delusion, but a fresh-water spring in the trunk of a healthy oak tree situated in Ouchy, Switzerland. It is more than a passing mystery how it has succeeded in making this outlet for itself, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the villagers regard it as supernatural and having some admiralious powers, especially in cases of courtship. The water was found so pure that a pipe was introduced to assist its flow, and a tank made to receive the sparkling liquid. The spring is the trying spot of the adjacent villages.

A NOVEL MODE OF TRANSPORT.

The particular point of interest about this photograph is the little black spot to be seen apparently in the clouds just above the side of the mountain. This is a bundle of hay which is being transported across

the Liernead, Norway, on a wire rope. Mr. S. Capel Peck, 25, Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge, who forwarded the photograph, writes: "The Norwegians, who live for weeks and months in the summer on the great heights on either side of their beautiful valleys, send down milk, cheese, hay, etc., to the farms below by suspending them on inclined wires fastened at one end firmly to the ground and at the other to some point on the rocks above. The snap-shot shows a bundle of hay on its way from a great height on one side of the lake to the farm on the other side. It sped along, the friction causing it to shed sparks in all directions, and was timed to take forty-four seconds." The negative is not perhaps quite so clear as it might have been, but this is accounted for by its being taken just as it was stopping moving. If the bundle be closely examined the constriction caused by the cord holding it together is distinctly visible.





From a Photo by Lap. Strickling, Hameln.

SEVEN AT A BIRTH.

In the old town of Hameln, on the Weser, Germany, so famed on account of its associa-

tion with the legendary Piel Piper, is a house in the Kinnern Strasse, No. 3, on the outside wall of which is to be seen the tablet reproduced in the above photograph. The inscription, which explains itself, translated reads as follows: "Here resided a citizen, Roemer by name. His spouse, Anna Bergers, well known in the town, when they wrote the year 1600. On January 9th, in the morning at three, bore two boys and five newborn at the one time. They having received holy baptism, died a blessed death on the 20th of the same month at twelve o'clock. May God grant them that blessedness which is prepared for all believers." Immediately underneath follows this statement: "The above original monument, through the kindness of

the Burgomaster Domeier, has again been received by Hoppe, clerk of the court, the present owner of this house, formerly belonging to the Roemer family, and by him re-erected in the year 1818." This record is perhaps all the more remarkable when it is noticed that the seven children were born on the 9th of January, and did not die "a blessed death" until the 20th of the same month. The sender of the photograph is Fraulein M. H. Hillenuth, Werder, Hameln, Prov. Hannover, Germany.

THE EFFECT OF A JUMP.

This isn't the tail end of a whirlwind, but the photograph of a large St. Bernard dog taken in the act of jumping on his master, who is holding out a tempting morsel for him. The curious "door-mat" effect is due to the fact that rather too long an exposure was made. The individual in the photograph is 5ft. 11in. in height, which gives an idea as to the extent of the dog's leap. The photograph was sent in



by Mr. John Gilmour, 451, Stockport Road, Manchester.

A TREE AND ITS ROOTS

This is the photograph of a curious maple tree growing near the mouth of the Green River, Kentucky, U.S.A. Some years ago the tree was on solid ground, but the gradual washing of the river has completely undermined it, leaving bare the roots in the strange manner seen in the photograph. The sender, Mr. D. A. Watt, of the United States Engineer Office, Bowling Green, Kentucky, U.S.A., states that the tree is still vigorous and healthy, and certainly it does not seem to suffer in the slightest from the exposure.



THE DOG THAT PRINTS A PAPER.

Gyp is the property of Messrs. Carroll and Bowers, proprietors of the *Plymouth Review*, of Plymouth, Wisconsin. He is one of their faithful henchmen, always reliable and never on strike. When the forms are ready for printing Gyp takes his place inside the wooden wheel, 8ft. in diameter and 4ft. wide, shown in our illustration. The wheel is balanced on a shaft with a pulley on the end, which in turn drives the main shaft and the press. For two years this remarkable mastiff has printed the *Review*, and in the wheel he works all alone for hours at a time, enjoying his labors and ever anxious to return to it. His occupation has now made him one of the most celebrated dogs in America.

A REMARKABLE FISH-TRAP.

The imprisoned fish seen in the accompanying photograph—which has been sent in by Mr. Fred. Grant, of Gullthall, Winchester—was discovered dead by Mr. Dumper, of Downgate, in the North Walls, in some water that runs at the bottom of his garden. It was a trout of about 2lb. in

weight. Its head and fins were protruding from the mouth of a broken jam bottle and its body was lying in the bottom half, the top part being missing. There is no doubt that the fish suddenly darted and got its head and fins through the mouth, but could get no farther owing to the size of its body; neither could it return on account of its fins acting like the claws of an anchor, and there it had to remain.

A QUANT CUSTOM.

In the southern part of County Wexford, in the district known as the Barony of Forth, is to be found a race of industrious, hard-working peasants, living in thatched cottages with clean, whitewashed walls, which by their perfect whiteness at once arrest the attention of the visitor. These people differ in many respects from the inhabitants of the other parts of the same county, and have habits and customs peculiar to themselves. Our photograph—which has been sent in by Mr. G. Hodder, Springfield, Wexford—illustrates one of these peculiar customs, and represents a huge pile of wooden crosses to be



seen by the side of the road at Brandy Cross, Kilmore. The people are devout Roman Catholics and strong believers in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. When, therefore, a funeral takes place two wooden crosses are provided; on the way to the cemetery a halt is made at the spot shown in the photo., and prayers are said for the deceased, after which one cross is deposited in the hawthorn bush or under it; the procession then goes on its way, and when the interment the other cross is fixed at the head of the grave. It is hard to account for this strange proceeding, which has been a custom from time immemorial.





AN ATHLETIC COW.

The cow seen in the extraordinary position delineated in the photograph is not in difficulties, but is in the act of leaping over a fence, 4ft. high, in order to get at the green grass on the other side. How the creature came to find out where the best grazing was to be obtained is a mystery, but according to Mr. A. J. Chislett, station-master, Manderson, Natal, who forwarded us the snap-shot, it had long been in the habit of jumping this fence. You will notice that the cow is in mid-air, none of its feet touching the ground.

A STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

In our next photograph we have a good example of the superstition which exists among the Indian natives. The photograph is taken from the inside of the fort of Agra, and in the foreground is represented a black marble slab, which used to be a throne of the Mussalman Rajahs who reigned over Agra. From this they were wont to watch fights between wild animals and men, generally State prisoners, in the courtyard on the left below. "When the King was compelled by the British to evacuate Agra in 1857," writes Mr. Lionel H. Branson, Royal Military College, Camberley, the sender of the photograph, "he solemnly declared that when the first Hindu chieftain sat upon the throne it would split and spurt blood." The guides of the fort point out the crack depicted in the illustration and affirm that the prophecy came true, believing themselves that it was actually the case.

A HOME-MADE BICYCLE.

One of the quaintest things in bicycles imaginable is shown in our next photograph. It is made entirely of wood, and is in every particular the work of the old man standing alongside it. He lives near Lebanon, Ohio, and delights in riding into the town astride his somewhat cumbersome steed, which he propels by



touching the ground with his toes after the manner of the old velocipede riders. By way of decoration he carries a star-spangled banner to float in the breeze as he goes along. When asked how fast he could travel on his bicycle he naively replied: "Oh, down hill I can make her go whooping." The photograph was sent by Mr. G. Dallas Lind, Lebanon, Ohio.

